

Big Glee

Loski

(Sebz Beats, baby)
Ski, live

Thousand man in her DM
You ain't got a chance if you ain't in motion
I don't even know why he raps like that
Check my CV, you can tell I've been rollin'
Only reply when it's really on
But I had to reply when the yute kept trollin'
I get the bag, I'm the man in my city
I make the young boys shoot like Foden
Are you rollin' or shook? (Muh, muh)
My old friend took my machine
Better stay on his deen, he can't come to the hood
Little folk in a fuck off jacket
Ugly mash, and some dirty boogs
Make gyal go into the restaurant first
Go scan it and see what's good
Yo, me and them boy can't cross path
Call him a doctor, trim it like crop yard
Uptown takin' pics with fans
But I came with the Wolves like Diego Costa
(Glee, glee, glee)
Hate when an insta girl lack cheek
Should have just put a Lambeth girl on fleek
Free Hector, bro got 17
Me and him was on the O like Von and Gleesh

Big glee up the front, got a pump in the back
This might put the ride off balance, I'm cappin'
It's only gonna cause some damage
Spot you an opp, take time, make him vanish
Yo, I put my gyal on fleek, when she mad at me
She be cryin' in fashion
She don't know the half, I'm a savage
I'm hidin' my life like American Dragon
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Big mash on the ride, of course
(Man down, man down)
You ain't tryna step, don't force it
I drop a bag if you turn it corpse, can't respawn
If I ain't got a mash when you see me
I guarantee that I leave man torn
When I'm in Lambeth, know my burners warm
Tess it in circle, mum heard the corn
See niggas get clap and they change their thoughts
See niggas clap man and they change their life
Won't see me there if the gang ain't live
And the gyal love man, I'm the greasy type

And if somethin' get tanned, nigga say it was SD
Why? 'cah all of them yutes on chattin'
Really do damage
Numerous bangin', then send them a habit
New Rick Owen, I love all the swaggin'
I'm up to my tricks, imma fuck her and dash it
Tell her I love you, I'm sorry I'm cappin'
I don't just drill, I'm a part-time gyalist
From the O, that's Gaza
Call me a Sparta
If we get you, that's not Karma
And he got shaved up too much time
I don't think he believe in his barber

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