

DID IT AGAIN

Lancey Foux

Phew (Uh)

Ooh, I just did it again
New bad bitch, ten out of ten
New purchase, arm and a leg
New swag, they want it again (Chyeah)
Ooh, I just did it again
Ooh, I just did it again (Chyeah)
Ooh, I just did it again (Phew)

I'm poppin' my shit for real
Jay Trench on the beat as well
Gun lean on the beat as well
Red lean, I don't pop my seal
You know I don't beef on film (Chyeah)
Been livin' LIFE IN HELL
Been trippin' A-C-I-D, feel like I'm under a spell (Chyeah)
Feel like a alien spaceship came with a V-12
Fuck what you're sayin', it's a real movie, you ain't seen this film
But you see this trip (Huh)
Wait 'til you see this
Wait 'til you see this clip, chyeah
My shit gonna hit, chyeah
My shit gonna hit, uh, chyeah
Don't lie to the kids, chyeah
You been tryna do it like this, chyeah
They been tryna figure out how do I talk my shit and walk like this (How do I do it?), chyeah
I been tryna pop out with all of the lights, epileptic fit

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Ooh, I just did it again
Ooh, I just did it again (Chyeah)

I feel it, I feel it, I feel it, I feel it
I feel it, I feel it, I feel it, I feel it
I feel it, I feel it, I feel it, I feel it
I feel it, I feel it, I feel it, I feel it
I feel it, I feel it, I feel it, I feel it
I feel it, I feel it, I feel it, I feel it
I feel it, I feel it, I feel it, I feel it
19 Glock over the seats
I got a shooter and he from Belize
He spray a nigga down just like Febreze
Niggas, they sweet, they can't pull up
I just might bring a sunchair to the beach
Maison Margiela, I give 'em a tease
Most of these niggas gon' laugh through their teeth
Often soon as I'm geeked, she's from Greece
But you know Jah\$tar he stay with that heat (Let's go)
Undercover drip like I keep it discreet (Let's go)
I fucked that bitch and I'm making her leak
I already died, might die in my sleep

Bleach, Bleach, Bleach, Bleach, Bleach
Bleach, Bleach, Bleach, Bleach, Bleach
Gotta get it, gotta eat
This is us, this is we
Bleach, Bleach, Bleach, Bleach, Bleach
Nigga, I just reached my peak
Me and Lancey got the key
Put a bitch on her feet

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Fam', it's done now, it's done, you're the G.O.A.T of East London, it's done
I was in North yesterday, but North niggas, "Ah, Lancey, why do you like Lancey so much?" Bruv, they thought you was from North
At the end of the argument, I'm like, "Bruv, you know he's from East?" "Oh, he's from East?"
They thought they know so much about you, yeah? They thought you was from North 'cause you already know Skepta, they're so dumb
Ey, bruv, you're the G.O.A.T, I want this at the start of one of your albums, you're the fucking G.O.A.T 'round here
Anyone fucks with Lancey, I will personally put my life on it
I will personally put this air I breathe on that you can still breathe, bro
'Cause you're a fucking G.O.A.T 'round here you fucking dumb?
Don't let any nigga tell you shit
They'll never know until it's too late, bro, and that's why I hate niggas
You're like me, you know so many people, no one don't even know you know these people, 'cause you don't actively bread like these fuck niggas
You're going in, you're going in, the game's over, yeah
Just letting you know beforehand, the game's over, no one can tell you nothing
Anyone tells you anything, then bro, you swing them my way, init? I'll personally put my shit on the line, you mad?"