

Surfin'

Huskii

I just whipped a four to a ten with my daughter in bed
And I still gotta wrap this loose one, thoughts in my head got
me rawting again but I still wanna put this noose on
I'm at war with these men I don't talk to my friends and my girl
I want to buy Louboutins
She don't see what I do to put food on, out for a week tryna sleep on a futon

No time for that Insta (na)
Don't ask about new songs
Still gettin' tracked on a sim card
Racking a cling in the back of a Tuscon
My brain numb when I think hard
Like how many times have I been charged?
Lost everything in the shipyard
Starved and got everything that my kids asked (everyday)
I can't get back them time in cells, I remember the calls on FaceTime
Late night with the burner, stay quiet can't wait 'till I see that daylight
Now I'm back in the Meriton whipping MSN till the flake right
I got work in the pay nights, paper route, I want the Merc' with the canines (skrr)

Don't have to take that risk no more
I load up the pack then move it
Never come to the drop on time I'll sweep around and clean you out like broomsticks
Got no time for the music
Deadlines got a brick of the loose shit
Stepped on it twice, and her friends said it's nice so she calls every night tryna do biz
We came off dirty vans, now it's thirty bands and a blade when I come through (ching)
Stomp on this panda like Kung-Fu
Whip it up, hit the bitch with a gumboot
I don't do this shit for the fame, I was born in the game and I stay 'cuz I want to
This is Sydney, we ain't for the games, if you bail better think where your mum gonna run to

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