

# Shots

Morrisson

M1OnTheBeat

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My ex and some friends weren't moving correct so I cut them off  
A lot of you don't like me and I don't like you so there's no love lost  
It's use and get used out 'ere, and me I get used 'cause I'm useful  
You get used less 'cause you're useless, it's an ugly game, but it's beautiful  
Boy, if you ain't go no dough then pick up your phone and do some shots (Yea '  
Girl, if you've got no arse then you better go gym and do some squats  
Small batty girl in my DM, that's an instant decline every 'ting lock 'arff  
Run up on me and my section, instant gunshot; every 'ting lock 'arff

Juggling and trapping  
Money's all long, it's looking all lanky  
I'm in the weed house, every 'ting looking all Cali  
My mum couldn't stand me (Why?)  
Just 'cause I look like my daddy  
Mad, we spend P's then we make that back  
Deals' on his way to a move and I hope that he makes it back  
We get drops on crops, then we lick them and take them down  
I'm in the weed house with more lights than Paddy McGuinness in Take Me Out  
You ain't on nuttin' but you speak the most  
We were the little white boys with guns, you can't tell me I ain't been on s  
moke  
I really made a million in that trap, you can't tell me I ain't been on road  
Nowadays it's lobster and steak but I grew up on beans and toast  
Trap phone popping off: "What's good? What you telling me?"  
I'm in a trap full of boxes, I got this shit looking like a cemetery  
Man send for me, man keep banging on my name  
But I just cut a crop and hung that shit from the roof like Saddam Hussein  
I do this again, and again, and again  
Again, and again, and again  
Got this shit running like clockwork  
Big Wap on deck; that's a Mossberg  
Got a trap house in Tottenham, filled up with Harry and Kane like Hotspur  
Had a fucked up life but I don't complain 'cause it could have been a lot worse  
I played with fire and I got burnt  
I went jail 'cause I shoot and I shot birds  
Man take kindness for weakness but it's nuttin' personal, that's how the block works  
I been trapping all week in this rental (That's right)  
No sleep, I been living on Red Bull (That's right)  
It's a 6 do 3 if I get pulled (Mad, mad, mad, mad)

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Pull crop, after crop, after crop (Hmm-mm)  
Sell box, after box, after box (After box)  
But things don't always go well, so I've had loss, after loss, after loss (After loss)  
I went from robber to shotter to boss  
Now my money's long like a runway  
My weed line always pops off  
Licks more shots than a gun range  
Luke's a businessman, he wear shirts (Luke)  
But violate him, you see gunplay  
Abdi's my bro from young days  
For him I'll put your name on the front page  
When I first see a wap, I got lovestruck  
My black mates love all that gun stuff  
My white mates love having punch-ups  
They sniff coke and beat their own mums up  
I'm in the trap with a TT white girl  
Yeah, she moves all light skin & that  
I'm just using her house to grow weed  
I ain't even piping her down  
And I know I got too much to lose, but I still ride for my pals  
My big stack looking all hefty  
But I still bust Nines like Jamel  
And I still put lines on my scales  
Still move bricks flavours  
Still labelled scum by my neighbours  
But my young bucks still call me the saviour  
We man ain't done favours  
You can all thank me later (That's right)  
Certain man punch up their girlfriend  
But don't do shit when they buck their paigons

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