Oh yeah

Got a skin fade not a quiff, oh yeah
I can turn a man to a myth, oh yeah
I can turn a box to a spliff, oh yeah
Gonna need a doctor for this, oh yeah
Might get boxed in the lips, oh yeah
Might drop a box in the bits, oh yeah
Don't get lost in the bits, oh no
Cause a man there's running this ting, oh yeah

Ain't nothing personal fam it's just what it is Grew up on knock door run and bus robberies Fam it's just what it is Always getting caught up in some hood politics Fam it's just what it is They wanna come around here and tell us what it is But you can't, it's just what it is

Yeah I grew up on knock door run
Growing up was a lot more fun
Yeah you better be on the ball, are you dumb?
Cause now when I knock your door I won't run
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Yeah blud I got a bottle of Henny and two catties Man pulling up on Ducati's Get big wheels that's Bugatti's Your ting's dead, you need new batteries, yeah Man I can't deal with shit Ask my baby mom I can't do nappies Tell them don't go that way Cause you might get ate like two patties Man's too active In your city my tune's blasting Yeah that's me blud, who's asking? One man deep like who's lacking? Got a Ruff Sqwad like I knew Rapid Drink vodka then I move savage Ass so big when she walks that way looks like she got two batties The Birmingham crew captain, oh yeah

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Run, run, run, run

There's a couple of fake mandem I ain't heard of
Man get willed up, they get turned off
Gyal can't use me, blud that's a turn off
Things get violent when I drink Smirnoff
Mad ting fucked up now I got to burn off
I'm the one they learn off
Yeah but I'm not the one you can earn off
Yeah cause I murder the rhythm that a man slaughter
Man blew chase in a black Corsa
Told 5-O they're not a problem
Man love blue lights, you can ask Jorja
Yeah I'm in my prime like a Transformer
Think's he's a bad man on these streets
Are you mad blud? I'll make him dance for ya
Stay real I'll take a chance for ya, oh yeah

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