

# 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