

# Yohan Blake

## Headie One

I mash work on the opps from early, niggas already know my name  
Gang unit won't leave me alone, so I can't show my face  
I still jump out and smoke man bait  
Pull up crash, them man dash like Yohan Blake  
I put the beef on standby but trust me the programme's changed  
Don't want to bump into T cause he's a beast like Yohan Blake  
I get my hands dirty, same way Krept and Konan play  
Tell Headz come pass me the stick, Usain Bolt and Yohan Blake

All I'm hearing is verbals, all I'm seeing is tweets  
Can't wait till we meet, I'm really out here in these streets  
I bought fresh garms from Mush, now my swagger looks neat  
I think I'm Mark Duggan, burner on the backseat  
When I'm taking those trips, feels like I chauffeured a skeng  
I put pressure on the whole of your endz  
I'm not Wood Green no more, had niggas disowning their friends  
I ain't doing no 1 likkle poking, chef man over and over again  
Young gs in the 125, 2 stunts like Evil Kenevil  
Or me and Headz in the ride, with a black pump like it's diesel  
Done shots like the Matrix, make sure my gun's reloaded like the sequel  
OFB to the world and back, I take risks for me and my people  
38 got wood on the handle, put man on the floor like planks  
Let it off and they run like Olympics, but I ain't bussing no blanks  
Been round there with Rambos and flickys, man can't tell me bout shanks  
Try gain one up in the ranks, tell my plug that I gotta give thanks

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I ain't taking no diss, my retaliation rate 1 hunna  
Don't get your whole gang wiped out, ask Tizzy it takes 1 summer  
My bro in the booth and he the only one that done a 1 take  
Last time I finessed that chinging, the Lord knows that I done that one [?]  
I done that with face, it's peak cause I left that trace  
All I know is weight, 28 grams of flake  
Invest in the dark like [?], opps know that the streets ain't safe  
All now I ain't seen nothing but fuckboys running like Yohan Blake  
Handting fat like Biggie I'll get him from far I have Faith  
Bruck down dinger with altered plates  
Mask on like RV, you can't see my face  
Opps say just hold on, we're going home they're coming like Drake  
Things still sold for a 2 in 2, all I do is jugg and jugg  
I just touch squares no rubix cube  
I still move this food  
No ebeano, Egusi Soup  
You don't drill and trap cause you said you do, homeboy the truth is truth

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