

Kettle Water

Headie One

Nearly fucked up this whip, too much kettle water
Still gotta trust this whip to go get my kettle watered
Fifty six days in the T house, didn't get boom, that's torture
Even the jakes know that's out of order, cah they just made me
lose a fortune
One leather on a tracky and Jordans, come like my costume
You know all the shit that I've gone through, now my bezzle watered
Wish I could stop at the nearest BP, get my petrol sorted
On my only stop is the T house, ring-
ring, trap, now what's your order?

Fried down Fire In The Booth with Charlie, it was just fire in
the T with Charlie
Had to tell the fiend, "shh, stay silent" cah every noise at the
door alarms me
Can't go through normal charges, either the grub lookin' at me
like part me
Until I'm suttin' tryna off this green, no cutter do the hustle
all in my archies
Done bagged up so much crack, I think I got it all in my arteries
Still go spend this prof' on waps, aim it straight, treat it like
archery
I ain't ever done grime and grind, still do it daily like Post
I'm whippin' that bowl, kill it in O, that's why to gobs said
significant role

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Spent fourteen hours in the T, baggin' the same grub for a different
phones
There's bread to break for me and bro, he ain't gotta break bread
from a different loaf
I got both opp blocks under pressure, same way I took the presser
and did it with both
I'm tryna put a opp boy on a stretcher, talkin' bout stretchin'
, man did it with coke

Bruck down dinger or moped, I caught the .38 spins, bro cloned
it
Two spin tings deep, we're rollin', step and made the whole est
ate take notice
I was sittin' in the T with cokeheads, shottin' to Jenny from t
he block, not Lopez
This white and brown like my OT line, always left the green las
t like golders

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