

Rappin' all those pebbles I feel sorry for the runners  
She raised a whole waste I feel sorry for your momma  
Just left the house party GSR on my bomber  
Cause I support Utd but I'm raised by the Gunners  
Make a soft drink off them plays but I don't sell hard  
Wanna go Novi told her slide see you in Telfar  
Thought I'd be dead by 25 I made it well far  
Something like the gym I keep the gloves where the bells are  
We sittin' on them blocks but we sittin' on them charts now  
Ask where I been eat my shorts I was at Bart's house  
Tryna run this marathon but you ain't got the legs bro  
I'm really round the demons you don't really want the arms house  
The glee ain't got a beam its in my hoodie that's Supreme  
And I rock Heron Preston for the fashion I'm a fiend  
Won't catch us at the scene but the camera caught us fleeing  
Was tweaking off the meds until we really made him lean

If it's ten ten I use the ten tonne  
Told my runner that there's two types, the good and the leng one  
I ain't seen a racetrack, there's buj in this F1  
I don't need no stop time just jug till the feds come  
They won't ever do it like I have or I do  
Check the stats for the proof or in fact I can prove  
You just wanna look good  
Extra ten seconds so it cooks good whilst I'm looking through this Louis loo  
kbook  
Runners in a T, I got runners in a T  
I know they take long but niggas gotta hurry when it's me  
You ever got something down? Had to hurry off the scene  
Still end up on the wing, gotta hurry up and plea  
Come home and say you're gonna stop but you're worse and if rap fails I'm go  
nna hug the block at its worst  
Or it never will, see niggas careers in the still when I'm better still and  
my trap bills way more than your record deals

They do it for a quid, my niggas never been lidge  
I ain't talkin' 'gac, I had the 40 in the fridge  
My shorty rock a fringe, I ain't really one for wigs unless you're talking o  
pps holding smoke from the sig  
19, 42 I had them both  
That's the kilo and smoke, g-lock and a spin  
Three tops talking fish, round the pot I'm equip  
Pocket rockets for the party, the mops for the vid  
Ahh-haa, catch me with a blade I'm just chopping up some joints  
Done it by eye, the last whip was still on point  
My killy got the coin, no whistle, hear the noise  
Hit him with the 42 Dugg, we them boys  
Smokin' Wiz Khalifa, top floor like the Burj  
Send your location we gon' turn it to a purge  
Remember running on the mains with a 12  
Feel like it was all eyes on me against the world

Stay dangerous cos that's my body language  
And I ain't gotta ask Trap, I know he probably brang it  
I'm from the mud, I turnt my rain into holidays  
Cos we all got the same 24, Molly Mae  
Flew 'em out the flat, I was only tryna pay rent

Pickin' up coin if you disrespect the payments  
Just like penny up when the semi get to wavin'  
Spec shell cases in the park, how my day went

I got bine I ain't swinging any hands  
Pocket rocket unfold the trigger then it bangs  
Tell her dinners on my tab, think I need a bigger bag  
Grab the scorch by the K you gon' hear a bigger bang  
You won't ever take the risk, why I got a wetter wrist  
Catch that nigga with the plaits, he gon' get it in his twists  
Used to sit up in the trolley as a kid  
It's mad how things change we filling up them trolleys with them bricks