

Fine Wine

Ghetts

I just hit the belly
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Rudeboy, I'm the certiest
A thank-you ain't enough for my services
I was probably an accident, but I know what my purpose is
My skin is immaculate, but I've done some dirty tings

Tsss
Serving it
Trap
Strap on the lap like a serviette
Bang
Sammity Sam
Circling
But, but, fam
When them man had the van
I was hurdling

Fast forward, one foot in the industry door
Which way should I go, can't call it, same time they gave thing 24
I wish you could ask Stormin, but I can't give him a ring anymore
You see when I feel cornered all I do is think of before
I drive back to the house I struggled in
(What was that like?)
The one bed with a bathroom, the kitchen in the front room
My front room had a oven in
We was suffering
Still loading, just buffering
I'm upstairs writing bars and my daughter's colouring
Embarrassed
Had a bill to pay and my girl had to cover it
My guy said I should come on the move
All he needs me to do is just cover him
But Lamzi got me a job when the Ps weren't coming in
Popular guy
Delivering pharmaceuticals, I asked God for a sign
Nine to five
Got me watching the time
Somebody asked for a pic
And I lost me some pride

Started praying again

My van never came
How's that for a sign
I couldn't stay in the end
Then I got the hunger back from Deja FM
Had to make a boy know he can't play with the pen
Fuck making amends
I was 21, en route to making a M
Where's that guy gone?
What's that guy on?
Had to remember myself like mum said
Where'd you get that vibe from?

I went back to the essence
It's not only bars, my brudda
I'm a man with a message
It's much more than slapping and cheffings

What about family settings?
What about actual blessings?
That new-year-new-me talk
What about January lessons?
The mic is my therapist
I'm just having a session
Them man there won't tell you this
They're capping, I'm shelling
They must've thought I had writer's block
The way these pricks can write me off
Rap, grime or not
I'm a pocket finder, I find the spot

And me nah worship them and their idol gods
So man ah just come through with the Bible cocked
I come here for everything these lot owe me
Bro just rolls off the tongue, but he's not homie
Things ain't what they seem, please watch closely
James, Jordan, Steven, Kobe
About Gs not GOATly
I manifest things before the secrets show me
Had the codes and leaked them slowly
Had to show these people grown me
Can't talk bad about Ghetts round here
That look says "Don't speak on brodie"
When you got real niggas
Bill Withers, they'll lean on broski

Let' talk about legacy
I don't care about nostalgia
My best years are ahead of me
When I signed to Warner, brudda
I was already me
Thats fifteen years hard work, no breaks or therapy
A cappella on DVDs, no beats, no bass or melodies
What the fuck you telling me?
Most my peers in the cemetery
Can't do an album, putting out mixtapes
Can't do a thousand, whatever they do does terribly
Can't do a show, can't do a tour
Same lyrics from 2004
And these are the bruddas that you rate heavily

Lowe me please
Just crown me please
Furthermore, I love converting the non-believers
So, yeah, go ahead and doubt me, please
All they do is talk about drip
Ooh, don't drown me, please
I've had you here for way to long now
Hear the rest of the album please