

Zino Records

You see the stars in the Wraith will make your gyallie misbehave
It's the way we like it

Yeah, I was in the trenches with my dogs, uh
Now I'm with them niggas in charge, ah-ah
Now I'm with them niggas in charge, ah-ah

Uh

Life of a thug

I was on my way to school, found a nine-bar of bud
I was only like ten years old

God knows what I was thinkin', I stashed it and didn't tell a soul, uh
After school I'm hangin' out on the street
Them times pocket money's two pounds for some sweets (I ain't care about money then)

I lived right next to P's block

And everyone knows that was the local weed spot

Customers outside, fuck it, I'll approach them

"I've got what you need, fam"

He said, "You must be jokin', you're a kid"

Then I sold him a eighth for a ten

That day I hit most the sales that came to the ends (Straight up)

Zino's little brother said, "The block already knows me"

Walkin' with my mum, got shops tryna approach me (Wrong person, big man)

Finished the pack, made my first rack

Told all the customers, "It's a one-off, I don't trap"

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Thirteen, I got kicked out of school (Outtie)

My mum's at work, I'm on the strip with the fools (Gang gang)

So I copped seven grams, turned it to a O-zie

It wasn't that hard cah the sales already know me (They remember me)

Now I'm 'bout to get my P up

But Zino and Jazz found out and they robbed my re-up

They said I was too young to shop

But Zino went jail, the olders used to bad me up

I was on the block

Now I'm fourteen, I got all this P's around me

Tryna cop bricks, olders heard of me, about me

Then Mum got me in a new school

Got my phones blowin', I don't wanna be here, I'm too cool (Man's a big man)

Three months later, got kicked out for trappin'

Mum's gonna fuck me up, how could I let this happen?

But fuck it, I'm trappin'

I was in my school uniform when I copped my first bust-down in Hattons

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Twenty-one, I ran the strip like a company (I did)
I had over a hundred employees under me (It's documented)
Had my nigga Loonz movin' pies
He ain't touch nothin', he just had to supervise
Whiteboy was like the floor manager
Ten bricks a day, all underneath camera (I'm lyin' I'm dyin')
Niggas can't fuck with the money team
I send my nigga Bunz and Pebz, that's the muscle team
Even though I ran the hood, we got bare olders
But me and Jazz was the only shareholders
Now they talk about me like, "He's a G"
My life's comin' like The Wire, season three
Know how much smokers got their first deeze from me?
Know how much trap stars got their first keys from me? Uh
Now I supply half the country with these packs
I ain't a rapper, I'm a drug dealer that raps

Now I'm with them niggas in charge, ah-ah