

## Outro

Giggs

I 'member back when I used to get schooled  
Talking bout when everyone I knew used to be cool  
Running round brainless yeah we used to be fools  
Grab a chain, pawn shop had no use for the jewels  
I knew what I wanted had no use for schools  
I got kicked out of, had no use for the rules  
Then all of a sudden I'm shooting at dudes  
A nigga couldn't make slips of the stupidest move  
Back when it used to be safe  
I love Pecknarm guess I'm used to the place  
Talking bout the trap yes I'm used to the race  
Early morning bagging up in a room full of base  
All for the love of the taste  
They used to come and see me and it used to be laced  
Remember when a nigga used to drink Hennessy chased  
Now I'm so stressed my Courvoisier's usually straight  
A lot of devils in the game but I move with the saints  
There's nothing for a nigga to get your movement erased  
You lose a nigga man you can't get that shooter replaced  
Every way that you ever thought it usually ain't  
I'm looking outside and it's cold out  
Thinking how much longer can I hold out  
I've had enough and I've said it out my own mouth  
I guess it's in for the new, throw the old out  
Skeletons in nigga's closest let the skulls out  
I'm out here on my own nigga no doubt  
But if it's on niggas strap it up and roll out  
Christmas niggas wrapping up your whole house  
I 'member back when it used to be hard  
Old school days back when we used to be dawgs  
Back when it used to be laughs  
Bag of weed days back when it used to be halves  
But a nigga's gotta step up and loosen the past  
I'm holding on too tight gotta loosen the grasp  
Is he spitting real shit you'll stupid to ask  
When fake niggas can't understand and make stupid remarks  
Some niggas even think dumber like moving to clark  
Like hes ever portrayed that hes a yute to be crossed  
Niggas put faces on and get used to the mask  
Then it's like they get confused and lose where they are  
Rolling with my yute in the car  
Hes laughing while he holds a balloon in his arms  
Thinking back to when I used to wipe poo off his arse  
For him not to grow up like me I'll be schooling his arse  
On the road to redemption, there's too many tasks  
I'd like to tell my whole story but there's too many parts  
But anything you need to know all you do is just ask  
Show him guidance so he don't ruin his chance  
Cause growing up got me thinking more wisely  
Done a lot of silly shit to piss off the almighty  
So if I got to his heavenly gates  
And I was standing outside do you think he'll invite me?  
All for a couple of pound  
The big spliff in my mouth and a cup of that brown  
A.45 and a couple of rounds  
To be the niggas well known to make duppies in town  
The street life has it's ups and it's downs

Even the craziest yute ain't as tough as he sounds  
It's just that fear factor got him off of the ground  
The last thing he heard that brudda scream now he's stuck with the sound  
And you'll never forget that it happened  
That's the way it goes down right from ghetto to Clapham  
I can't lie I'm upset that's the pattern  
That's why every track you hear is infected with passion  
I accept the importance  
Them mad streets where I stepped in them Jordans  
That's why every time I open my eyes in the morning  
I thank God just for blessing my organs