Zero Zero

Dutchavelli

(FaNaTiX)
Trust

I was on the wing like Nero
Now I'm gettin' money like Robert De Niro
Pounds, dollars, euros
Respect this ting like a pharaoh
Need a one comma zero
Zero, zero, wait
Zero, zero, no
Zero, zero, zero
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Zero, zero, no
Zero, zero, zero

I sold white 'cause I never had options, just profit, no losses
Why would I sign for less than a mill'?
I hit the trap and break down these boxes
Count up the P's in twenty-bag parcels
That's five of them sent out Oxford
I don't speak with nothin' but hustlers
And don't meet with nothin' but bosses
Bro's kway far away in the trap with a two-tone fade, just busted
How many time did I take that risk?
Last time I went to jail, I coulda lost it
Cover your nose while I pattern this bujj
Cah the fumes of the blender too toxic
Gotta do the wrong thing just to get right
Put a brick in the presser and lock it

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Zero, zero, no, ayy
Zero, zero, zero

Look, price goin' up in London
So I'm in 'Dam tryna get it through customs
Feel like Hova with all these problems
Know they want me on the wing like Bronson
Load up this gun from Russia

And roll up that weed that came from Compton
Told my ex "Delete my number
Cah we ain't got nothin' in common"
Bro's kway kway far away in the trap
With a fresh batch, doin' up numbers
How much times did I send it up North?
By now, you don't need no compass
Who's got the keys? Ask Khaled
Dutch, I don't need no locksmith
Gotta do the wrong thing just to get right
Put the brick in the presser and lock it

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And brudda, my brudda, it's all so surreal, you know?
That all of us made it out for Christmas, my brudda, it's mad
Think about it, bro
We're all out for Christmas, you know?
You're with your family
You understand? How many times have you watched them on Snap?
Or on whatever, you understand?
Wishin' that you was here, bro
And now you're there, bro, think about it
It's mad

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