

Listen Up

Morrisson

Yes, I walked into the biggest crop
Cut the light, switch 'em off
Clear it out, bring the mop
Cut it like I did a opp
I don't forgive, I don't forget
I ain't takin' no one's disrespect
I'm Drake when he ain't seen his son
I'm tired 'cause I ain't seen Mahbed
I want my P's, I want it now
I'm quiet, but got a lot of loud
Big guns, I got a lot around
'Cause there's a lot of opps about
My bro was movin' shady, so I dropped him out
He weren't worth a fuckin' bullet, so I knocked him out

All the trappers, listen up when M's talking
Ring my line, you'll get sorted
You're family, you get family price
If not, you're getting extorted
I ain't listenin' to their bullshit
I can make 120 pounds
Disappear quicker than buying a pair of Air Forces
Morrison

I'm back again, in my old school bag again
I think of shit, then manifest
I'm still alive, so man it's best
I thank you God, and thanks again
Rappers should be cancelled wi' all that weird shit you be doin'
Who let you rap again?
Let's kick 'em out and cancel them
Let's confiscate their pad and pen
Let's lick 'em with the microphone
And wrap the lead around their neck
Let's cancel them
Their bredrins and their label and their management
Let's cancel their producer
For givin' 'em beats and letting 'em rap on them
(Life, life's) Life's real, I couldn't make this up
You knock me down, get straight back up
Don't talk to me, I'm busy babe
I'm focused tryna weigh this bud
I'm from where the Krays grew up (East)
Where if you manage to move to Essex
And buy a caravan near the seaside
Then you made it bruv

So listen up when M's talking
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They really don't ask me where I'm from
That's 'cause they already know
They know my name, they know my family
'Cause we're legends on the roads
I'm the one that taught them how to grow their weed
And set up grows
I was that white boy, with my black mates
With my gun out, lettin' it blow
When I was stranded in the hood
With man, they loved me and respect me
When I made it out the manor
Most that love turned into envy
I got houses, I got motors
I got jewellery, I got readies
Yeah I've got it all
But come from fucking nothin' like a wet dream
Yo, a couple man are real out 'ere
But most these man are fakers
And that loyalty shit don't live 'round 'ere
'Cause most their man dem traitors
I watched my man buy a Rolly
Then get robbed by all his day ones
That's a thirty fuckin' grand L
Bet he wishes he bought a fake one
Lookin' back I was hella broke
Hungry tryna get some dough
In Shoguns with my crowbars
'Bout to lick it like an envelope
This gangster shit's a dead end road
So listen kids don't get involved
Unless you're willing to die for this
Or sell your soul, so let it go

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(Morrisson)