

In the S-class, blaring out the speaker
To a dream from a dreamer
Or it's blacked out gloves in a sleeper
Pussy, I'm a creeper
C'est ton pote, frère, c'est pas mon ami
Tu me trouves sur le block dans la nuit
Est-ce que tu sais c'que tu veux dans la vie ?
J'veux d'la melody, remedy, put me to sleep

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Baddies waan fuck on me
Coppers try cuffin' me
Life ain't so lovely, that's just the game
Brother's on fuckeries
Tell him that luckily God will forgive you and guide you the way
Seen gorillas transform into snakes
In this jungle, nobody is safe
Done him in badly and got away gladly
But one call to Johnny, you won't see my face
I'm in paradise
Boss like I'm Allardyce
I got some players you don't wanna play
Get the carabine, practice all day
Still miss Caroline, Peter and A
You see them as cats, but they dislike this world
And then smoke on some magic to feel the escape
PTSD from the time I saw suicide
I can't explain, but my fans they relate

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Look, I smoke Cali on my lonesome
Reminisce cats fakin' emotion

Bucket full of crabs raised in the ocean
Just another crack pot full of potion
You don't understand pain till you hear it out
Rain pour, different drought
Rap while I'm still about
Pocket rocket on the way if they step for clout
Best around
TT gets the loud
Cattin' for the fame, G, I swear they're all the same
But they really ain't to blame when you think of it
So much bud in my pouch, G, I stink of it
Tinted whips, the packs we fling from it
Sittin' on a business flight with a business mind
And this girl wants a ring for it
But I really took risk, done sin for it
Coulda went bin for it, gettin' locked into it

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