

Practice Hours

Lethal Bizzle

Yo, yo
Aye, Kenny, I had to draw for the Avirex for this one

I thought you knew that we were top squeezers
Go shopping and we roll with the Visas
Buy the whole shop, gyal are like Jesus
Start doing anything just to please us
B22s, not Filas

Yo, all my bruddas are diligent
For the money, man move militant
(Gimme dat gimme dat)
Chasing 100 Ms
Not on dat get, rid of em
(Small boy ting)
I ain't signing a record deal
Cah right now man ain't feeling 'em
(Indie ting)
See a ting with a African back
Try know man is wheeling em
(Chill wit' the big boys)
Man wanna talk about houses
They wanna talk about ounces
(Different convo)
Man wanna talk about land
They wanna chill on their couches
(Lazy bozo)
Man wanna get this bread
They wanna chill with the mouses
We don't tolerate disrespect
You'll be on BBC announcements

I'm a protector
Pum injector
Ordered a new whip
Not a Vectra
Tell my young g
Give him the green light
You'll be heading home
In a stretcher
What, you never knew?
This is my zone
I eat MCs
Hannibal Lecter
Nipple erector
I'm a director
Not a deflector
Money collector

(Pow) Yeah, I'm Lethal the B
(Pow) One of the GOATest tunes
(Pow) You know what that does to rooms
(Pow) Bad Boy like P Diddy Combs

(Pow) I make timeless classics
Tell me who else is making these tunes?
See me one up or with the goons

Or at the Banya with the tycoons

I sound cold when I spit a new rhyme
New rhyme means more dough, more grind
Ain't nothing new, I make dough all the time
Ain't nothing new, I got gyal on my line
Man wanna rob, that's cool that's fine
Don't complain when you run upon a nine
Nigga wanna come and try and take what's mine, yo
Fuck that, nigga, right now is my time, yo

Every single nigga's got a one line flow
They're not good but I've got some of those hoes
Yeah, yeah I've got some of those waps
Yeah, yeah, I've got a friend with those
Blacked out whip, better be on your toes
Non-stop beef going on on the roads
I'm a rude boy I wear runaway clothes
Don't give a shit anymore and it shows

I ain't no John Wayne on the roads
Name's Max and I cause pain on the roads
Done with the keys, done with the oz
Oi Finn, aye, turn up, yo, yo
I ain't no John Wayne on the roads
My name's Max and I cause pain on the roads
Done with the keys, done with the oz
Feeling me? Then turn up all your stereos