

Nathaniel London

Why them man always talkin'?
I come with the thingy and make them zip it (Zip it)
Wrap a boy, don't make me fillet (Fillet)
Three whole pies in nines
Sandwich bags, spend the hour zippin' (Ah)
Cowboy spin in the dinger
See no one, spend an hour with it (With it)
Think we need extra time (Extra), for the whole magazine ('Zine)
Think we need extra bine (Grr), lugers fly if I press the nine
Holdin' the action, extra tight (Tightis)
Dinner date with the plugs, Richard Milles and Skellys (Yeah, yeah)
Parmesan Wagyu spaghetti (Yeah), we only talk in readies (Yeah)
Brick of coke too hard, get me the big machete, I'm ready (Ready)
Bitch in her knickers and bra, she wanna go sexy fish, get ready (Nyoew)
4x4 out the show, Rolly ham when I put in petty (Rolly)
Dinger on E, gotta put in petty
Slide with the killys, demons (Demons)
Which opp block gonna put up a tent?
If I'm gonna flex, I'll put up a hundred
At least them man can't put up a ten (Huh)
Send my man on a bike, can't crash with the coke like Skillibeng (No, we can
't)
I ain't on takin' breaks, I won't when I'm up like fifty M's (M's)

They've never seen fifty grands (No)
They've never seen fifty bands (Never)
By the time you get your food (Ah?)
It's been through like fifty hands (Ahahaha)
I stay with the yayo like 50's man (Like 50's man)
I wanna get my reload in like fifty vans (That works)
They've never seen fifty grands (No)
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I wanna get my reload in like fifty vans (Let's go)

Ugh, if my scales could talk, I wouldn't stand a chance in court (Nah)
All the shit I was taught like when it gets hot, that's mission abort
Who would've thought? Who would've thought?
Remember when a nigga was down to nought (Ugh)
Now, my bitch in AMG Sport (Why?)
'Cause the work we done in at poor
Trap and Blade, can't fuck with that combo (Nah)
These niggas ain't juggers, they're workers
I took a plane just for a convo
Don't ask what am I on, bro (Don't ask)
More money, more problems, my nigga, you know how the song go (Low)
Told her we're flying out pronto, flung 3 quid in her Monzo (Light)
But I came a long way from tens and scores (Ugh)
To mixing up benz and raw
They're fucking up the label budget on garms and style, I'ma spend some more
Watch on my wrist, Aventador
Box on the strip, that's twenty-four (That's twenty-four)
Trap was dry, so I sent some more

I think about all the bands I lost
I hit the T and made it back (Ugh)
Remember when a hundred five was just a dreamer? I screamed and made it facts (Facts)
Ten-tum was pumpin', makin' packs (Euh)
All the times we took that risk and prayed, we made it facts (They made 'em facts)

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