

# Chop (Henry The 8th)

JayKae

(Swifta production  
Is this a Swifta beat?)  
Oh, yeah

Yeah, I feel like Henry the Eighth  
No long ting, bruv, send me the weight  
Some show love and the rest of them hate  
Some of your exes slept with your mates, chop  
Feel like Henry the Eighth  
No long ting, bruv, send me the weight  
Some show love and the rest of them hate  
No treason and I'm settin' it straight, chop

Call me Henry the Eighth, I chop  
Call me Henry the Eighth, I chop  
Call me Henry the Eighth, I chop  
I'm on to the next one, then I might stop  
Call me Henry the Eighth, I chop  
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Nah, I don't buy ten-pound drawers, Lycra  
If they see my bands, drawers might drop  
I been givin' this all I got  
Better watch your back if you're my opp  
Wipe the floor with them like you're my mop  
Runnin' through dirt in the all-white socks  
Us lot are down, you saw my block  
Here's a 38 Special or a 45 Glock  
I don't need no fake friends, please stop  
Thinks she's down to the ends, she's not  
Are you gonna sit on the fence or what?  
If you see another guy send me shots  
Call, send one, gotta send him lots  
Man don't care if you're benchin' lots  
Hear them comin' when the engine starts  
I'm a king like Henry was

Yeah, man, I feel like Henry the Eighth  
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Then I might, then I might, then I might chill  
Take some time out, better my skill  
Grime MCs get settle like still  
All my life, they said that I'm real  
Raise my flag, can't step on my heel  
Crime means cops that'll get on my grill  
If I don't bust in the ends, who, what  
Blud, if I don't bust in the ends, who will?  
Man's too real behind the wheel  
Nights on my own, ain't signin' a deal  
Might cash out when it's time for a mill'  
Think what you want, but fuck how you feel  
Out here man's inside of the field  
Inside, look at the size of the yield  
Sounds of the empire I'm gonna build  
Tell them keep the parcel concealed  
Man's six-foot-two, not five-foot tall  
They go to Dubai to buy fuck all  
Look at man ting like primary school  
Fate ain't hard, keep my eyes on the ball  
Worked my way up the hierarchy  
I've seen it all, bruv, the rise and the fall  
And it's not feds who I'm gonna call  
Balaclava, man'll slide through your wall

Bruv, I feel like Henry the Eighth  
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Feel like Henry the Eighth  
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Chop  
Chop  
Chop  
On to the next one, then I might stop  
Hooligan