

# Bad Boys

Morrisson

I wake up and I stare at the ceiling  
I'm alive what a beautiful feeling  
I should be dead or in jail  
But I'm alive and enjoying my freedom  
I'm undefeated like Tyson Fury  
But I'm feeling like Tommy Egan  
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I stepped in looking like millions  
That's cause I really made millions  
I'm a self made boss and my bros will take that loss (like say no more)  
I'll take a mans girlfriend just like I take mans crop  
My black tings gassed but she plays it cool  
She said she don't fuck white boys  
But for me she'll risk it and break the rules  
Do the mad ting and watch paid in full  
My Maltese ting's all special  
Hood but she don't act ghetto  
I said babe can we fuck in my Bentley  
She said yes we can sir like Geko  
I got rich in trap then pretended that I did it in rap  
They got rich in rap then pretended they did it in trap  
The worlds gone mad, nah really the worlds gone mad  
I really went to war with my ends and Big Dill's really had my back  
Still with the gang, still with the Mali's & Akkis  
Still move bricks in cabbies  
Still bag all my guns like Andy  
I'm an OG but I'm still active  
I can still make your grow go missing  
When you're sniffing up my coke that's the only time  
You should have your nose in my business  
Fam on my mobile phone won't stop ringing  
Man keep ringing my phone off  
Then they call me when they want favors  
So fuck it I'm switching my phone off  
Fuck it put my phone on flight mode  
Jump on the flight then leave  
When my man need me I'm there in a second  
But when I need them they play hide and seek  
It's a been violent week  
Further more it's been a violent life  
I ain't into domestic violence  
But my girl brings out my violent side  
You got your head kicked in  
Then you backed down and swallowed your pride  
When I got stabbed up and shot up I got up  
And didn't stop riding till I left an opp fried

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I've had war after war  
I've been settling score after score  
I've been on lick after lick after lick  
I've been kicking down door after door  
Blud I lost friend after friend  
And I lost mate after mate  
Some of them died in the field  
But most of them hotting a snake  
Hang tight, my heart colder than Russia  
In the streets nobody loves ya  
I trust my friend more than my brother  
I need my gun more than my mother  
I slipped and got hurt by the opps  
It's my own fault I deserve what I got  
But I rid and I rid and I rid till I got him back  
Then I hurt all his squad  
Don't fuck with my money, don't fuck with my pride  
Don't fuck with my fam  
I can sign most of these English rappers  
On God I can cover their salaries  
I had so much bricks in the trap  
All my bruddas shaking and panicking  
I'm in my van doing a wheelie  
Cause of the weight of the bricks in the back of it  
I blew hundreds of racks in them clubs  
Looking back man that shit was embarrassing  
I'm whiter than David from Dagenham  
But I still village beat man like an African  
Everyone's got a gun, but not everybody is banging them  
Cause you bought a gun and you stashed it  
And ever since then it's been missing like Madeline

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