

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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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