

M1OnTheBeat
Look, ay, ay

That talk is all cheap
Them man waffled on the net
Duck when we rise up that heat
But we ain't in Liverpool street
One leather on my tracksuit, unique
She like sex with your boy, she a freak
That pussy, she bring it to me
I told her that pussy on fleek

I got D&G all on my feet
Run a man down tryna turn him to trees
Stuffin' this 4 long in this stolen Jeep
I just spent thousands of pounds on some teeth
How much work I put in for the team
Still pull up, jump out, do it and leave
Opp boys say they on top of the beef
Must be what they saw in their dreams
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Who said money don't grow on trees?
Just give me twelve weeks and I'll prove them wrong
Turn one into two with the fork and magic
But I ain't usin' wands
Bad B pissed 'cah I moved to her friend
But she was just moving long
How man wanna chat about me?
When their friends are dead like Lil Uzi's song
How many times have I slapped it in reverse?
But I weren't parallel parking
Anytime that I link my ting
Gotta bring this Rambz but she ain't from Barking
Even though gangs been chartin'
Still bad boys like Will and Martin
If I see you in my hood and you don't belong here
Then you get your wig split, no partin'
Just got a .44 long
But I weren't shoppin' for jeans
Gang been coppin' some heat
Who wants a problem with me?
Brand new wap, got it with sweets
Keep it under wraps, Quality Streets
If suttin' got-got and it weren't little bros
Can't lie, it was probably me

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I'm tryna turn over new leaves
Can't lie, the opps wanna end up deceased
Mercedes AMG, that shit ain't leased
Louis Vuitton, that's my fleece
VV my necklace only
DSq'd tailored my jeans
Can't be selfish in these streets
'Course I gotta save space for the threes
Blood all over the scene
I love skengs and my Rambo's a beast
Still wet a man's head back like I'm their priest
You would think I was tryna give man blessings
Shh with my blade
And the bend came like I'm tryna give man Beckham
This smoke man got, you can't inhale it
I ain't tryna give man Western

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