

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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