

Best Years

Manu Crooks

Got My Bag (Yeah, yeah)

At my best (yeah)
These my best years (yeah)
I left my problems in the last year (yeah)
I only tryna get this bag, yeah
It's gonna be a long year (it's gonna be a long year)
No more fuckin' with your energy (no, no, no)
No more fuckin' with me mentally (o, no, no)
Put in work I'm waiting patiently (woo)
I gotta get this bag (yeah)

I cannot do it for free (free)
All the excuses you makin gone caught up with me, yeah
I'm motivated by the family tree (mhm)
Motivated by the envy and greed (you know it)
I'm razor sharp
Rosa Parks
I'm on the bus
I'm level with it (level with it)
See all this power if you had it
You would probably be a devil with it
I got the juice all flavors
We making moves on major (major)
Imagine losing to the champ
Then getting to the bag McGregor (uh, uh)
It's fuck what you want
We built this all by ourselves (I did that shit)
I on my own
With the whole gang
Nobody else
We so far man we is Australian
We need space cause we just some aliens (aliens, aliens...)

These my best years
Left my problems in the last year
Just tryna hold a bag (yeah, aye)
Everything cool on this side (woo)
Nothing for free on this side (no)
The grass is green on this side (che)
Know what we're doing and do it time
Cause I been chasing checks daily (checks)
The 2-1-7 are what made me (You know it)
I gotta hustlin' mentality
Yeah that's in my blood so I'm brazzy
Just believe I be getting it (yeah)
Every dog got a bone to pick
Yeah the city really locked us out (yeah)
Politician's they can suck a dick (yeah, yeah)
(No, you know it)
If you ask 'bout life say it's past tense
And if it doesn't make dollars
Don't make cents, yes
I got the sense
Gifted like the sixth sense
On time like the rent
Dreams are kinda anti-social

No time for friends
Get me connected like wifi (che)
One in the count and it bondi (I know)
I bout to take take off to moti
So I can get fed in my spare time
Watch out cause I'm 'bout to blow (blow, blow...)

It's gonna be a long year (way to long)
Feeling like the man (year)
Just tryna hold a bag (yeah, yeah)

No more fuckin' with your energy (no, no, no)
No more fuckin' with me mentally (o, no, no)
I Put in work I'm waiting patiently, (woo)
I gotta get this bag yeah

Space
I need the bag and all that
What's the problem Imma solve that
You should 'ready know that
If I ain't fuckin' with you missed calls I don't call back
See the dress code? All black, all black
Getting lifted? Fall back, fall back
Taking pictures
While I'm flexing
That's a moment, kodak kodak
Cause all these records I be dropping never slacking
Always murdering the booth
I ain't gotta say it
I just let it roll and we all know the truth
Make the wave let me tell you never rest
On flame like the roof
Catch me on the west side
Doing dono's rolling duku in the coupe (aye)
Ski mask like I'm in the snow
Put the ice on my flash like my wrist is broke (ice)
Time ticking in my paper now
Just to get the bag gotta tippy-toe
Every week I got a different hoe (woo)
Every song I gotta different flow (woo)
Bitches acting like they really know me (aye)
Tell me who the fuck you really know?
Kept it real with my niggas
Whipping this work up in this kitchen (whip it)
Tell them Spacely gone shine
Now on my way
Doing this mission (gang gang)
I been up for days
Getting shit done need to get cake (yeah, yeah)
Every record shit bangs
Busting them shots like an AK

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No more fuckin' with me mentally (o, no, no)
I Put in work I'm waiting patiently (woo)
I gotta get this bag (yeah)