

ANOTHER TAPE

M Huncho

(Quincy tell 'em)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Being me is too much stress
Wake up drop another tape
Asking for another tape
Then you do another tape
Another tape, another tape
Time here really flew by quick
Mommy trynna' leave the hood
And I think I'm stuck to it
One told me he really changed
I hope that he stuck to it
Zeno is like my blood bruva
Always show bare love to him
YB that's my cousin, good or bad I'm really stuck wit' him
Reni is like my damn twin his mum is not my muva
The things we have in common is that we suffered
Financially, emotionally and mentally took tolls on me
Is hard to get a hold of me
Too much on the go for me
Is crazy how I walk again
Test the man is four degrees
This ice ain't fucking cheap lil bro (freeze)
Mind how you speak lil bro'
You're with bosses and I'm counting up this profit
Shit ain't really fucking funny in this office
Got my dawg with me like Wallace
Fullest diamonds I got floors though
Few hundred thousand wardrobes
Yeah
Five hundred for the sonoff
Who you think we scared of?
Not you, oh
Who you think we scared of?
Not you, get money, got to
Still getting dog food, I'm selling it as cat food
They tell me I'm they guy and that I'm chosen, I say thank you
You're the type to hear the same you let that shit gas you (that shit gas you)
I'm still focused on my paper, I ain't welcoming no bad news, oh, ah
Let me tell you bad news, ah, yeah
Bad news is when you, oh yeah
Go to a funeral every year multiple times, shit
And realise, that this shit ain't for ever no, oh, oh no, oh no
Yeah, shit ain't forever, yeah
There's no vans pulling up wit' my money to the grave I swear, yeah
There's no vans pulling up wit' my money to the grave I swear
There's no vans pulling up wit' my money to the grave I swear
There's no vans pulling up wit' my money to the grave I swear, I swear, I swear