

# Busy

K-Trap

Tsh-tsh, tsh

Mm, mm

Hate when I see man givin' a big in (Nathaniel London)

See them live in the flesh, they're timid

Thousand G's, just broke down the brizzy (Ye)

Told little man that it's gonna get busy (Busy)

Emz stepped out, that's suttin' risky

Now, your wishbone on the tizzy

Tell you 'bout the treacherous summers

Bro had a string on the mizzy-bizzy (Yeah, yeah)

Before them labels meetin's, I really had a shotgun stuck, tryna greet them (Yeah)

Ever get the drop in the mornin', but you got colly?

You gotta fling bine in the evenin' (Bap, bap)

Me and bro stepped two spinners

Whoever we see is finders keepers (Keepers)

Remember when I found out we lost them beaters?

I really felt like I was grievin' (Agh)

Two man deep in Hatton, but still, that's a quarter in kettles (Huh)

Can't you see this VS-VS1?

Don't ask if I walk with the metal (I do)

Even when I sat in petty, gang tryna lay down petals, gotta get settled

Mash in the tech fleece, gonna get tekky, who's goin' petty? (Who?)

Big mood, meet you in the day time later on

'Til you get dressed up, 'til you get sexy

Uptown diners, spoke to the killies, they're downtown firin' (Grrt), bro wanna drill it

I don't mind drivin' (Nyoom), check then fill it, check then fill it (Fill it)

In the phone to the personal shopper, I just wanna know if it's oversized or fitted (I know)

I just wanna know why they talk so wicked (Wicked)

Talk so warm with short and sawn

Easy to double tap, but I like the auto more (Grrt, bap)

Walk with parc', it was MAC's and spinners, now, I sign autograph (Ye, ye)

They rap and chat it, I don't know 'bout them, but we really walk with ours

Shoppin' with bae, fuck around, get her the bag, mini, medium, large (Ye)

Speedy cars, pull up, big man (Nyoom), let them out first, tryna see the arse (Yeah)

You never run none, nuttin' with a fire and clicked it, now, you're a liar (Liar)

You never cooked it raw, had half a brick in the window, still tryna dry-ah (Ye)

I gave Lambeth hope with this mash and this thousand grams a coke (Yo la)

Take that sandwich back and go, I want thirty grand on Nole (On Nole)

I never switch and go with the fake, I'd rather stand alone (Trappo)

I'd give it to bro, he went for the landin', came home landin' loads  
Goats, I tell you why  
How much times did I fuck up the bag and didn't even televise? (Huh)  
How much times did I step with the thing out here? It's too fiery, I  
ain't gonna bury mine (Fiery)  
The parcel's bad, now, it's just slabs, three hundred K in tabs  
Social cramp, double R chop when we still in the hood, gotta put down  
the flaps (Yeah, yeah)

(Nathaniel London)