

Slowly breakin' the ride, but I take the back streets
Motivated by drive, but take the backseat
Swervin' in a black jeep, reflections of the window
Aggressive lingo
Reflectin' how we live tho
Sessions of Indo
The pressure of the big smoke
Just a few consequences of how we live tho
Detectives want the info
Questioning my big bro
Lookin' from the outside
I still get it in tho
In 2017, I just turned 23
Still movin' 1.7's like I'm 17
Before 20, it was 420 seshin' weed
Never thought it'd turn to two fifties like 10 to 3
And we used to roll 20 deep
It was never Pro-Meth, more promethazine
Now I need at least litre just to get to sleep
Sippin' lean, think I'm Pimp C
Screamin' "Rest in Peace"

Cunt's wanna talk about the flex now
I know real ones that will spend ten thou on mens gown
Never let down
Gotta get the check now
Every day praying that I make it to the next round
I been smoking cones while I'm half awake
Junkie cunt
I thought I was past this stage
Half my age
I still got some marks to make
Pass the paint I'm filling up my glass today
Last mistake
She's chilling with some Chardonnay
Palm my face
I'm never gonna ask again
Last for days
I'm tryna find a path to change
But these snakes in the grass tryna ask for fame
Why chase it?
Your whole styles basic
You're two faced
But with your true mates you're faceless (SNAKES!)
Changing lanes
I see you fake the hate
Tryna ride a wave
But you tried in vein
Stop chasing
What you wasting
Coz it's mine for the taking
Tryna get shine while I raise for the shade
It's hard to take
Give me a beat and I'll glass it's face
From the start till the last page

Chop a mix, I got a drop at six...on some proper shit

Irate, screamin'
"We don't stop for pigs"
I grew up with the junkies, we were lost as kids
Until I got a start from-... Nah, Lock my lips
Foster kids, chatty face with the boxes ripped
Quick to grab a fuckin' blade, if I lost my shit
Now if it ain't bout a bag, then I don't rock wit it
Blood Brothers, everybody round me lock their lips
Gloved up in stolen Ford (Skrt Skrt!)
Still piss in a cup, I had parole this morning
Me and the Sknow still pourin'
A. Dot just beat the case
They couldn't hold him for it
It's 201 or it's no importance
Me and Sunnah doin' runs in a one tunna
Hi-Vis, if we see lights then we run from 'em
Hi-Rise city, Lying not where we come from?
And we ain't going back to (cell and) sellin' pods in a hot summer