

Selfish

Hardy Caprio

Ting from North
Ain't no angel, gal movin disgraceful
Ting from Heath
Go on shine my nine cah mans unfaithful
I met her in April
She saw me in her friends snap chillin in Bagel
What you bring to the table?
To be on my whatsapp movin anal
I don't want no label too
I'm out here baby gotta take off like quavo
Tink bout raps how tings might clash like Wiley & Kano
Can't ring me daily
Gyal move crazy, they never knew I was like that
Won't let a side ting sidetrack
Trust me, I know the drill I'm Chiraq
No time out for a time out
We know right now
Might sign out
No dead tings come my house
I make gyal back up like iCloud
Wait, uni girl with no class aye
Yardie girl you're too fast aye
Two step in the dance
Man do independent no charts

You're all so selfish
All so selfish
All so selfish
They're all so selfish
I don't know what to do with them, yeah
And they don't know what they want from me
All this talkin bout what are we?
All this talkin bout what are we?
I don't know what they want from me
I don't know what they want from me
All this talkin bout what are we?
Tell them now get em off of me
I don't know what they want from me
I don't know what they want from me
Nah nah

Stepped in the place with gang
Smellin like [?] smell like Burberry
This girls tryna hold hands but I just hold Ps making phone calls early
She keeps callin me but I'm quay
I ain't even tryna link you today
She keeps tellin me that I'm selfish just cos I'm airin when she calls me ba
e
Says she don't like it when I wear tracksuits
Baby I came from the road it's bait
My lighty from West she's a real one she licks my face when I ain't got a fa
de
Belly x Hardy, crept up calmly
No face no case
This gals tryna run me down
She don't know I'm on a chase
I'm the one they can't stand

Some beg man pass them a chair
Phone full of missed calls texts and snaps
But I'm gonna give that air
A text from Rachel, a snap from Jay
But I got a call from Claire
Mare, I step on pave and they stop and stare
[?] it was rare
Swear swear you're lookin for love
Yeah you gotta look elsewhere
Think like Jme, cos really a man can't
Man don't care
I just want bands
Give me them cheques
I'm tryna be a millionare
I'm tryna be a millionare
I'm a boss in the ends
And my bro good at (woo)
I'm a boss in the ends
And my bro good at (woo)

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