

I Made It

Morrison

I used to live in a council estate
Now I live in a mansion with gates
I did it again
Someone order a casket, I'm killin' my game
Now my ego is growin' as big as my chain
Your' life won't get better by chance
It only gets better with change
So start making changes
You cannot get rich quick and rush greatness
You need to work hard and stay patient
Until you make it
When my brothers go jail, I make sure we're good and drop p-s to the fam'
When your' brothers go jail, you just post up a picture of them with the caption "Free all the gang"
Free all the gang, free all the gang
I hear what you sayin', man free all the gang
But your' brother's in jail and needs help with his lawyer
And the only thing you've done is say free all the gang
I got fed to the wolves in the streets, then came back home leadin' the pack
Now they call me the general
I stepped in the bando with nothing to loose
And didn't leave 'till I got in my bag like my testicles
I was runnin' 'round with guns bigger than me
Trynna' put men to sleep in the field like a festival
Now I'm gettin' money of downloads and streams
And for shellin' down shows and shuttin' down festivals
Like, mummy I made it (Made it)
Even though the odds was against me
The cops was against me, the opps was against me
They all tried to stop me but couldn't stop nothing
Mummy I made it (Mummy I made it)
I don't stop when I'm tired, I'll just stop when I'm done, and it's mission complete
If you ain't puttin' food in my kids mouth to eat, then it's fuck you and fuck your' opinion on me
Yeah, yeah, then it's fuck you and fuck your' opinion on me
I got mandem that's taller and bigger than me
But when they see me they salute me and look up to me
Cause' they know what I've done, and they know what I've 'been on
From guns that I buss, to the blocks that I've rid on
I've 'been breakig down packs all my life in the T
Like I broke up that fight between Headie and Tion

Like, mummy I made it
I cut down a crop and the feds never found it
Like, mummy I made it
I done a booting 3 hours away and made it back home like
Mummy I made it
I was on the M-way with a boot full of packs and I made it back home
Like, mummy I made it
I got nicked for an M and attempted murder and got NFA like
Mummy I made it

Leave it out
Leave him on the back-road, bleedin' out
In the dirtiest bando, in and out
Real gangster, I ain't really into clout

One sniff of the cocaine had her pinging out of her face
Put on bare weight now I've lost all my pace
What you doin' with her? You ain't the same age
Big man in the wokhouse hidin' their case
Oi, Aron have a word with your' mates (Funny guy)
Somalian fellas, I ain't gonna' lie I love me a white bird
Sun tan, fake titts, and a tight skirt
If I slip in her - then it might hurt
Broadday and Morrisson just made a gully song
Wonder how it would be, if I didn't pick up this red bandana
Probably in the same situation as C Montana
Or on a private jet like Gucci Mane
Tired of the ding-dongs, now we want Wraiths
Free Greezy, he's known for drillin' it bait
Those who don't hear must feel
Those who don't drill, must drill
Those who get nicked best go in the interview and keep it sealed
I'm known for the drills and keepin' it real
Like, he got stabbed and he got bun
We step into parties to ruin the fun
Shoot up the function, shoot up the club
Shoot up anywhere, I'm loose with the gun
Broadday had mums loosin' their' sons
And had them stressin' 'bout funeral funds (Hahaha)
It's an ugly game, but it's beautiful bruv

Trap House Mob