

Poverty

Ghetts

Let's go

So, what you know about poverty
Drugs and armed robbery
Thugs that are obviously not drama quality?
Because on road, it's real
All actors get killed

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I'm from a place where
Niggas wanna place bredders
The same year that pussy got smoked like [?]
Bus drivers not moving because the youngers won't pay fare
Younger sibling with older brothers that ain't there
Because he's knocked down for eight summers, it ain't rare
I can name mothers that ain't there
So the kids run wild
Catch cases, can't buss child
But land road to a stack of papers in a [?] pile
All I'm trying to do is make my mum smile
But I'm trapped in a cycle
Gotta clap back with the strap, it isn't my fault
That prats wanna act like they're bad
Then the mums and the dads are sad
Because I hit 'em up like Guy Fawkes
As a young nigga, crime was all I did beside sports
So, if I weren't spitting
It could've been prison or Sky Sports
You fakes say "you ain't a thug living, you're quite forced"

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I ain't been around the world
But I get around and sell
Crack, weed, brown as well
Stack g's, hard to swell
I used to sell cars but then I got locked down and fell
Came out, I switched my hustle
Like I lost the keys and found the scales
I'm from a place where the sound of shells are loud as hell
Under the key, you're bound to melt
Fucking with me, I'll make you shout for help

You're lucky you're sweet and only out for girls
So, what do you know about gun crime?
It's blood on the streets
After every shooting, it's trident with frontline