

Already

Headie One

(N1 got the sauce, baby)
Aye me nuh new
We doin' this already
(Step at the teahouse, step at the tables already)
(Cain's got that goon)

I just stepped in to the jeweler
Put down ten o' them bands
(Money)
Coulda spent it on waps
But, man already got waps
(Turn, turn, turn, turn)

These opps, ain't really on piss
They just run to the man that's chap
They just pissed off cause they been chinged
(Turn, turn, turn, turn, turn)
If not, they already been wapped

(Turn, turn, turn, turn)
Step up to the T
Look at the table
This is all readies
Spins on deck like a DJ
Do it like Snooch and Kenny
Don't make me step on them flaps
Might have to do it, I've done it already
Same way I told you how I done it wit Scat
He can tell you how he done it with Headie

(What? What? What?)
Should I step with the Dots
Or the six-shot one
I don't know 'cause i'm indecisive
I lose composure when the opps get sighted
I'm still ballied up cause my freedom's priceless

All of them nights in the T-house
I know about night shifts
(Yeah)
Country life so they had me by the seaside
I don't know about ISIS
(i don't know)
They didn't even hold me with half a B
(Turn, turn, turn, turn)
So how I still get indicted

I was behind the surf
Viewing with my sliders car
Was hand to hand with a client
Couldn't really care what the price is
Still put down bread first
Get that shut tight like a vice grip

Dem man robbin' spread bread them scrum
Gun powder in the air confetti
Old squad had that shit locked in Kelly

(Turn, turn, turn, turn)

Not long that I lyin

I invested in many

(Turn, turn, turn, turn)

How many man ridin'

And up getting dipped in tea like Tetley's

(Turn, turn, turn, turn)

Then they go and start singing like Katy Perry

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How I get nicked, for a skeng and I hear'em again

All they wanna do is stress me

(Why, why, why)

Take a look into my cup its all Henny

Take a look into this cup, it's smelling like pity

Eyes on the candidate send me a penny

Now look at my top, that shit is all Fendi

That man still tryna be bad

It feels like man's been doing this for centuries

I was thirty and seenin'

Just grazes and the bruises

(Turn, turn, turn, turn)

Not sure 'cause i'm bleeding

Still got drillin's all on my to-do list

I'm ready for war like Vladimir Putin

Do her I've done her already

Even run the road's old movements

(Turn, turn, turn, turn)

Our beef's still fryin

(Turn, turn, turn, turn)

And still tryna be smart like I teased them

Still tryna get this money

Like the Jews, them

Orphans that turned Judas

They're bruk and they ain't done no work, so they're useless

Their man ain't raising no waps

They're toothless
(Low, low, low, low)
We've got more than one on the who team
One or two slappers on the ride, thats a groupie
(Pow, pow, pow)

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