

No CD

Loyle Carner

Ay, ay, oh please, we ain't got no P's
Because we spent all our money on some old CDs
It's like, oh please, we ain't got no P's
Because we spent all our money on some old CDs
We're sayin', oh please, we ain't got no P's
Because we spent all our money on some old CDs
We got some old Jay-Zs, couple ODBs
Place 'em up in perfect order 'cause my OCD won't let me keep it

I never speak it, keep it a secret
It'd be peak if any geezer would hear it and then repeat it
So we keep it, keep it out of reach of all the eejits
If you need it, best believe it, you won't see it
Locked up in my room, deep cocoon, like you're digging in crates
Already done with your digging, so your digging is bait
Keeping it straight, buzzing 'til late, sample the greats
Then we move onto the groove, grabbing that sample at eight
Seconds, loop beckons, smooth like new weapons
If I do step it, it's new repping with true brethrens
Ruth, Lou's getting too loose, look who's crepping all
Tunes through Jimi to Zeppelin, now who reckons
You knew you're rocking with a master of this
Manoeuvre blasts fast 'cause we're hard to resist
Blitz like it was vital, recited my recital
One back in the snapple, the snap, the crackle of the vinyl
Sweet onto repeat, Chris is chopping a beat
Flipping these verses like the burgers on the grill at Bodean's
We keep it mean, pristine, cleaner than clean
Harbour these harmonies like we're speaking to Jean, it's like

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'Cause this the rap, he brings the pads to the lab
The lab is my pad, we're using every session to jam
Working on my revolutionary revenue plan
But currently without the green, like a recession in 'Dam
So we scribble on the daily, making beats for 'em
Create ancient plastic discs and playlists
That your parents used to play with
Quick and very painless
Stumbled onto rap, always been sick, my very name is
Now I'm quick to leave you brainless
You anus, you ignoramus, just let me say this
Not the greatest, but gimme space, kid, I'm set to make it
So basically, we're bringing it back to basics
Rocking hi-hats and big kicks that are the latest trend
It's a statement, but when you put this fashion aside
This rap music is a passion of mine, lifeline
'Cause I designed the illest rhymes, chillin', time keeps tickin'
But I'm high, keep spittin' and flippin' rhythms to vibe, like

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It's like sixteen bars in sixteen minutes, I kill it
Extinguish all the fire from the liars and the gimmicks
Losing spirit, bredders putting cheddar over lyrics
Then diminish any vision when they clear it
I hear it, it's happening, moving like they're mannequins
Dressed by other brothers
Hiding under covers with mothers be panicking
Rambling, gassing like they're Anakin
But red and blue lights are out of sight
On the mic, stop damaging your honour and your pride
I, goner from the side
Never dippin' from the rhythm, flow specific when I rhyme
Sometime tell the flack and back, a slap
To any crackerjack who be slacking his mac
I'm on the track and in my prime
Ease your mind if ya hold it, time if you chose it
Keep your spine straighter than a blind homophobic
Ease your mind if you hold it, your time if you chose it
And keep your spine straight tonight ('night 'night)

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