

Know Better

Headie One

They should know better
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Bad b in the Nizz
You really think I went upsee for scrum?
Live corn in the shh
I could've let it in a uni room
But I know better
Opps wanna see me get nicked with the shh
But I know better
Next day shh got got by shh (bow)
Gang done got down 2 this week
That's shh and shh
They should know better
Don't see me in the flesh and don't make man leak
Man do shit for the gram and tweet
Man rise that shh then skeet
How many, shh shh shh shh, let's see

Man could've put it on the net
When gang done chinged up shh, shh
And the bro didn't neither
Man just left it to the media (simple)
They say I took a L in L, but shh made a W in W
Anything green get wah, then oh lord
Know better
Anything shh shh
Excellent finish, Mo Salah
How man tell me buss my shh
Only 'cah they know I'm on camera
They want me in the bin, Osama
That would've been 4 summers

Let me know if your favourite rapper woulda shh shh shh
You feel me? Still out here b
Lost a stake in these things, wah

Old friends doing up commentary
But they forgot that shh got shh
Then he came over hailing the mandem
And that's just because Abz made "Robbery"
Everybody do it for the net so much
They forget to go do the job properly
Shh done chinged down shh
Put 1 in a wing I was playing monopoly
Still see me on the opp block open toe (trackies and slides)
I could've put shh in the net when I had man crashin' on Croydon Road

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OFB run Tottenham
And I love my team like a Spurs fan
Get round there and try burst man
Blue nile or I hit Kervans (everywhere)
Them boy there neek, shed game on fleek
Just cop new freeze, straight cash no deets
Mash track got greased, still stacked them P's
Ring trap all week
Got beef in the streets, so I invest in shells
Had man changing their bio
Hashtag your bredrins world
Try put gang on the vid
24 hours later
Shh got slapped with a stick
Now opps can't stand in the strip
All now I don't know who my paigans are
Cause them man don't wanna buck me (runners)
My niggas keep up the fuckery
Slide round there with that bruckey
Fry man like it's Kentucky
If I don't hit one then they're lucky
If I don't hit one then they're lucky
But I'm still gonna try my best (real talk)
Blow my thing and take him out the game
I'm like the ref
In a field I slide on them
But I ain't tryna kick mans leg
12 inch Rambo jet mans chest
Send shots tryna hit mans head
Mind your friends don't intercept (sho)

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