

## 9 Months

Hardy Caprio

Mo said he hates when I'm materialistic  
When 3 years back I was nearly evicted  
Past few years, I was tryna' drop bars  
Pop squares, pop champs, now your boy a Popstar  
Life wasn't fair and square  
Mine was unfair, bro, we went and got squares  
The harshest reality is nobody cares  
In my shitty old flat where there's piss on the stairs  
Nah, I'm not a role-model  
Nah, I'm not a martyr  
Nah, I'm not a drill youte  
But I'm not Akala  
I saw my first gun at 11, older brother with a Weston, little n  
igga with some venom  
The world don't care 'bout a brudda like me  
Until I get down another brudda like me  
Man just heard donny rang it on the mains, got me lookin' at hi  
m strange, like he doesn't like P's  
It's hard telling kids to me surgeon when all you see is rapper  
s and football that's earning  
Irony is mum was a nurse  
Tryna' take care of lives, can't take care of hers  
How you got a kettle? Limescale in your kettle  
Your mums in the hood while you flex your [?]  
I never said I'm talented  
Never said I'm special  
But I did it all while these niggas did it little  
Living in trauma  
Even when I'm happy, it's like something's 'round the corner  
Maybe, kinda', more time, sorta'  
Nigga's smoke weed and get a mental disorder  
Childhood messed up, emotional torture  
Fuck a fairytale, bro, I'm price and the pauper  
Are you tryna' be rich or Rich Porter?  
Bro, I made five-figures as a Sixth Former  
God on my side, late night candles  
Weight of the world pushing down on my ankles  
Yeah, I went Uni  
I can do like 90 degrees but is that the right angle?  
When I done Best Life, life was a handful  
Which little nigga wanna' hit me with his gang tool?  
Automatic there like I don't wanna' drive manual