

# Braided

## Headie One

Yo, turn, turn  
Smell the boys from a mile away (Turn up)  
Need to get high today  
Yo, yo, turn

She wanna diet, fly to an island and get her hair braided (Turn, turn)  
You hate surprises, you think I'm lyin' and bein' evasive  
They can still see all my diamonds, then I tinted the spaceship  
I got this Hennessy, filled up with acid, I'm feelin' faded (Faded)  
You get impatient, you're askin' what are we?  
So for anyone askin', tell them we're done datin'  
In fact, go tell them you're taken  
I've been lively, all of these nightshifts have got me jaded (One)  
I know it's a Friday and you like when we make arrangements

All these different flights, but they want the red ones  
Fuck some-, but now it's just jet one  
Stepped out the airport, come at the entrance, you love some public affection (Turn up)  
You got all my attention, fuck all the Wi-Fi, there's no connection  
All of these Fs on us, we offend them  
I wanted to swim so I put on my pendants (Bling)  
You hate me spendin', wanna give rice to a gunner like Declan  
Keep your mind on the jewellery store, I'm finna ice out a rose-gold necklace (Turn, turn up)  
Yo, you can take time off and go to Venice  
Ask if I love you, you know what it even if I don't finish the whole sentence

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8-1-8, fuck this bitch to the 808, yeah  
Ain't so great, too much, think they can't taste no grape, yeah  
Sorry I'm late, smellin' like cocoa, sorry that's flake  
Body on the nina, had to down-scale, swap with the scousers for the trey yute  
I might buy her a Porsche 'cause her pussy is water (Uh, huh)  
And she could tell my daughter (Uh, huh), step-mom, I adore her (Yeah)  
Finger her in the sauna, half a mill' in the shit that I bought for her (Uh, huh)  
Wanna fuck with a baller? Vibes like Kendy, Jenny, whatever you call her (Call her)  
And chrome got brodie bagged, I dropped the racks, get the brodie back (Uh, huh)  
Big Lamborghini, I don't drive no Jag'  
I get dressed in the Harrods and pull off the tag  
If I tell you my Monday mornin', I'm braggin'  
Me and shorty done spent a million on a fashion

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She's tellin' me stories, I'm countin' up bands, waitin' for me to get jealous (Yeah)  
Take the Culli' to Cams, you get a tan, ain't no need for umbrellas (No)  
I send Gs to bang 'cah they're schemin' on gang, that's what the demons'll tell us (Uh)  
Fire like Ryu, the palm of his hand and he shoot precise like a dart in his hand  
Love when they call and they tell me it landed (Landed)  
I'm talkin' sixty pounds and a branded (Yeah)  
A Z has got ginger hair, so when I'm smokin' up, I ain't angry (Mm)  
Two-hundred bag Patek and a heater on the back of a Banshee (Nyuuum)  
Fire, petrol, fuck your BP, I like Shell  
Type of machines, I'm talkin' fill it up, then I wish you well  
M's up, I been eatin' well, got girls eatin' girls (Yeah)  
So much carats, I'm colder than Palm', when they thought I was carryin' shells

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