

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