

Tactics

DigDat

When we step 'round der set piece
I swear me and bro did tactics
Creased up 20's and 10's in plastic
Got 'dem in thick elastics

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I was going sleep on a blue mat coming like I was just doing gymnastics
She was like, "Digz, how you do that?"
I'm young with a drip, not broke and average

But way back when I shoulda been home
I was in the alley with fiends
And you ain't got teeth for the pole
He's only got one like Nanny McPhee
Designer clothes, Italian jeans
Every day I'm happy, it seems
And I swear dis balli' was clean
'Till I started to sweat
Now its damp of steam
I just send it all up, and came back down
Spend all of my worth on this dust
And now I'ma make back pounds
But if I put it all in a bowl
You know im gonna scrape dat 'round
'Dis leng ting callin' me, "bro", I told her to take dat down
Mu-Mulla, Mulla cake
Coulda, shoulda hit Jumma and prayed
Do street with my hood up in rain
Give lip, Air Max push foot up in face
And I still got dis jooker in case
Dem hookahs they just give brain
Mash work, go look up my name
Oldschool like Kunta Kinte
Wanna link plug, dey hook up wid bae
MM go the dark in wraps, trap mash
MK got cubba in flakes
My trees are black or blue
No chee, no door like da buder in Bage
T.I. 'dat's my broski bloodline
On 'dat I swear I'm gon' pull on mains (Boo-baw)
I don't even want you to break it
Just taste it, now she's full up off brain
If I just back dis ting
Den I might just wap it and split mans face
Already told them why I can't rave
Cos my blade sets of the detector
I just done a O' trip 'pon train
And I didn't even see the inspector
Why they always tell me I'm extra?
Why? Cos I'm bringing up things I remember
Seen close friends turn to opps
Dats a lesson learnt not a loss (No L's)
Seen too many doors in the seg
I was all over the map

And so many times I hurt my leg just tryna kick open the flat
Now this side boo tryna be baby
How can you blame me if I don't want it?
Fresh fade under my hood
And lately, everything I smoke's exotic
Just scrape dis bowl, let's lock it
I got a place you can go
Why chop it?
But he ain't gonna bag it till later
The slates so sandy
I just got Brandy sand on the trainer
You know that's paraphernalia
I used to make noodles in the kettle
Hard times they ain't have a container
And I would've put a ring on this money
That's if I could've married this paper

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