

GANG

Headie One

More than enough time to think of a plan
Now they trap-trap-trappin' and they think of the gang
More than enough time to think of a plan

Two months and I ain't been home
I still say my Hail Mary when I break each o'
Paps don't know if I'm dead or alive
I just bag this first Z out this nine
Got nicked up in country, fell in love with this life
I never knew that jail would be the next time I write
My shorty when it's on, doin' better at life
They didn't lie when they say you're out of sight, out of mind
Told myself I'll make sure they can't forget me next time
I got lit, really had to take those risks
You ever sat on public transport casually with half a brick?
You ever been up North? Nuttin' to relate to
On the wing, I had more than enough time to think of a plan
Gr-grew together, tried to think we're a gang
Now they talkin' drill and trap, and then they think of the gang
More than enough time to think of a plan
Now they trap-trap-
trappin' and then they think of the gang (Gang, gang, gang)

Twelve years an' I ain't been home
Ain't bitter, though I know that's just the way that it goes
Pops don't know if I'm dead or alive
Ain't seen the geezer since I was nine
When he calls and he asks me, I just tell him I'm fine
He's old, he don't really need the stress on his mind
On the phone I just lie an' tell him "Mummy's alright"
These times, when my Mum was still on top, still inside
Lord, be my protection an' light
Twelve years an' I ain't been home
Imagine, twelve whole years an' I still ain't got used to the cold
They don't care if I'm dead or alive
Maybe if I [...] a couple [...] then they'll give me the time
I was just a li'l shite, uh
Stripped to my rides
An' it had me on the strip every night
So I had to do this shit to survive
A couple of my olders didn't have their papers either
Only people alive that could give me advice
On that live-and-die shit
On that how to make it by without a single ride
Knowing that if I get nicked, I'm not going to jail
I'm not like these other guys, I'm straight on a flight
Twelve years an' I ain't been home
Twelve whole years an' I'm sick to the bone
Maybe I should dip on a flight
They call it a gang, fam, I call it a tribe
Hm

More than enough time to think of a plan
Grew together, tried to think we're a gang
Now they talkin' drill and trap, and then they think of the gang
Grew together, tried to think we're a gang
Now they trap-trap-trappin' and they think of the gang

More than enough time to think of a plan
Now they talkin' drill and trap, and then they think of the gang
Think of the gang
Trap-trap-trappin' and they think of the gang

More than enough time to think of a plan
Now they trap-trap-trappin' and they think of the gang
More than enough time to think of a plan
Now they trap-trap-trappin' and they think of the gang
Gr-grew together, tried to think we're a gang
Now they talkin' drillin', trappin', and they think of the gang (Gang)