

Fire In The Booth

Nafe Smallz

Tryna' reach them stars
Reach them galaxies
Told her come along
Ain't no fantasy
You can live your dreams with me
We riding
Then watch the mileage
Speeding like I get you high
Get you o' so high
Ain't no coming down

When I roll one
We smoke a whole one
Me and shawty hit the zone
And she got no clothes on
Waking up early hitting that O zone
Been getting them O's gone
They wanna bring me down
I won't come down
I won't come down
I won't stop, no no

No taking flights
I've been up late for nights
Just tryna make it right
These papers lie
Satan in disguise
But still I be chasing mine
Music's like my saviour
I was lost and doing some major crime
Them police was raiding mines
And hunting my niggers for blazing nines

I roll another one
Then smoke another one
Cause I been on these streets
Man, for way too long
Yeah, I've been out here on the road
Now the music is the plug
And I'ma sell this shit
To the whole fucking world, yeah

I've been up on that grind, yeah
Put that on my life, yeah
They calling up my line, yeah
But I swear I ain't got time, yeah
From the show to the studio
These groupie hoes wanna slide, yeah
Three cities in one night, yeah
I've got different weeds in my high, yeah

Been about that life, yeah
Coming up from them drive-by's
Man leaning out that ride, yeah
All my niggers doing time, yeah
Lost a couple of my niggers
Word to my niggers

I'm gonna shine, yeah
Stepping off in ice, yeah
It's about to be that time, yeah

Zoning out
What's she talking 'bout
Waking up pebbling
Hitting that west side
That's where I order low
Roll up and smoke it down
She smoking too
Roll up and smoke a zoot
We go out whipping in a foreign coupe
Like she wanted to

I told her I'm hitting that O song
Now she tryna come along
She fucking with the kid
She can't wait to get alone
I grew up on the strip
I'm tryna get the money for the O's
Don't give a fuck about your click
Nigga I came out with my woes, yeah

Like with my woes
In that whip I want
With that bitch I want
And she know when we hit that road
We gon' hit that zone
With my woes, yeah
Yeah I pull up with my woes, yeah

Like with my woes
In that whip I want
With that bitch I want
And she know when we hit the zone
I'ma hit that zone
With my woes
I pull up with my woes, yeah

It's more than music, homie
The streets won't do it for me
How many times I got to roll out
With this Luger on me
Police all around me
I'm still para with this food up on me
I don't want your ratings
I'm just stating what the truth is, homie

Lost my best friend to these streets
This shit was hard for me
Feeling like everything around me
Fell apart homie
Still I'm tryna find a way
See, I don't know where to start, homie
Coming up out that dark, homie
You can see them scars on me

Pushing all my chips
And I swear that I go all out
Drama with these bitches
Making couple niggers fall out
Wonder where my God's at

Does he hear me when I call out
Them prayers ain't getting answered
Got me thinking what it's for now

They're plotting on me
Preeing on me
Them niggers scheme
I've been out rapping
Been out trapping
Still with the team
And Charlie this ain't feeling real
I mean it's been a dream
But still I'm out here
Tryna stretch this yay far like a limousine

So fuck what you heard
I've been out trapping on the curbs
Tryna make it work
Still turning nina's into birds
It's like you do what you got to do
To make it what it's worth
Without the risk there's no reward
So I'm still ready for the worst

Fuck the lyrics on my iPhone
I lost at one of my shows
My lifeline's on my line phone
And pagans hope I die slow, yeah
Wherever I go
They clock me like the timezone
Shit how's Skepta running grime
When I'm still king here in my zone

She said we wouldn't make it
Off the streets and off the corner
Smoking marijuana
Now I'm feeling like a sauna
I remember my mum would warn us
[?] spliffs whenever she caught us
One day you'll be addicted
Shit, now look at me with this quarter

Ain't got time for a part time
I'm working on the anthem
Running around with the mandem
Ain't nobody understand 'em
Peng ting in my bed at night
She way above the average
Plus she know just where my head's at
Without putting up in that

She said, "you'll make it for your people"
But damn these streets are evil
These road are so deceitful
Had me moving like I lost it
That burner in my pocket
In their ends like fuck the gossip
My finger on the trigger
Yeah, it's too deep for me to drop it

Most these niggers never done shit
This beef is just a cycle
The realest, they inside

Without their life
They with the lifers
Man, I never seen it coming, yeah
Looking at what
My people come from Luton
This ain't fucking London

I've been on my grind so long
I swear my head hurts
Putting in that legwork
Everyday until that ped word
All the mandem raving
I'm like damn, I want that bread first
Building my connections
Like that signal on my network

I want neckwork for the music
They ask me what I'm doing
Smoking too much weed
And putting P's into this nuisance
Man, there ain't no shortcuts
I do this shit properly
Fucking out these shows
So you can holla if you want me

See, I started from the bottom
But the team they with my bruddah
On the road all through the winter
I had no sense with just some youngers
Searching for that money
Moving up without a compass
They say save up them pennies
If you tryna reach them hundreds

So we did just what they told us
We're not lacking for the paper
Just breakouts for them haters
Serving comments like they waiters
Attempts to slow me down
Them attempts are getting bairer
I just wanna be rich
I want it sooner rather than later

I get it on, I had to switch lanes
It's slowing from them disc brakes
Go wherever it takes
Just to make it out this shit place
And I don't even rap no more
I'm making music
I'm pulling up with some shooters
Got promoters moving stupid

All the people around me ruthless
Where do you think I got this eye from
A nice guy, still a wise guy
Whenever I'm on
Them police and sirens
Got me running for my life, don
I'm spending all this time on
Just tryna make that right song

My views, I'm getting over that
You hear my views, I'm getting older, at

Someone should really try and hold me back
I'm heading out of town
Just for the week but I'll be back soon
Staring in my face
They're probably thinking, "he's that rap goon"
I'm trapping
I'm trapping
Cause I don't know what else to do
When it gets harder
When nobody's tryna help you
Fed up of the system
And that shit we born up into
I know you'll understand
If you've been through what I've been through