

Guilty

Morrisson

None of this was planned
But it made me who I am, I'm guilty

Guilty by association
Guilty for my complications (For my complications)
Tryna do right by doin' wrong
I'm just a product of my environment

Yo, yo, I'm too deep in the streets stuff
Me and Steve cuttin' thru' trees in the weed
Yo, my jewels look like they go sleep in the freezer
They got women screamin' "who's he?" like a machine gun
Tell a hater "speak up", if not, shut your mouth
Man spend a bag on West and they claim that they shuttin' down
Three words, bunch of clowns, my life's like a movie
Joey treats the lambo like a hooptie
No time for groupies, no time for fake friends
I've never been the greedy type, nah, I always break bread
Never been the shook type, blud, I always take risks
Trap to feed my family, you trap for the ratings
My bro's on some apeshit, don't look at them and screw your face
It's best you unscrew that shit before you lose your face
My young'un asked me for the price on a Z of coke
I told him '1017' like Gucci Mane
Fuck the drills, my team's full of mobsters
We shot drugs, we shot man, blud, we're on stuff
As yute man we used to play conkers
And times flew by, we started bussin' off our shotguns
Then we started catchin' cases, man got locked up
Some got life, some got shook, and went and got jobs
That's what the block does, it makes you or breaks you
When you're down and out the streets won't save you
The streets ain't faithful, the streets ain't loyal
They use and abuse you, then lay you in soil
I used to pray to God for new cars and a fresh chain
Now I pray to God he keeps my family and my friends safe
I seen nerds get killed for tryna get brave
Actin' bad like there ain't no space for a spare grave
It hurts to see my people with a stressed face
Money buys happiness so man are tryna get paid (Paid)

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I got brothers six foot, they won't breathe again
I got some brothers locked in jail that won't be free again
You won't believe my stress, I'm tryna feed my family and feed my friends
At the same time I'm tryna feed my ends
I need to rest, lack of sleep got my head hurtin'
Two shots so this Henny got my chest burnin'
I know the feds lurkin' all over my team like flies and shit
They locked up Cherio for over ten birthdays
My mum is like "Son, get a nine to five"
I told her "That's for lazy people, mum, I work nine to nine"
I work nonstop, I'm paid but I want more

I've done a lot of winning but I've lost more
My uncle Alan used to pop pills and drink beer
Then put on Elvis Presley songs and talk about religious things
His eyes were filled with pain and struggle
Just a alchy, that's still my favourite uncle
Crackhead Ian used to stand there with his homeless sign
Beggin' 20p till he raise enough to phone a line
Crackhead Sue used to walk around in one crep
She OD'd and died on that park bench, madness
I just consigned my YG an ounce of coke
To me an ounce ain't nothin' but to him that's an ounce of hope
I spend more time with trees in the grow house than I do my kids in my own h
ouse, crazy

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Tryna do right by doin' wrong (Oooh)
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It's the hocus pocus Harry James
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