Buckingham Palace

Morrisson

Look at who just came in, Morrisson
The mink on my clothes all smooth like a baby's skin
Real recognise real, so the real G's take me in
I just chucked my jeweller 30, I'm moving like the white Money Making Mitch
I'm winning, even though I lost so much
I sponsored the block with waps, now I'm bout to make the block go nuts
I slipped up, feds had me locked up in a cell again
I done an OJ Simpson and buss that case cause the feds lost Proof like Emine
m
I'm different, I ain't nothing like your average Joe
100 trees and above, I don't do average grows
VVS stones on my neck, cause I don't do average stones
I live in a luxury house, I'm up now, I don't do average homes
I do what I want, when I want, no one can't tell me nothing
You don't pay my bills, you don't feed my kids so you can't tell me nothing
All we know is hustle and trappin, all we know is run up in houses
Got a house full of Charlie and Harry, I got my trap looking like Buckingham
Palace, like Buckingham Palace

I got my trap looking like Buckingham Palace, like Buckingham Palace
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I got my trap looking like Buckingham Palace
I got a house full of Charlie and Harry, I got my trap looking like Buckingh
am Palace
Hit a lick with the gang (with the gang)
Do equal splits with the gang (with the gang, gang)
I take risks with the gang (with the gang)
I shed blood, sweat and tears with the gang (with the gang, gang)
It's just me and my dargies, I eat with the same man I starve with
My drillers are hungry, if you're not with the team you're a target

"Look at him, he thinks he's bad"
Then they say "Look at him, he thinks he's black"
Fuck them, I heard Spend chased him and shot him in Peckham
The only thing that got shot was my weed when I cut down 20 suttin boxes of
lemon
Now shut up, stop with the rumours and gossipin
I promised [?] we'll get richer and richer, and I pulled through with them p
romises
I'm shining, got my brothers either side of me
All 3 of us are white but we've still been labelled a IC3
All this pain and stress that I go through, only God knows how I manage
I live my life on the edge in the open, I fall like the tower in Paris
Talking of Paris, this make the hammers go bang
Man really wanna kill me so I gotta roll strapped with the quatre cinq
Un, deux, trois
Mad ting, ex-tramp getting rich off of trapping
I got bricks in my van like a builder, plus I got trees in my tent like they
're camping
Lu's got my back cause that's family, A's got my back cause that's family
Joey was locked on them landings but he still handle them racks like he's An
dy, Buckingham Palace

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I'm in the weed house, full of trees
I got a sneaker box full of P's
I got your radio full of me
I was buried in so much stress, blud, I couldn't breathe
Thanks for the hustle, thanks for the struggle
Thanks for the wars that I had, thanks for them weapons that tore through my muscle
Thanks for them bullets I dodged, thanks for them bullets that hit man
Thanks to you feds that nicked man, thanks for all of my doors you kicked down
Thanks to you friends that snaked me, thanks to you hoes that played me
Thanks you you people that's hating, even though you don't even know me, you're hating
Thanks for them sleepless nights, in the trap full of plants and tents
Thanks for them years in jail, laying on that bed that was hard as cement
Thanks to you nosey neighbours, every time you phoned up feds
Thanks for them hard times growing up when man used to laugh at the holes in my creps
That shit made me a savage, and that savage shit got man rich
And I didn't spend a penny on myself, I stacked that shit and gave it all to my kids

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