

Head Huncho

M Huncho

Yeah

Countin' up this bag is excitin'

Yeah, I gave my mum some bags after night shifts

Yeah, you're my brudda, you ain't gotta hide shit

And your energy's kind of different, I can't vibe with you

Might be sittin' next to you and there's no clue

I'm on Southern Railway and I got some food

I'm so used to winnin' now, I cannot lose

See my favourite fiend today, I gave him twos

In Chanel we goin' in, we buyin' twos

One for me and one for sister, that's a mood

Can't be spendin' on a woman, fuck your bag

I got a talent man, I'm good with rubber bands

Casually run through a hundred bags

Feds wanna cuff me, I had bruises on my hands

I don't know how they know I've been so ruthless, I had plans

They blamin' all the shavings and bootings on the gang

I'm countin' up this bag, it's so excitin'

Latex so I can put my hands on all this Pyrex

Foot down, put it in sports when I see sirens

Both my past and my present has been violent

I just left the corner store with rubber bands

How can you try and tell me who I am?

Get some cash and tie it on you, that's a plan

I'm in Paris wearin' Alexander Wang, oh yeah

Back in London, yeah, I got a chick in Wang

That just set me back, yeah, a couple grand

Stop at 'Dam and check the plug, that's how I am

Got deliveries just loaded and they're stamped

And they're stamped

It's 3AM, yeah, I'm like a vamp'

When I play COD, I do not camp

In real life, I do not camp

I shine like Sonia, then shine like Lamps

I still provide for fans who need that TT white for fast

Still, I need elastic bands, been makin' bankrolls from the bando

I love the hustle and as far hustle can go

I made a killin' off the fifty and a Zanco

I might have to go on toilet, S.O., thank you

These 'rales want me back, I started with a Q and climbed

We ain't know they managed that

This metal on me, I can't lack

Still, I count up all my cash

I just blinked and blew a stack, ohh, ohh

I just left and blew a stack, ohh, ohh

Head Huncho back-to-back

I still bag it up in flats

I'm still settin' traps for rats

I'm still givin' food to cats

And I don't mean no pussycat, no, no

I don't mean no pussycats, no, no

Headie One and Huncho, oh, oh

I'm get-gettin' packs for lows

And we're gettin' packs for lows
And I'm sellin' all the dro, ohh, ohh

Get it for the low, ohh
I still get it for the low, ohh, ohh
Don't short on the pack, make sure
Hahaha
Hahaha, oh shit
Don't come here showing that bag boy
Huncholini the 1st