

(Quincy Tellem)
(Cage got that cold)
Turn

Got this shotgun, and got it sawn-off
The nostrils long, so we gave it a nose job
Twenty-four hours, I ain't had no sleep
I got PTSD, I can't see myself fall off (Turn)
Who done all them drills that the opp boys talk of? (Turn)
We play foul, so the ref took the ball off (Told me turn)
Bro said "Focus on makin' bread" (Turn, turn)
But we always end up with toasters (Turn, told me turn)
You know what I do to the smoky
Treat that WD40 like baby Johnsons (Turn, turn, turn)
Bought a baby nine for the tour bus
And a G17 for the nonsense (Su-su-su-su)
North London is a war zone
Ask my broski shh
"Who's gonna go get the dinger from top stuff?"
It's meant to be uptown funk, Mark Ronson

I ain't here for the nonsense
Who's on me? I'm on them
G-lock holds sixteen, I can spit this verse, leave sixteen on them
My thumb's so numb from the reload, one-thirty kilos
Buy my weight when I go grab reloads
In the hood, I'm an icon, Figo
Louis V in the trenches, fedora, and a pea coat
Two Gs on my off day, I'm Gucci, that's the G code
Pocket rocket came little, that's baby, that's Pino
If you want that cosign, need your mum's address, fuck a depo

I was in my front room with the nina
Yola, turn a pop city to a corner sofa
Granddaddy hat and a Motorola
But it's meant to be '017
Seventeen years of age in Feltham, I ain't ever go Wetherby
Yo, 'course I fell in love with the T, produce some notes, remedy

Put my wrist in liquid nitrogen
Blow trees like "Fuck the environment"
In the crop house, bring in Chinaman
My old friends have no entitlement
Fake love to me is frightenin'
They wonder why there's violence
Made a mill from jumpin' on mics again
Countin' up is gettin' tirin'
And I don't need to ride again, pay five again
Let the squad get firin', let the big ting rise again
They don't worry 'bout sirens

And I'm wanted by Trident
'Cause my man got hit with the stub
But he thought it wasn't written in the stars like Tinie
We can't part ways up on IG

I've got one million opps

But this money make it hard to find me (Turn, turn)
I can't believe what this envy and jealousy 'cause so much rivalry
Why you think I don't stop at the lights?
'Cah I'm feelin' like Biggie Smalls in the 90s, 90s baby

Noughties made me, trap house crazy, this shit made me
They envy, they don't wanna see me win
It's a shame 'cause they all could've been legit
Free the guys on the wing, for real, for real
Could've been me, for real, for real
Jump on the stage and it's all surreal
Came from the bando, for real, for real
Cartier bangles, for real, for real

Cartier bangles, for real, for real
My pockets expanded, for real, for real
I've really seen it get real
Bro left his prints on the handle, for real, for real
We tryna balance, for real, for real
Some for the cause, some for the thrill
We went to war, no time to heal
So we ain't got handled, for real, for real

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