

Melted

Huskii

Ricky got me feelin crippy
Got me singing Jimi Hendrix tyna pull a string
Elton John when I push a key
Lookin' Pusha T as I'm pulling in

Big calais with the rims looking like exactly what my daddy shoulda been
Too busy with the sharps bin while the sharks fin circle where he swim
I can smell the blood from miles away now everybody food I like to wear a bi
b
We ain't spinning blocks, we only do it once
Make phone call sayin' yeah habib

Where I been up in the main
Tryna hold my head high while she bear our kids
With a fake smile on a Skype call
Tryna hide my scars, I'm never baring skin

White boy no Corleone
When I tell 'em that I grew up with the mob
I ain't goin back to jail again
I promised Lana I won't screw up with the job

On the west coast in the shadows
On my Tom n Jerry tryna put in bigger crops
I got big fish with a little belly and a bigger eye up in my city lost
(Doing laps)

Silly man
Silly man doing laps, figure skating bro
Figure skating, we speed skating with pride
Cunts are just doing laps

Ricky Bobby in the commy got me sippin' coffee with a fucking Dumbledoor
Wizard with the whippet bet I told him when I see him next he better come wi
th more
You'll be rewarded
Plenty brothers wanna run the ball and come in short platform 9 and 3 quarte
rs
While I'm in this black Porsche with a white key and green mortgage
I'm a beast for this, peeps saw this
All my family eating three courses

Sydney city spitting Ghetto Gospels
Feel like Spanian I could write the streets' chorus
John Cena, ain't nobody seen us but we throwing elbows every week for this
I was weak before this eating beans to get to sleep for this

Suffer for my art, I'm running from the past
Coming from my heart on everything I do
Mud up in my glass, all my brothers fast
Ramadan with the stick 'n' move
You can't pick 'n' choose, it's been four years
Three lagging since Body Bag sleeping in the booth
Now I'm out here getting six figures off the shit I do
(I really am)