

Teardrops

Kano

Overdose off the ovation
Make a stand for the home nation
Dressin' room like the Old Bailey
Hundred and one dogs and they ain't dalmations
Knock you down, take your money like a donation
But wipe the feet 'cause that's the morals we was all raised with
Screw face can't save faces, they only saving graces
At least we were saving papers but there ain't not safe haven

If they can spray paint "nigga" on LeBron James' crib
That means a black card ain't shit when that's the shade your face is
So basically, we're Kunta Kintes in some cuban links
The Balenciagas didn't blend us in
We're here now, word to God's gift
They should have never let us in the Kingdom
I know I'll back my brothers to my last breath
They'd laugh like hell to see me on the pavement
Ever seen me on the pavement, face on the floor
Would you help a brother change his circumstances
Heard the hardest, ballers never made it
Black pitch famous
So Eastside like mister fucking Avis
You won't have a Scooby if I scoop up somethin' famous
And you won't catch me with Julie in my bathers

Man are real baders, man don't worry 'bout no pagans
If you ain't got above 80 then don't worry what my rate is
You ain't fucking got the faintest
Man, don't show off just to show the mandem they can make it
Coming from the city where the slipperiest of snakes live
A village has to raise these
Young kings and queens to believe their greatness
Fed up of police stations
I be paradin' 'cause while I be mistaken just 'cause I be debated
While these sly pedos raping
Big man like you, brogues and a big boy black suit and a gangster platoon
What's a man s'posed to do?

In love and war
All is fair where I'm from
The weak won't last
A week in shoes like our ones
When it rains it pours
Hoodies all summer
'Cause teardrops from the sky
Only seems to fall on you and I

Used to do rates for Ingrid
Wafer fit envelope with 80 quids in
I paid my dues now pay me plenty
And me and Hollow on the phone, talkin' sole trader versus limited tax
No way to swerve, too legit
That's grown paper books in the crib, thanks
No wasted burnt energy, facts
No hate to serve enemies, rats
Gold faced and cursed devilry
Crack cocaine, then serve penalties, flats

Old names that curb legendary rash
No chain but, shit, still a G, lads
No game or learned chivalry, snaps
No face, just birds and the bees, mass
Curating her infancies, sad
Those days concerned sisters be trapped
Most days absurd bigotry, black
No days off work literally, raps
No way, that's verse liberty, shoebox memories

Reebok workouts in dungarees
We used to dream of the most frivolous of things
Till we bought the most ridiculous of rings
Now we're just tryna keep our bredrens out the bin
Side talk, everyone's a guy till the guy walks in
Louder crabs in the barrel and survival ting
We could all go clear, who taught us musical chairs?
There's enough seats for everybody, mate

Till then we can't reach nowhere
Trust