

# Year Of The Real

Meekz

Brigade  
MKThePlug  
Sapphire Beatsz

Dropped the last ting  
Got everyone askin', what's with the mask ting?  
Is he wanted? Have they grabbed him?  
Is he paid off this rap ting or is he trappin'?  
I got fans in the USA, now I can fly packs in  
But right now, the mandem are growin' a mad ting  
We got UK cheap and eighths for the low  
Three-five or five for the 'Dam ting  
I paid three G's for the hand ting  
Can your block fry plantain?  
Free my G's on the landin'  
I can tell by the way that my man's actin'  
That he's never been locked for the mad ting  
Lost it all and remanded  
Sat in jail gettin' racks in  
Connectin', came home  
Got links all over the map now, I'm active  
Tek' a time in jail for some daft shit  
My last run was good while it lasted  
Ten quid on a Tuesday, stupid bastards  
Two kids in the bando movin' backwards  
Push flake 'til I'm paid, in the grave or landin'  
Guess I'm paid off trappin'  
If I get locked with opps  
I'll rock my sock, I ain't chillin' with snakes on the landin'  
I woke up switchin', pissed off at random  
Probably cah my bitch never answered  
I'm on FaceTime to my G  
Go to the strip club and show me the dancers  
Fuck the home, I'll imagine  
I'll be home 'til my phone in a badness  
Home to the roads, gettin' dough for my nanan  
Amount of O's that a man made vanish  
Shit I did for the dough, man a savage  
Manchester, home of the gangsters  
I don't trust Insta, my phone or bangers  
Anything I do in there is all banter  
If it weren't for the feds I'd show you a madness  
This ain't promo, if I post a pic with bro-bro  
Had the popo doin' mad shit  
In the pot got the yolo doin' backflips  
Gotta TT the block and OT the magic  
I gotta have it, must be habits, rusty, bang it  
Country slangin', bunch of has beens  
You ain't gangin', changed the game, bare thankin'  
Changed the game, better thank him  
Young rich shit what the fiends in the band think

The man at the desk just askin' me questions  
'No sergeant, I don't feel suicidal'  
Fans playing my tunes on Tidal  
While I'm tryna spend stream money on rifles  
I dashed my phone but I got it backed up

So I can't really lie man, that's sim card's vital  
Next day, I got my worker runnin' like Usain Bolt in Olympic finals  
Rejected the duty solicitor and went 'no comment'  
It ain't rocket science  
And this game ain't hot, it's fryin'  
I ain't no ganja farmer, the crop keeps dyin'  
I'm on the tech' and the night bus rushed by  
Won't get through this door how hard you try it  
Barricade in case the power rangers raid  
And have man on basic dyin'  
I just come out the station pissed  
In Morley's, fans shouldn't have asked for a pic  
It's mandatory that I black out the whip  
These tints help me blend when carryin' sticks  
I hit the market town shottin' twenties for tens  
Of course, there's magic in it  
Sent a broke ting to traffic a brick  
Don't touch the suitcase, there's packets in it  
Kitchen ting to the training ground  
It might have got peak after football trials  
I spent seven on designer bugs  
Old school times, would've been Scott & Lyle  
Or should I say Lyle & Scott  
That.40 did jam cah it had no oil  
Known for shottin' machine in these slim fit jeans  
That's what you call pattern and style  
That 50cc weren't blowin' no trace  
Man had to get it de-restricted  
Loaded the dash and my seat just lifted  
Buss the red lights and the jakes just missed it  
Fifteen bills, get the calls encrypted  
For the PGP, man might just risk it  
And it ain't for no biscuit  
Half box of B in Raw brown rizlas

They locked my block cah the junkies wired  
I used to get ku off B Low, come like Heathrow  
The pack just flyin'  
Verbal abuse from pussies  
All for the crutch, that's tired  
Revolvers that bang  
Pinocchio gang cah the whole of your gangdem liars  
Check it, ST livin' in cunch  
He'll spin it on drunks and the waigons too  
Ten got ten tryna aim and shoot  
This big lead in the skeng  
We don't pay for fire like pay-per-view  
S just let that bang out the German  
I smack that like I'm in eighty-two  
I don't know nuttin' 'bout retail workin'  
I kept on jerkin' and takin' food  
How could I get more weight to move?  
I was so young as a weighty fucker  
Two hands on a weighty brucker  
Mum know I'm gonna be late for supper  
Bro tryna reb it in eights, you nutter  
That's fifties right to the one G  
I should've had paper planes  
I hit the one-way, head right to the country  
Thankful for the life that I got  
Tight rock, Lira Galore and Jason  
Buss how much shoots in cunch like Kaylum  
Two hundred miles up north

Ain't Futurama, we need a spaceship  
Smashin' it out like Karla's back in the town  
Never missed a patient  
Niggas wanna be famous  
M still paintin' the pave' like Banksy  
Three t'ump knock on the door  
Tell Roger to hide with Stan, no Francine  
Really should've made a plan B  
Four fives off, now the junkies thank me  
We ain't never been Berlin  
I was way too young in a German back seat  
Lost his-, thought he was Tarzan  
Bare fake yutes just tryna facade man  
M10 on the loose, that's loose, he's drownin'  
Save him, get him an armband  
I risked all my rights for bro  
And I lost rights when the cunts disarm man  
Now I need me an auto rents  
Cah the stupid pigs put me on a car ban

I put my time in the trap  
I put my slugs in masches  
How many times was I under attack?  
How many times did I back out my-?  
And showed him the world is passa  
Young dark one gettin' mula  
Officer, I won't surrender  
Free up my brudda, that's K1  
Free up my brudda, that's Jojo  
Free up my brudda, that's Mason  
Rolled all black like Jason  
Free up Berto, the shit dem Isle of Wight  
He's still holding it down  
I come from a side of town  
Where you either eat, or be eaten  
In the hill side strip we're so ravin'  
But we still got the din  
'Cause of risks we took  
Did I get rushed? How many donuts must get rushed?  
I swing first and still left last  
They see guns, should've seen their face  
I see them flee, them boy feeble  
I pree them snakes from a bird's eye view  
Came like eagle, with the militant power  
Them boy sour, can't be like me  
Lizzy baby, my wifey  
I can't take treason lightly  
I was in a useless strip  
I was flippin' that work daily  
Your girl say that I'm wavey  
Oh, I know I'm so wavey  
The ghetto is what made me old  
The ghetto is what made me  
Like, hop out the Ford with force  
Quick, skrr, better not fall  
Dotty came long and tall  
Hammer man down like Thor  
Win a mad ting, still score and bore  
Dip a mad ting, I'm mad with sword  
If a man try show no remorse  
Show no remorse  
Like, 'low all the verbal chat  
Dem ah talk, dem ah talk, dem ah talk, dem ah talk

Dem ah talk, 'til a boy gets  
Whoosh, splash and that  
Misch, mash and bag packs in the morn'  
Wham war haffi dead  
Try balls, night falls gone red  
Could've been neck or  
I came all dark like umm

Brigade  
MKThePlug  
Sapphire Beatsz