

Say Less Do More

Meekz

(Come on, came on on the bottom, you know)
Shout out Meek, it's the motherfuckin' mob bruh

Say less, do more
Manny on the map, we all soon tour (Soon)
If they don't wanna let us in, I'm coming through doors (Boom)
I need a Lambo like Bugzy with two doors (Mad)
Cah I'm really tryna ball and I don't do sports (Nah)
Knock a pussy out, I don't do talk
Had to get it poppin' in the food court
Stab him in the face with a food fork

If it's body for body, I'm leaving you chalk (Baow)
Gotta whip it with magic and I don't do rock
So I be winnin' when I'm whippin', I don't do scores
I don't do tics and I don't do shorts
Pull up in the road, I'm lookin' like I do fraud (Mad)
Kick back and make a quick quid off two calls (Trap)
Roads are gettin' too hot
Had to see a million shots to fill a shoebox
Gotta buy a new wap before I buy a new watch
Roads are getting fire, need to know when to cool off
Licked it in the hypo then we zoomed off (Skrrr)
No calling for a few box
But we some bad yutes like the Boondocks (Bad)
I'm out in 'Dam, coffee shops, smoking Moon Rocks (Bangin')
I bet the Insta' goes mad when the tune drops (Mad)
Bad bitch on me, dawg, tell her take her Loubs off
Pull up on my young Gs like "Who you get your food off?"

Built my first phone in '011, started off on Vodaphone
Snapping chunks off the block, you can call it Toblerone
Let the biscuit dry and hit the block, I'm a rolling stone
Mumsie tried her best, but deep down it was a broken home
Daddy was the man, but fast money must have broke his dome
Fell off when it mattered, now I'm lost, what a fucking joke
Thought he had my back, mum said "Blame it on the bud and coke"
Mum said "You're the man of the house", got me stressing, broke
Built it from the ground, got me on the M-way pressin' Stoke
Cookie or Kimbo in mine when I toke and choke
'Chete or snubbie on me when I smoke or soak
'Member back then in '05, taggin' Cho and Loc
Now it's '18, I'm that kid, who'd have fucking known?
'Member being broke with Sam, bellin' crisis loans
Fast-forward five, ten years, we got a priceless phone
Pulling down crops of the cookie, like it's licence-grown

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You know what it is man

Bay to UK, man
London to Manny, man
Shout out Tunde, shout out Meekz, it's the motherfucking mob bruh
Running shit up man, if you knew better, you'd do better, man
Making big moves happen man
Know what I'm saying? Takeover, man
Manny on the map, bruh, active