

## How It Is

Ghetts

G-H  
Yazmin  
Wretch 32

Take a journey with me  
Pretend I'm the tour guide  
No MAC, just the .45  
Welcome to London  
Where some talk to the talk  
But me, I walk the walk  
And you can tell I'm abundance  
Niggas get set up and held with a lump sum  
They bringing drama to your mum's drum  
Flinging your arm up but when they come  
Some fill 'em up with dum dums  
Nowadays, the young ones are worse than the olders are  
They'll burst just to gloat and laugh  
Don't be so surprised  
Because I'm around with no disguise  
I know you noticed  
I socialise with niggas that come from broken homes  
And we don't vote  
Because even if we did, we wouldn't see no hopes  
And now I'm me now, with a kilo  
Not giving a fuck if fiends overdose  
I keep most my notes  
When niggas won't look, I'm taking precautions  
You'll get run up on eight in the morning  
There's no escaping distortion  
So, my flame is important  
Even if you ain't making a fortune  
Niggas want a portion  
But taking my money is something like taking the [?]

This is no real life, we call it street life  
So much pain, this one's so cold  
This life's deserted, the guns in violence  
There's so many things out on the road  
Some people dying  
All this crying  
And still trying to find it hard to stray  
So, people have nothing  
They're living life [?]  
Sleeping out on the streets at night

Listen, I'm from the roads where it's no fair  
You'll get your face lift on your own stairs  
The lift's out of order, so, they gotta pass the body  
Stinking out half the lobby  
And if my prints are on the bricks  
Then there'll be charges on me  
Someone's gotta [?]  
The sergeants marching, looking answers  
Questioning, the question is  
Who did it?  
Matter of fact, who didn't?  
Catch.22s like two digits

Surrounding my ends and  
Drowning my head like a [?]  
But I gotta move with it  
Because it's kill or be killed  
Matter of fact, put a stick in your wheel  
Because a gun war can turn into your son's war  
Surname associated  
And they'll be bursting the chrome at faces  
But I ain't afraid of nothing  
Darg, I can work, you were made redundant  
I move through, I can shave an onion  
I'm smooth too, I can date your loved one  
Yeah, so don't get it twisted  
It's me here that I'm in the lump sum

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If you're home  
It's in a war zone where laws are broke  
But rich kids make a mockery of poor adults  
Lord knows, I've bored foes  
Don't ever think it's safe because your doors are closed  
And with no qualifications  
The only way to go legit is spit or score goals  
And you can ask Lew  
Producing beats, reducing sleep, are you a star, too?  
You got a new release, the tune of week  
Make use of fast food  
That's the food we eat, it's food at least  
I stack P's and [?] Nandos like [?]  
That's everyday, it's that peak  
Then it's back to the bad streets  
Where the cats meet  
Heroine and crack fiends  
That keen that I could give a one [?] in return of a flat screen  
That's just the perks of my job  
I work with Charlie and I'm working with Bob  
It's 2007, I'm counting my weapons  
Erasing my papers, so, my house be endeavoured  
Out by eleven  
Being a fiend, it's in my genes  
Like it's found in my denim  
I'm around of them bellends  
Who [?] from Peckham  
Take a motherfucking look  
I'm in a motherfucking hood  
And the life I live, it's even got my mother touching wood  
Now, I love to bust the noog  
Every second, feds cuffing up the crook  
It's regular around here  
So many moves are made  
Even though I'm smooth as the flames  
Yeah, I still move the cane  
Wishing I can move this way

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