

Entered the bank of rappers, I seen Santan there
They brang man chairs
You would've thought man banged squares
I'm old-school, thought the lift would take the apple and pears
Ladders and stairs, I'm in the air
Hopefully snakes ain't catchin' me 'ere
Actually, yeah, who said that life even had to be fair
I got it off B, I rap offbeat
I put K's in the bando, that's keys on keys
K's in the trap, that's blades and brown
Puttin' kitties and knives into basic pound
Let's see who really rap-rappin'
Then he told me I got mad talent
But let me break this down

I'm a young thug, been a gunner, I ain't seen no future
My little baby drive me crazy when she Chris like Luda'
No Biggie, I'm packed
I'll get my strap, picture that, Kodak
And I ain't have no plaits
I'm still bustin' on my old tracks, I need me a bolo yacht
I remember times when niggas wouldn't let me in
I push yay the same colour as Kim
And take me in, I'm Shotty, Shifty and I'm Slim
I'm from Manny, no one pluggin' me in
I'm tryna be filthy rich like, who's Mozzy?
I got this .22 on me, plus I move Bobby
Move from me, we do robberies
I'm a jacka, prices on the whiskey went up when they locked Black up
Movin' like Mickey actin' like mice
When they locked Mike, all I did was chop white
Cut it with my lock knife and get it for a top price
One day, I need a fiancé
But more time, I'm on my J's like Beyoncé
And if you fuck with a nigga, keep me on play
So much attitude, I think I need a beat from Dre
I gotta grind everyday, could only be one way
I gotta do it for my city, but I'm reppin' the country
Fuck me or love me, I made a M alone, Bugzy
We in need, Pudsey
Everybody equal, Rashford the people
It was a big deal for me to make "Year of the Real"
'Cause if niggas ain't my mate then I just can't be fake
And I got paid off white raps like ArrDee, Aitch
They tryna peel the waves
The only thing they can't steal is me or my name
I send shots for the game 'cah in the game
E came and caused mayhem
I've been a L and get I in the AM
Kiss and don't tell, I ain't takin' no L
Gall a gal a G-ER, got me like oh, ayy, sis
All I do is mash P's, that's homemade chips
It's so basic
I'm so bias when it comes to this flow games shit
Headin' down a rocky road, I used to roll with stones
So if you phone this phone
That's drugs, violence and rock and roll

Now it's time to heat it up like they forgot I'm cold
Gotta think about this life before you hop on road
Get back on Sundays, ain't happy on Mondays
Gunchester, bag of gun plays
Cocaine leave you with a numb face
Comin' at you like Cleopatra
Put respect on my city and Benedict Wong needs a BAFTA
Niggas really get shot, this ain't no KC Locke
And my style ain't free, they gotta pay me lots
That's why they wait for the drop
I treat rap like trap
In the meantime, I'm scrapin' the pot
The tape was ten-ten, I went and put flake on the top
The longer I took, the greater it got
Lippy for what? Like I don't lick shot
And I'm a big poet, even the chicks know it
I'll handle it
She wanna be my missus, told her, "Don't bank on it"
I put heats in the street like Tiffany Calver
New stick, so pretty that I think that I found her
But my face in the browser
Now I'm out of town, you think I'm a Scouser
Play dirty like I'm fightin' with Bouncer
Find me in the trap, grimey on a rap
Put heat on any beat
Ask B, will never cap, they stole my sound, I want it back
Nigga, I'm the one like Donovan's back
Any beat can get it, I K any, I'm an all-star
These days, I can't tell if she a model or a pornstar
Hit 'em with the brilliance
Now my Brandon worth millions
I hit the M with W, forever been a troubled yute
I had to shout out you 'cah you're from the other group
I put my life in my vids and take no credit
I stay close to the edit, I'm so Cole Bennett
And there's niggas that I won't even shoot
Can't see my face, balaclava
Trigger in some body armour
Can't stop wars, I pop corn in lungs and kidney, now the funds are silly
Numbers pretty, got me laughin' to the bank like Chunkz and Filly
I really came from a hunger city
This one for my Aussie gang
We down and under like we come from Sydney

Gathered my thoughts and I wrote 'em down
'Cah I'm so J.K. when I'm rollin' loud
The other day I should've been at Rolling Loud
Hey Jude, I'm tryna beat less and get head, don't let me down
All I see is murder, got a Master P
When I'm done with rap, I might go and do a maths degree
Actually, after this, don't even chat to me
Literally, need more than literacy to sit with me
I handle mine, my women bossy like Caroline
Everybody wanna chat like Chucky when they online
But I can see it in their eyes, they ain't on crime
I did a lick one time, I mean, two times
Maybe a few times, don't compare me to no new guys
I send your bitch Dubai just to buy 'cah I'm way too fly
Rather me than them poo guys
I seen a lot of shit a few times
I rocked the mask before a Pooh Shiest'
They say, "Greatness takes time", well you gotta D-I-E-E-Z-Y
Like, why Deezy gotta die?

I make it look easy when I write
Free me off my mind
I went from free dough and hittin' licks to doin' ghetto gigs
Parklife, main stage and Dave had me at the BRITs
When nanny died, I said I love her to bits
Now everybody wanna rap like me and act like me
It's 'cause I'm back, my G