

# Cargo

## Headie One

Still reload on cargo  
Move work like Marlo, fats that looking like hardo  
Look at the flick of the wrist  
Traphouse looking Tesco's, but we ain't go no barcode  
That's food and chairs like Nandos, watch us step in the bando  
Watch how I break this brick, everything get dismantled  
What you know bout weighing up so much grub?  
The battery scale just ran out  
Shoes on then I do road, I could never leave my gang out

Bruck down Vauxhall in it into improve driving skills  
Everytime so we go get lurky, I remind bro wipe the wheel  
We bought this skeng off a one week flip, cah they like the deals  
I know the T-house into detail, with my Lyca phone I'm skilled  
Send them texts until it won't let me send no more  
Plus I gotta keep it in script with numbers, I got my trap phone insured  
Rudeboy you ain't ever look through the blinds at night, see the feds 'bout  
to boom that door  
Then dive head first out the window, turn the left and thank the Lord  
All a nigga tryna do, is turn 1 into 2  
In the kitchen they think I do juju, all I do is re-up on new food  
Then I just do it again  
Count up these 50s and 20s and 10s, then do it again  
Again and again  
Bring that weight, bring my phone all benching  
I was 18, me and big bro doing up Tetris, trips are endless  
Headie One and Section  
Still get round there with my cheffers, fly out the ride and drench it

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I don't even sleep no more, I just wait till the pack goes out  
Thank God that I made it home, now I gotta sit back and count  
Everyday risk taking, this week done a thousand miles  
Seen the square come in, go out, done it so many times lost count  
Trap talk, I do it fluent  
Running through so much weight in the bando and the neighbours are clueless  
When I see these grams, all I'm thinking is move it  
This Headie One flow that I'm using, it can get confusing  
Packs with elastic bands, I buy that monthly  
I don't go country, trap in the ends I'm comfy  
When I send the texts, watch the line go jumpy  
Have her put it on silent, making bare noise and fuckery  
Go my hands in so much green and I still don't eat my salad  
Skid up the car on my man, I assist that goal like Hazard  
I smoke broccoli cabbage, it's that go in backwards  
Trap, mash and I do rap, this year causing madness

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