

OG POV

Morrisson

From a OG's point of view
Let me talk from a OG's point of view
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Let me talk from a O

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Bro I'll tell you right now that the roads are finished
All of the rules have been broken, I look around nobodies tryna fix 'em
**** a convicted rapist
His pals know that, but they're still rollin' with him
Wow, I just see a killer from my block like his 6th time
Bitches condone in snitches, the roads are finished
Man love talkin' but nobody listens
I told my bro that that move he was up
But my bro didn't listen, now broski in prison
But still I say "Free him." 'Cause the judge done him dirty
Twenty years for a gun on a burglary
Then that same judge gave a nonce twelve months
For noncing on kids whiles he works in a nursery
The roads ain't worth it, man go opp blocks, just to put work in
Man catch bodies for a plot he don't own
Yeah you might have scored points, but those points are worthless
Go get your money up, fuck all that beef shit
I've been there, done that, I know about street shit
Same man you're ridin' for now'll be your opp in ten years
'Cause you're gonna fall out and start beefin'
So take the next right and jump out that ride
Before shit goes left on a glide
Value your freedom and time
Don't lose your life for no temporary guys
'Cause your friends are gonna turn on you, I promise you, believe me
Real life Rico and Mitch, no TV
Some are gonna switch up on you, just because you're eatin'
And some are gonna turn their back on you for no reason

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Yo quick, strike a pose for the cameras
We make the trap look glamorous
I've been takin' L's all year
But on socials I'm winnin' in my pictures and captions
We don't show bad times, we only show good
The road ting's dead, but all we know is juug
But ask yourself how many trappers have you seen get rich
And actually make it outta the hood?
Not many, who's got your back in the hood?
Not many, who's gonna ride when it's time? Not many
Yo that's suttin' that I learnt when my bro got buried
Yo that's suttin' that I learnt when it's time for the get back
"M, where's your killers at?" Yo, they just checked out

'Round here there ain't no light at the end of the tunnel
Just a bullet in the chamber headin' straight at your head back
Boom bam, get back, everyone get down
Shots get sent out or shots get sent back
A couple man dead now, feds come arrest man
Bro didn't have a passport so he got sent back
Back to the motherland
Now look, he's gone and stressed his mother out
'Cause she brought her son to the UK to live a better life
And he joined gang and went out and bun a man
Waste of life, the road tings a waste of time
If I could go back and talk to the young me
I'll tell little M "Stay away from crime."
And I'll tell little M "Stay away from the guys."
'Cause they're nothin' but rats and snakes in disguise
But every day I still pray for the guys

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