

Behind Barz

Geko

I used to be the kid that no one thought would be successful
But I knew I could fly like I'm drinking Red Bull
Then my little brother died my mothers eyes were looking dreadful
So I have to make that fire like my name was petrol
Now I'm the best around
Never will I rest around
Tryin' be the one but everybody wants to press me down
Even though I'm buzzing yo I still have the stress around
I swear on my life that I will never mess around
Now I'm USG brother I could scream it loud
Money on my side brother trust me I could see it now
Tryna be a superstar brother I could be it now
Music is a long road brother I could feel it now
I'm the one that everybody knows
My friends say that I've changed everybody grows
And I'm a fast little shit every bodies slow
Everybody raps brother but not everybody blows
I'm from the city where the brothers getting busy
And the only thing that they're ever chasing is the Lizzy
Smugglers and murderers crazy with the fizzy
And the brothers from the ghetto yeah the team ain't pretty
So I'm made in the UK looking for a new day
Different day same shit looking for a new way
Tryna get my skills on big Rooney
Keep the circle tight I'm only running with the two mates
Stick to the brothers that will ride for you die for you
Stick to the brothers that will cry and kill a guy for you
95% of will say that they love you
But when you ain't there they'll stab a flipping knife in you
That's why I'm tryna get away don
Money is the devil that you can't get away from
Tryna be on the ball tryna get my Wayne on
I ain't a sheep but to God I'm a slave don
That's why I'm kinda lonely
I see p ain't answering calls when they phone me
Music is my brother brudda money is my homie
I'm feeling like a turtle moving kinda slowly
I know my so called brothers getting used to me
And yeah I'm still that cheeky shit that I used to be
Yeah I'm still that little Geko from the block
And I ain't tryna gas or play be something that I'm not
So I'm here in this life its a fight full of strife
Only me and the mic every night on my grind
Tryna make my pockets fat tryna make it right
If I don't the lord please take me to the sky
Cah everybody reps G
Devils wanna tek me
How's already met me fighting like I'm Jet Li
Tryna make it safely Lord please take me
Cause I'm kinda stressed and it's feeling kinda crazy
Lately running through these bait streets
Cause I'm tryna make that bread like a bakery
Lately and no I couldn't care if you hate me
Tryna make it safely Englands baby
So I'm tryna be the one that everybody knows
Tryna be the one that's getting played on everybody's phone
Tryna be the one that's flipping stuck in everybody's dome

Everybody raps brother but not everybody blows
We at the top of the globe now it game yeah we top of the road now
And I will never slow down its only me and I that roll now
Look I've got dreams that I'm tryna make
Bu I've gotta be patient I've gotta wait
I've got a handful I pain that I've gotta take
And I got a mind full of thoughts that I gotta say
I got goosebumps thrills in my system
Still living in that council house bills in my kitchen
Look and listen reminiscing money that I'm missing
Feeling kinda picky and my heart beat is itching
Cah everyday's a hard day growing up the hard way
Hard life hard day hard nights hard pain
In the wildlife I be surfing on that dark wave
Living in the hood where you gotta build a dark name
Cah now my fears are getting bright
Now my heart is getting colder
And my tears are getting dry
Too much stress that I carry yeah my hair is getting white
Too much lies in my ears that my ears are gonna cry