

Enemies

Morrisson

Nobody move it's a stick up
I'm hungry and right now you're looking like dinner
I was on that broke shit but then I fixed up
A couple friends tried to snake
So they got cut then cropped out the picture
Fuck a postcode war I don't beef over nonsense
But put one hand on my p's I will leave you unconscious
I'm in the weed house, weed and my trees going bonkers
But I'm still the one squeezing this shotgun
My opps can tell you this geezer's a problem
I got problems, but money and girls ain't one of them
I ran through a million pound and I never give a girl one of them
I don't get paid off of music, M I get paid in the streets
My skin's covered in war wounds
But I still look good when I take off my T
Man load guns and they aim them at me
They're tryna put my face on a T
I grew up with nothing like you
So tell me why you're hating on me
I went OT and I stayed there for weeks
I slept in my car in my trainers and jeans
I come up from nothing, you stayed on nothing
And you act like you blame that on me

I got so many pagans
So many enemies
So many haters
So many traitors
So many frenemies
And them men wish death on me
Got me feeling like 50
I'm loyal to the man that are next to me
My loyalty'll probably be the death of me

Cause this geezer's a problem
This geezer's a problem

I push whip after whip
Push brick after brick
Had war after war
Emptied that clip after clip
I done lonely nights in that jailhouse
I done lonely nights in that trap
When we're posted up in that club
We're the only white man with straps
When it's pick on the white boy season
We were them white boys that didn't have it
I'm the realest white boy in this rap shit
I'll give my life for my fam
I rep east of the city where the killers be
Where young black boys go on killing sprees

And even white boys hold up big machines
And go on shootouts in their skinny jeans
RMT, I rep the realest team
I pack a Glock cause I'm still in beef
I would've killed you then I'll still kill you now
That killing shit is still in me
I cut down 150 trees
Then I stunk out 150 streets
I went OT for like 3 days
Then game back with like 50 G's
And we take care of our little G's
And we're big deals, Mizzy B
It's loyalty before royalty
That's why Joe and Luke are still with the team
Yo Abdi, grab the scissors G
Cause we're about to cut down a mantis
Fuck Cali pots we got British pot
Grown in some council houses

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We were just tryna do us
Then man try call out my team
So I ain't been tryna get money
I been tryna sort out this beef
Cause these pagans have got me on a cruddy one
Me and big deals roll around with a couple guns
We caught a pagan then we touched him
Then the next day we went and caught another one
I got another new chick with another yard
That's another new crop for another plant
That's another 100 trees, shakin' legs
In the bedroom doing the money dance
I put a whole lot of stress on my mother's arse
I put a whole lot of stress on my own one
See that 100 grand Range that you're renting
It drives good and I know cause I own one
Bruv I didn't have P's so I stole some
I couldn't get weed till I learnt how to grow some
The light M changed for the money
[?] for the money I just grown up
When it's time to put in work bruv I stay calm
When that beef kicks off bruv I go nuts
That's when the Shoguns come out
The burners get dug up
And old friends get left all soaked up

Cause I'm in late and I'm out early
Fuck love I need Pound Sterling
Steve's got his bricks only 3 for sale
That's the other 5 bricks in the Van Persie
Cousin Max keeps a chopper on him
He's a schizophrenic so don't be boggin' at him
He's always starting beef he's always in the wrong
That's my little cousin so I gotta back him