

M1OnTheBeat

What's that, Cali?

In the studio with bro, smoking cro and it's Cali
If the cats weren't careful of the obbo, use a bally
White tee you're moving, John Wayne with the swammy
Two-on-two at the Tesco, three-on-three at the alley
.44s in a bag, half a B with the strali
Five-Five dusty inches when he flinches from the sami
Six 6s, I was 7+, seven with the ammi
All facts, bro, had to bank it up like it was Hali
She came to my crib for a session, came West for the wood
She ain't shy, takes Charlie for the low, the coke's good
I just hope that it's the same when I wash it and it's shook
'Cuh if not, I ain't putting mediocre in my hood
When I'm playing with the yola, baking soda, let it cook
Real pain, no shame, I heard you're nyaming out the puss
I put white in my city, I'm a shepherd in a bush
Push a suttin' in your tee, bleached the flicky, stay shush
I don't know about colly no more
Straight cash, had to catch up like Heinz
Left a banger in the mash
In the pen like ink
In the bin like trash
If the buj come in good, mix the buj with the bash
Roll it up, lemme light it, no diet
Feelin' frass, I won't rise it
End up fryin', no lyin'
I'ma crash, I'ma crash
Dead it like a zoot, hit a roach, leavin' ash

Ring, ring, that's Allen that's bellin' me
"Yo, Allen, what you tellin' me?"
More time that's nigga scorin' like a penalty
Six-on-four, no shots, that's seventy
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Just got a shot for a two and a daughter
Come a long way from a quarter
Just came money, cash, Ps on a corner
Just put thirty grams of Madge on a phone now
Could'a put forty, didn't wanna stretch it
Light though, man's still happy with the Z bit
Could'a just pegged it
Dropped it on my nigga for a rack
I ain't runnin' him down, just hit me when you got the scratch
Far from rich, twenty quid in the crib
18, three chains, two sticks, one score, five jibs, two clips, .44, three st
acks and it kicks
OT drop packs, two trips
Went jail, took an L, went six bags down
By the year came out, on the search for a town
Lemme just turn on my Grove ting
The one we made it do a stack a day, no ghostin'

Don't rate the olders, they ain't got waps
Consign the few who never seen my shit back, tramps
Lesson learned, not a loss
Went four bags down the other day but I found it like a boss
I'm ain't boxing like McGregor, I'm afraid to leave them pourin'
If the tourists hits him, even [?] won't cure him
Told the driver don't stop, there's too much buju in the foreign
In the Benz last [?], I'm smokin' chronics, I be tourin'

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