

# Again

## Headie One

They want me in trouble again  
Want me in induction again, guards giving instructions again  
Letters bout loving again, visit hall kissing and hugging again  
That mop and bucket again, empty and rubbish again  
And these feds try cuff me again, Lord knows that I'm touching again  
Still try do man fuckery again, man hope I get lucky again  
Nigga I'm two man up with the skeng, avoiding undies again  
Circle the opp block again and again and again and again and again

Me and big bro don't ramp no more, that's probably cos we're too alike  
17 bought a dots for apes and a q of light, all we knew was white  
These pigs don't want me to shine, got me sitting down doing life  
Getting mad cos they're under staffed, and they're just unlocked to a tie  
Young nigga in Feltham, all a nigga knew was fight  
Last year I went 4 months basic, Tameside breached my human rights  
Just done ride a licence, and I ain't even booked a flight  
Came home and I built 2 lines cos I'm really tryna make up for used up time  
How many times we doing 90 on the M, fuck all of these opps  
I wish I could fit 90 in the skeng, before I ever did it in O  
I really have to try it in the ends, I just counted up some racks  
I remember having no money on my spends, they think I do juju  
Cos I got NFA for another attempt  
Bad b didn't wanna know, now they all tell me they love me again  
But I gotta put the trap first, invest this bread into skengs  
Cah it's true when these bitches say know your worth  
These opps ain't done a one dirt, in Tottenham I still feel at home like Spurs

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Sport this 1 level on a trackie, I could never look tacky  
I make everybody feel trappy  
Do this ting live in the streets, even the kittys wanna help with the bagging  
Nought 9 down to the t, stretch this package Mr. Fantastic  
I really walk this walk on the streets, dem man dere just type it  
Money on my mindset, I got the hustle gene no Wyclef  
How many times have I found myself in the interview room with Trident  
I just exercise my right to silence, I hit the jailhouse and ride it  
If man get [?] try diet, that servery [?] I'll fly it  
Until I get tired, that's hella headbutts and flykicks  
I touch road on violence, that's blood all over my Nike ticks  
Big bro showed me to fuck with the press and the Pyrex  
Still tryna make a killing off the BMW and I don't mean the i8  
That's all my trapphone jimming, I come like I put it on 'roids  
My opps just making up noise, that internet scoreboard's void  
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