

Charades

Headie One

Yo Fred, been dealin' with a few situations out 'ere man
But, I'm just sorting it all out, that's why I've been a bit quiet
And then... yeah, I'm active again
You say One
Headie, One
Headie, One (One)
Headie, One
One

Ballys and hoodies, not phones in the car
Them man ain't on but they talk like they are
Them man ain't really got no arms
It come like they just been foldin' their arms
It come like man been playin' Charades
The way man talk with them arms
One day, I'm in the hood tryna pattern up shh
Next day, I'm recordin' in France
They talk like they are
(Turn, turn, turn
Told me turn
They told me turn)

All I know is money and beef
Don't think I left it all in the past
How these opp boys say they want beef
But they ain't got bread, that's all in their arse
All my young boys like ten or nine
Guess they all wanna chart
Skengs, Rambos, flickys
We got them all in the car
How many man have the gangdem got?
How many time man do it all bait on the mains?
Go wish that man's not hot
Still do it in a coat like Big Shaq got
Just done it in my hoody
Four door swervin', no A Boogie (Turn-turn-turn-turn)
I hope I ain't got 'bout the judge, no Judy

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(Turn-turn-turn)

All I know is money and beef
Don't think I left it all in the past
Them man there different to ours
Couldn't see them, we leave them to last
My young boy was slackin' in the T
I just gave him a kick up the arse
Focus, workrate, progress
Put in that work then he's up
How many man have the gangdem got?
How much residue in my pot?
How much pressure did we put on opps?
How many times did we out the lot?
Feds tryna find my spot
Man tryna right my wrongs
So I just write a song

Two bad B's in the seat, me in the middle
Two Rambo's, symmetary, me in the middle
Rose gold with the VV's in the middle
D&G, had to throw me a jeans in the middle
I know feds hate to see me winnin'
They just wanna see me in the system
All of those times it was , now we litty
Cah my Laurent from I be able to
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Talk like they are
Foldin' their arms
One
Talk with them arms