

## Flying Straight

K-Trap

Cleanest heart, dirty scales  
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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 werent 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)