

# 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