

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
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

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
No long ting, blud, 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
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Chop
Chop
Chop
On to the next one, then I might stop
Hooligan