

Different Sorts

Headie One

I see them man dasheen
They always been talkers, see me in the flesh and it's always been Walters
It come like them boy there Ashley
I keep the skeng close like Roadman Shaq and Aznee
Come like I'm on the lurk for a boy band, the way I search for them boys on
the backstreet
And what the fuck's rap, when I'm still Live in the T, just last night I had
to flush that pack
Now it's somewhere in the sea
I rip my 23's, rudeboy I can tell you bout doors and hinges
CPS tryna get papers printed and still I NFA on these bitches
Still M route, rags to riches
Still fly out the ride, stick in my hand looking like I come to play cricket
Score these points still get round there, sawn-off joints
Hold it steady, got both elbows locked I'm poised
Splash mans face, I ain't lying too
Them 9 boys always been chatty, now I got old songs making up noise too
Still fold these 20s and I'm bagging up coins too
T-house settings, I still turn 1 into 2
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Put my Jordans on and then zombie walk
Your whole gang got 1 wap, my niggas step out with different sorts
Feds on my case for years, they want a man sitting in London courts
I wake up with the wildest thoughts, get money if I didn't then I'll do it b
y force
The corn in the mash got force, 44 kicks off like a pissed off horse
With ones like Harry and Snake, big stones and a wap it's a serious sort
They ain't copping no waps they're tramps, they need financial support
I put my life in my rhymes, now niggas wanna rap like me so I can't endorse

Bang on them and just giggle, look and find a boy like a riddle
S&D, your life's in a pickle
Stick on the bike, riding man will take you out like a pickle
Gun smoke, squeeze the trigger same way man squeeze up her nipple
You ain't putting work you're a ginnal
Tooled up my ting tickled me, them fuck boys can't get rid of me
Money coming, money coming in, them bad b's wanna chill with me
Little hooker go and act you wage, cos kway back you weren't into me
Guns money, guns money drugs, that's the shit that I'm into b
Lurking round with a half a b, and that Cardi B
Take risks that's everyday, cos everyday the feds onto me
Counting racks and she hit me up, I said right now bitch don't bother me
You see them opp boys yeah they so bruck, if they would yeah they'd work for
me
Take risks and prosper, hand on heart, them man there Usain when I'm up fron
t like Costa
I thank God that I still eat lobster, serious mobster
Still deep in the streets, real life shit you can't give me no Oscar

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Jump out gang, my drillers still crashing off waps
44 with big stones and a wap with a clip on the side, mad
OSG days was mad, big Rambo tryna search and attack
I was on snap in the trap, 2 packs up just me and my cat
I was on snap in the trap, 2 packs up just me and my cat
You was in the party brassed, tryna go home with a thot that's frass
And my broski just came home and he's still putting things on stones
Look at his D Squared clothes
My bro just stepped out cold, 67 pendant icy
Look at the gold on bro
Done skengs in trucks now apparently everyone's doing up skengs in trucks
Done 44s in a 4 door, now apparently they all got 40 one
We fuck up this music stuff, chilling on stage and stuff, whole career in my
cup
Feds wanna lock my bros, but the war's going on and my gang still shell it a
t stuff
I'm tryna live my career, but the feds wanna stop and stare like stop right
there
Pull up on the opps with the 4s out like pause right there
My young niggas they don't care, they'll shave man straight in the face like
he wants no beard
Smoking cookie and am, I don't wanna smoke none of your weed man the smokes
too weird

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