

No, I don't want just anyone
I'm loving what I see in front of me
Don't give a fuck 'bout anyone
I know what you need baby
Listen to me speak it
(Don't give a fuck)
No, I don't want just anyone
I'm loving what I see in front of me (Aye, yo, real shit)
Don't give a fuck 'bout anyone (Aye, Mason)
I know what you need baby
Listen to me speak it (Hear me out)

Lately, I've been ghost and getting my bread up, I nearly forget I could rap
It's 4 am right now, I ain't had no sleep, I'm awake, tryna write me a track
'Cah bro really should of kicked ball like Foden, but he's OT, serving crack
Never had P, I swear, no cap, I'm just tryna move far, from the council flat
s
I be living two life's like Hannah
Bro still stuck in the dusty trap, couldn't care bout the glitz and glamour
I ain't tryna die young like rodie, so brodie, I might buy me a hammer
Huh, they might take my life, so I gotta watch out, when I step in the manne
r
I nearly forgot I'm a rapper

Life ain't sweet when you're raised in hell, bro been heartbroken on numerous occasions
He found love with the dots and shells
Let me tell you a fact, only time that he's ever been cuffed, he was sitting in cells
You can never put faith in girls, he'd rather get thrown in jail, uh, he'd rather get thrown in jail
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I'm in the booth tryna clear my mind
Pushing out all of my pain into rhymes
I've allowed myself to get hurt
Bro said that I'm way too kind
And lately I've been battling myself
It's peace that I pray I find
Mummy would've cried if I ever went also
I ain't ever been on no county line
I was broke and brassed, never had racks
I ain't tryna go back to the old me
I put my life on the line for my slammer
Where was he when I needed a homie
And there's so much pain in my heart
I ain't ever seen love, come show me
I've been hiding my face 'cah I hate being bait
I'm like a ninja, you should know, b (Gang)
Taking risks just to make some bands
I was outside, tryna stack my papes

Some boy that we'd bash into, only fans
And, dad weren't really around
So it's only mum that made me a man
Instead of splashing on drip from Italy
Should've been saving to buy me land
Yo, even with drip in the closet
Still be the block 'cah the mandem hang
I made sure that I had myself
I never needed a helping hand
And there's times where I fall like crypto
So I get gassed when I make these grands
To make it out of my town it's rare
'Cah life ain't ever been fair
So I couldn't care about yute's outside

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