

## Top Form

M1OnTheBeat

I know why they act like they can't see me  
Cah I done a bid and made that shit look easy  
Niggas wanna beef me cah they can't be me  
A thug's motivation, shit I feel like Jeezy  
Free my brudda K, he turned soft into hard  
And he just took shahada man, mashallah  
I know how it feels when you locked behind bars  
But now they mention my name when they talk bout the charts  
Chilling with my bae man, her hair so curly  
Thinking how much of my niggas never made it to thirty  
My life's been a movie, they gave Ant Man twenty years  
I don't go cinemas unless it's a premiere  
I wouldn't lie to you, I was in the can like an Irn-Bru  
Go L.V., they bring me to the private room  
Look how far we came, tryna shoot niggas in their face  
LB brought me on Wireless main stage

A hunnid shots came with the nine  
So there ain't no escaping the bine  
Bullish really changing your mind  
New drip but that's old money  
Maybach in that convoy, my bitch chauffeur me  
Order twenty keys, now that door won't close on me  
I been getting rich just like I'm supposed to be  
Pop star but I'm straight out the ghetto  
Pornstar Martini, even in her stilettos  
Water in the kettle, watch it cool and settle  
Dotty hit you in the torso, leave you with freckles

It's about to be a very hot summer  
Got old tings tryna hit me up but now I've got a new number  
I put a gram of Gusherz in a crusher  
I cop a mini Wray & Nephew and then I pour it in a slusher  
I was meant to hit the gym but I never  
I'm taking in the weather, I'm doing up leisure, I'm feeling no pressure  
I'm chilling on the block even though the block's pepper  
Anybody try and come through, they leave on a stretcher  
I'm still a hot stepper, I'm still a hot bredda  
Went jail, came home, now I feel a lot better  
Around the time Rihanna was singing bout umbrellas  
I was tryna start a revolution like Mandela's  
Black on black, everything cherry red leathers  
I told my nigga Jazzy that we're in this ting together  
It's not today, not tomorrow, it's forever  
I've got my niggas like a bird's got feathers

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One mash, two clips, no three-fours  
Five guys in a six rental, man tour  
Y.G.'s singing the Drake, he pop corn  
Gunners stay top of the league, we on form, top form