

Predicate

K-Trap

(X10)

(Roddy, run it up)

(HARGO Production)

Niggas gettin' blazed and start prayin' they get saved
Layin' on the ground thinkin' why they played this game
Well it's too late, family dealin' with some new pain
Now life ain't feelin' too great
I hit the floor five times, still why I wanna clip the 4's five times
More drivebys or don't I
Really, I'm a trap boy, I come up off a dope line
Co-hosting the T, I got the Co-sign
Now we rappin' bars
Different from the late nights when I was wrappin' hard
Blowin' in that dinger, hopin' we don't wrap the car
Now I can wrap the car
Nowadays, I put it on the card, that's a star
'Cause I can shut my eyes, tell you just how it was
And when it came fresh out the box, can you smell me?
They had to mail me, now the only mails from my bookings or LV, new collecti
on
Cop three, that's a new selection
He got retired with the bine, didn't need a pension
Every time I exercise, I feel I need redemption
Or repentance but I buy another pendant
Lookin' through these Louis lenses
Niggas didn't care, now they're too intensive
I seen it so clear, it's only you pretendin'
And when I speak the real, don't care who's offended

When Trap was in the kitchen on his last whip
I was sittin' in prison on my last bid
Came home to the booth, couple quid and a half brick
Link Tef and grew a shark fin
See the clips like bananas, I'm plantin'
Make man shower down the strip like bad man from Garden
Came up off lines and paper, no margin
Shoppin' out East street market but look at me now
Matter fact, you can google me and look at my thous'
See the streets when I look down the isle
Sometimes it gets real, you gotta whoosh at the crowd
Bare face and pray the witness ain't lookin' around
Gang I made it out the belly of this shit
On my soul, I didn't think that we could ever get this rich
Til' my brudda came through playin', skydwelly' on his wrist
Rest be serious, you ain't know that there's levels to this shit

They got my niggas in the bin, doin' lockdown
While my other niggas on the road, tryna lockdown the city
All about the quid, if it's money then I want it in a jiffy
I sip the tonic wine til' I'm pissy
Before the queen died, we was gettin' live Lizzy
Ski mask way like Skizzy
These niggas ain't rappin' like Jimmy
Tell em wrap it up like a jimmy
I really wish that I could rap like Akala
Instead I'm 'round the straps and the drama

Akh's and the Karla's
Ballers gettin' yacked for their darlings
Weed plants all up in the flats and we ain't farmers
This the positive and negative, thoughts of a predicate
Gotta watch the trigger cah' it's delicate
This the same spinners Bob shot the sheriff with
If I ever send you coin, it's repetitive