

## Flee Version

Ghetts

Clothes, I got clothes  
I got kreps, I got loads  
I got cake and infos  
That's why man are running the roads  
What do you know about flee?  
Yeah, I keep it flee  
Everyday, I'm flee  
Your girl knows I'm flee

Aye, cut the music  
The E3 paper, [?] 365, yeah I got a label, man  
Five bills on a tracky, three something on trainers  
I still look better on a lazy one  
When I dress up, they look messer  
Clothes all baggy, shirt all tacky  
I told 'em drop it out brother, we don't live in Cali  
Me and clothes married  
A little space, tight but no [?]  
When I go shopping, I return the [?]  
My wardrobe's are mad, I got like a thousand angles  
I think I'm done with London, let me go to Paris  
From there, take a plane to Italy  
Yeah, I'll exceed in Italy  
It's the truth brother, you ain't gotta agree  
And if you wanna talk whips, just run

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What's the topic?  
[?], stop it  
All Black Winter is gothic  
Paper in and out my pocket, office  
I've been doing this for years, I'm no novice  
Shopping, yeah, I went and bought more clothes  
But really, I should've bought more wardrobes  
Also, two chests of draws, you all know  
I was well dressed before E.T, cool off  
My jeans ain't leggings  
Not me, never that  
Which means, this type disease ain't spreading  
Well, it isn't, it's getting out of hand  
[?] ain't clothes, they could've wore at 11  
And they think they're fly, not one of them are propelling  
Somebody talk to Mercston  
What can you do? Except try and tell 'em

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Oi, oi g, you tried to send though  
Nah but you did try and send first  
Because obviously, the baggy bit, you know  
Bruv, bruv you can't wear jeans  
But you can have your tracksuit bottoms under  
I'm trying to tell you, you see you  
Do you get breathing space in your jeans?  
I know, I know but this is the point (Get fresh, innit)  
See when go-see when you know, look  
When you go and buy jeans (Question is)  
Not everyone's the same size, so you have to tailor your shit  
Know what I'm saying? (I get it, I get it and you, you went jail and got a b  
it big) My shit, my shit's tailored, b  
(You're wearing smaller stuff)  
See when I go out, I look slick, darg  
(Nah, listen) Ask the gyal dem, I'm slick and that  
It gets, gets frush, do you know about frush?  
Because your jeans are too tight  
Aye, cus, I don't visit this limit but  
My [?] don't, know what I mean?  
I ain't, I ain't got no frush  
I'm fucking straight, you know what I mean?