

Daily Duppy (Part 2)

Digga D

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue
HONEYWOODSIX
Look, yo, blue woo, blue woo

About ten for a show, come correct
Show respect, forty for a feature, I'm the hardest, what did you expect? (Yo, pay that)
I had hitters on the wing but I still made a ching
Fuck my future, didn't think, I just cheffed his neck (I got payback)
Spent forty on my car too, would've spent more if my insurance let me pass through
The other day, I was looking at a Lambo truck
In the showroom, with my rambo tucked
Sha said cut my hair and go back to the fuckboy trim (Nope)
Far from a fuckboy, you know I bust my spin (Dun' know)
I take L's in the field but I got more wins (Yup)
Shot a tape for half a milly and I bought more tings (Yeah, yeah)
This rap shit bringin' more bit shots (More)
Banging Buju banton, two bricks copped (Both of them)
Before rap, it was fawners and corners
Some used a phone box so I answered, no callers
Mum's life, let my gun rise, I get busy
So much guns, I had to share some with killy (Kind)
Ask them, so much guns, man run out places to park skengs
Two peb phones, man's renting them a rack a week each
Only 'cause they keep interrupting my sleep
And, bro, I want my little brothers to eat
But yo, I ain't givin' them a handout
When I needed a hand in, who brought bands out? (Who?)
There we go, you hear me, bro
I named a .44 long merry-go rounds
Only one will turn your head into a cheerio
Right wrist, twenty, left like sixty, basically seventy
And I don't like girls my age unless it's Maya or Tennessee
The rest in the U.K. just look dead to me
So I fly the foreigners in (Yup)
Smashed same day, I forgot they had to quarantine
And I got shooters on my team (Yup)
Bait guys, left five shell casings on the scene (Woi, woi, woi, woi)
You ain't never had to watch 45Hickok (Yup)
Had me feelin' like a nigga got ripped off (Nope)
But I was using wrong shells, I was buzzin' cah I never had the name at the side of the somethin'
I grew up listening to Cowboy and BP (Killy niggas)
Then it turned to Little Reese and Chief Keef (Chicago)
Fourteen, really in the streets, knees deep
Puttin' four bills down and that was each week (Yeah, trappy wit' it)
More opps gettin' chatty wit' it
I'm just gettin' slappy wit' it
Na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na, nah, I'm gettin' Dappy wit' it