

# Sycamore Freestyle

Ghetts

Yeah, sycamore  
'Cause I'm more sick than anyone  
You can tell the doctor where he can stick his cure  
Your boy Ghetto  
G-H-E-Double T-O  
Fuck about  
Know what the fuck this is?  
London City!  
I said London City!

I'm killing MCs with ease  
The minute I squeeze  
The riddim is heat  
Stop livin' in a dream  
You're not bigger than me  
Fuck minimum Ps  
I wanna be living in the heat with women that are freaks  
I'm sick in the streets  
Sick in the beef  
And not one of my bars has been written in peace  
Not one of my cars have been legitimate, please  
Please let a criminal breathe  
You shot to a kid then leave  
Without you lot ringin' the police or seeking out thieves  
When I'm wiggin' out D  
When a nigga down East  
That wicked doubt that we could never live without cheese  
So now more time, they're bringin' out heat  
Niggas that've been around keys-  
PULL UP!

Yeah, sycamore  
'Cause I'm more sick than anyone  
You can tell the doctor where he can stick his cure  
Your boy Ghetto  
G-H-E-Double T-O  
Fuck about  
Know what the fuck this is?  
Plaistow City!  
I said Plaistow City!

I'm killing MCs with ease  
The minute I squeeze  
The riddim is heat  
Stop livin' in a dream  
You're not bigger than me  
Fuck minimum Ps  
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When a nigga down East

That wicked doubt that we could never live without cheese  
So now more time, they're bringin' out heat  
Niggas that've been around keys  
Since I've been about 3, I've been about Gs  
You could never say I ain't been about  
I will never be outta' dough  
So I got cats slingin' down my phone  
I shot crack in and out of the zone  
I'm in and out your hoes  
Zippin' down the road where niggas out for dough  
You ain't a killer out on road  
I'll leave you lookin' like a [?]  
Fuck that  
Let me slow it down  
I came in this shit, thinkin' it's all fair  
'Till I was told crystal clear, keep the pistol near  
Listen here to what was written tears  
You pricks in your offices, sittin' chairs  
Talkin' like your office ain't split in fear  
But it's obvious that you're pretty scared  
To the same artist that obviously didn't care about reading the small print  
Call it a small hint  
N.A.S.T.Y, we run our own lives like we can all sprint  
And who gives a fuck what you call it?  
I just wanna buss without bullshit  
Get signed to a label I feel cool with  
Why should settle for a Ford when most of these niggas on my level can afford whips?  
Sometimes I hear the devil and he's callin'  
But never will I fall in  
Never will I sell my soul for cheddar  
'Cause, in the long run, it could never be worth the torment  
Plus, I don't wanna work for a dark force  
Just to merk a dancehall  
When in hell, you certainly can't pause  
Sell my soul  
Nah, I'm cool  
Forgive I failed my past to talk about the dark force  
Cock back, shot crack and swapped slags  
But it's not that  
I ain't proud of it  
This game, I'm trying to get out of it  
I've been in and out, in and out  
And then you could never say Ghetto ain't down to swing  
I've seen it happen from the meanest rappin' to the cleanest stabbin'  
You niggas ain't seen shit happen  
What you're doing now, I done did it years ago  
Black Mercurials, I had seven pairs of those  
A pair for each day of the week  
Back then, I would've taken your phone and exchanged for Ps  
'Dem times I walked with a borer from Poundland  
'Dem times I never saw you around man  
'Dem times if I saw you, without a doubt, you would get wrapped up and thrown in a brown van  
And if you know how I operate, you would co-operate  
'Cause no-one in their right mind would wanna swallow eight  
Yeah, I said I'm trying to change  
But I'm not a saint  
No, I'm not a saint  
So what you on about?  
Do you really want it now?  
You don't want a Glock in the mouth  
When my niggas are in your house

[?] shottin' your couch  
You got an account?  
You'll be left with not even a pound  
I'm the king, what you really want the crown?  
It's clear I'm knocking it down from here to Nottingham Town  
I swear I'm the hottest around  
Can't compare or copy my sound