

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
Heroin 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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