

Future  
The future of your nation  
The future of your world  
The future of your existence  
Will all be decided now  
Will all be decided here  
There will be no second chances  
Know yourself

Trying to navigate through  
Positivity I'm only trying to gravitate, to  
Spit fire when I salivate, true  
And if I fall from grace land flat on my face will it validate, you  
Black man with an attitude, whats, new  
Looking out for the boys in, blue  
And the green eyed monster, too  
Trust few, these fools wanna push my buttons get checked on a rebound, then  
sue  
I've got other shit I've gotta, tend, to  
On my backside like the rents, due  
Never really knew what a pen, could, do  
Pent up and my problems, grew  
Put pen to the paper, then, blew  
Can't rush me like I just, blew  
Got jet lag like I just, flew  
In a pent house with a nuts, view  
Oh, must he save us, who?  
I weren't buskin on the bus or tube  
Just another sus and dusty dude  
I ain't giving fucks so just, move  
I ain't in a rush I just, cruise  
You're a dumb fuck and you're not [?]  
You numbnuts had enough, clues  
No patience wanna just, cut, cues  
I'll do anything, but, snooze  
No ex-cuse, or such Ruse  
I'll do anything, but, lose  
Dont get it con-fused

I ain't stush  
Thats focus on my moosh  
I don't need no kush I push and one in the hand's worth two in the bush  
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Im not needy  
I got everything I want in the game so easy  
Why be greedy, I know you see me  
I never thought I'd see the end of the CD  
I never thought I'd see social media replace the TV  
I want a TV looking all steely, so they can't read me  
Whats the point if I can't even be me  
You won't see me in the green mankini sipping a Bellini  
But wouldn't it be dreamy if I had money like Chuck Feeney spending it freel  
y  
In Santorini

I don't drink Martini  
I'm not Martin Shkreli  
But I'm a scheming meanie  
Step on the scene blacked out in a beanie giving out orders like Mancini, routinely  
Big man and i'm setting the scenery  
Set up the place all set in my ways won't let up the G in me  
Sincerely  
Got to keep it G thats the theory  
No really  
These breddas ain't G I can see it so clearly  
I swear on everything that I hold dearly  
I try and keep all my nearest and dearest all cheery  
You better hear me  
I pay my taxes up-front yearly  
I'm from the L-D-N where the sky is dreary  
Ive lost count of the times that I let it endear me  
And all the locals cheer me  
Its all love but you won't see me getting all teary  
Test me it will get very eerie

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What's Brexit?  
Brexit  
Na I don't know whats that?  
Sorry, you mean Brixton?