

# Guilty

Morrison

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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Guilty for my complications (For my complications)  
Tryna do right by doin' wrong (Oooh)  
I'm just a product of my environment  
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It's the hocus pocus Harry James  
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