

Cool With Me

Dutchavelli

Trust
FaNaTiX
Velli, wow
Blood on my brand new Fendi, burn them (Burn it)
My bruddas like "Dutch, man, 'llow that
We can wipe it off, get some detergent"
Guess he had been nicked for the discharging of a firearm or no attempted murders (Facts)
Love God, he made me this person (Facts)
Get caught on a glide, it's curtains (Facts)

Get caught on a glide, it's peak (Yeah)
I was S Road boppin' on opp block
Find me an opp, play hide and seek (Where they at?)
Out here, man, it's finders keepers
Run up on the plug, what I find, I keep (Ah-ah)
In guns and money, we trust
When shh gets dropped, my mind's at ease (I'm free)
Came up this side and chose that side
My nigga, that's fine by me
My nigga, that's cool with me (Ah)
But you ain't moved Mum out the hood, that's stupid, don't let me act stupidly, trust (Trust)
You're lucky that your brother went school with me (Ah-ah)
If I knock that door and slap this four, you'll be singing like Junior Reid
Trust, you'll be singing like Jodeci
Black suits, and black coupes
Fuck boy had a past to preach (Fuck boy had a past to preach)
Somebody lookin' over me (Over me)
Gotta look over my shoulder, heard the revolver squeeze (Baow)

I can see the blue lights in the distance, I think feds heard the revolver squeeze (Shit)
Don't commercialise beef, go 'round there and won't even know it's me
In a downtown function, still gotta do risk assessments and CRBs (Woi-oi)
I see the young G try grip the dots with one hand, likkle man can't control this heat
Done a bait exchange in residential zones (Mm)
Now them neighbours baffed, these ain't council flats, these are mortgaged homes
I'm in this Oxford jail, I can't send in drones
I put a yout on the V in some dressed-up clothes
I can't stiff him at security, take this phone (No)
I gotta pattern these bank transfers 'til me and my section's home

My closest friend is a demon
I don't say things 'cause it sounds convenient
G just put that thing in a bag (Ah-ah)
It won't bang cah the gun need cleaning
Feel like I've been here like a thousand times
That's a schoolboy error, I'm a genius
WD-40, get rid of that rust
Now I'm in the back, gun leaning, trust (Trust)
Now I'm in the back, just leaning
It was all robbery money and fiends
Now I'm gettin' money off streaming (Trust)
Break down the pack in Kensi'

Even though fans tell me they love me in Sweden (Facts)
And them man know we're beefin' (Ah-ah)
But I can't tell Mummy the reason
Surely, surely, can't violate me in the streets
Somebody gon' die by the end of the evening (Brrt)
I'm tryna hurt somebody's feelings (Facts)
Plug tryna put up that price
Burn that bridge, I don't need him
Trust, if rap don't work, it's back to the dealing (Yeah)

If rap don't work, it's calm, it's back to what man know best (Trapping)
Seen cats marching through the town, holding magazines like they're having a protest
My probation pissed with me cah I got bagged again, I ain't making progress (Haha)
Driving in a next man's name, hold on, don't take me station, need to pass t his road test (Neoww)
This lean ain't no antidepressant, feel litter than a kid on Christmas Eve (Litty)
I ain't got no OG's, don't need a G-pass to permit this beef
I heard them man say they wanna war me but them youts got insufficient P's (Brass)
There's no blood on his Take Risks tee but he still got a burner rinsed in bleach (Wow)

Blood on my brand new Fendi, burn them
My bruddas like "Dutch, man, 'llow that
We can wipe it off, get some detergent"
Guess he had been nicked for the discharging of a firearm or no attempted murders
Love God, he made me this person
Get caught on a glide, it's c-