Ey yo Da's look now were winnin

When Instead of doin somethin good with my life I was out feelin untouchable, tryna rock grown men I dunno how hes done it but my lawyer is a gee for keepin me outta pen If it wernt for him and my paps, I'd be lookin at a 10 We all used to shot food but it was more about who was the gulliest in the e Shout out to Tinchy, I was smaller than my guns One thing we wouldnt do and that was shot a mans mum But I wass jammed up at the crack house, all night long See man O'g'in of the needle and the needle and the bone One mornin use to come and smell mingin The weather was always fucked my line never stopped blingin Cubba, white, brown pills, you can name me anything There was nothin we wernt slingin Look at me now I'm singin At my little sons grinnin Mums gotta skits out, when she sees her new yard n kitchen The C needs coachin Put your'e album out, same day as us and we'll see who's roastin! Suck yourself! You don't kill! I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that you ain't never h ad one still so Recognise real! You know the deal If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit I'ma see ya when you make a mill When you make a mill When ya make a mill, I'ma see ya Respected by gee's cos I never tried to be one But I've been around Dappy and money makers It's football and music, we'll let the streets take us Uh, I never lie in my bars Artist blow and make up a part They start liein to the listeners, I tell em be yaself, the real gee's ain't listenin! But nowadays everybodys bad, everybodys gotta strap and everybody bangs And I don't give a shit if ya grinded If ya clothes look shit, your'e a tramp! I'm sick and tired of these Youtube gee's, gettin pissed of because ya girl Youtubes me I swear down these Niggers make me sick Na na nii, throw up a C Please, Mr Munks all good Ya think my hair wont cut the way I'm good in my hood I pass through like sho they show love It's an event whenever I shows up The money it goes up, day by day And baby, pricks should never say my name I came, from a place where it's all on So I'ma take war and lead the boys on Lead the boys on yeah, fightin over shit Number 2 album, Nigger I'm the shit

We use to be in the flats chillin Look at me now spittin Teeth still grinnin Pass through my hood Big gully A R keep swingin Paid so I'm boastin I can burn bread On 1 4 corner ways Suck yourself! You don't kill! (You don't kill!) I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that you ain't never h ad one still so Recognise real! You know the deal (You know the deal) If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit I'ma see ya when you make a mill When you make a mill Υo I was never ballin My trainers all had smiles on their faces they were talkin Always dressin bummy in some oversized tracksuite Runnin round the streets where the gully is the black dudes Robbin Niggers bare faced I knew it wasnt fair mate We'd lick a couple lappys And we'd meet up at the staircase Uncle B was the realest thing that I believed in Didn't think 4 years down the line, I'd still be breathin And I ain't leavin, so ... Suck yourself! (Suck yourslef!) You don't kill! (You don't kill!) I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that you ain't never h ad one still so Recognise real! You know the deal! (Ungrateful!) If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit I'ma see ya when you make a mill When you make a mill

Fuck it!