

Flying Straight

K-Trap

Cleanest heart, dirty scales
Cleanest heart, dirty scales
Just a young nigga that's real with the cleanest heart and dirty scales

I miss primary days, Kickers, sweets and book bags
Now it's just guns, knives, death, jail light and buj wraps
The judge got all of my hood trapped
I'd give it all just to get my hood back
They got me all pissed and angry
See the smiles and laughs they took that
Yeah they took that all
Yeah we got all of the clout in the hood but in real life we're looking fools
'Cause what's guns and dirty bread?
Youth club trips to the seaside, who would have thought I'd serve these pebs
Got a 23 bang up on a bunk bed and my upstairs got a 19 stretch
That's 19 years no less
I just wanna live my life no stress
I wanna leave the bando now but I got all this left
I swear I need a new way out next year I'll put it all in pebs
Thought I was the man with all these Zs
Thought I was the man when I made me 10
But fuck who's got the most bread 'cause it's what you do with your bread
Cah I've seen man get rich go jail come home with nothing left

I'm flying straight, I've just seen man going in circles
But the straight path ain't easy still gotta jump these hurdles
Still gotta keep a look out cause the pigs stay observing
Nothing ain't overnight like look all the times it weren't working
But I kept on going and now it works
But that's what happens when you block all the bullshit out and work
Every day I'm working well

Just a young nigga that's real with the cleanest heart and dirty scales (x3)