

## Pan-Fried

Kano

Said, "I just changed the frequency"

Situation

You don't really wan' test my patience

Them can't penny with me, henny with me, likkle any pickney

Yeah

The money be my motivation

Them can't steady with we, ready with ease cah we raised in the east

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Champagne haffi pop

On Mondays in case Friday flops

We celebrate life non-stop

Cah we made it off the block

And Bizzle got the Rolls Royce drop

G family vacay-ing like a boss

Tell a hater we made it

Never that, the saying complacent

This is that grinding through the grave shift

Now we're on stages

Reminiscing, times like then were so priceless

I was in the ends when Kenny from Network was buying out Benz

So now it's high end when Iyani spend

Climatised yes

No shine on my neck

But the stripes on my creps so drug dealer-esque

You can smell the East on me

Like pink Ralphs and Versace blue jeans on me

I told my cuzzy "don't worry, I got P's on me"

We fuck club up, then flee the scene

Drive two Mercs off the floor, me and Bashy in the dealership

All black, all facts, man didn't even leak the shit

Big man ting, it's a big man ting

If you grip my tings, it's a hitman ting

I don't leave my crib if there ain't chicks and ting

And man don't even touch road if it ain't wristband ting

Yeah

Chin chin! With cheers, eye to eye

The class of Deja's doing fine

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Yayyy

Round here's so crazy

See shadows move shady

Been through the dark to the daylight

Always spending, never stunting though  
The stunting shit will stunt your growth  
The whole hood got love for me  
For never frontin', no fakin', no fuckeries  
Hail up my brothers, but they need a compass  
We're tryna navigate out of this concrete jungle  
If I don't see you at the other side?  
Same 831 number bro, you still can dial  
Still higher power fearing though  
No religion, just the realist soul  
When I step out in my Stans  
Beg you 'low it big man, bad energies fi cross the road  
Move bitch, don't be ludicrous  
S-class, I'm so used to this  
Chest nah rock a Cuban link  
Puff cigars with Rich, he got the Cuban link  
Fly to Bilbao for lunch  
Back by the evening, that's what grafters do when we're up  
Lowkey coz I'm in the cut  
But talk tough then your Mudda haffi suck rudeboy  
Don Peri out of paper cups  
Can't take the Manor out of us  
We take the Mandem out with us  
And...  
(Akkin hell!)

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Yeah  
The money be my motivation  
Them can't steady with we, ready with ease cah we raised in the east

Yayyy  
Round here's so crazy  
See shadows move shady  
Been through the dark to the daylight  
Ya-ya  
Yo