

# BREATHIN'

Ocean Wisdom

Hold my weed, control my breathin'  
I just rolled one, up this evening  
Is about a half 11, see the smoke all on the ceiling  
Need a fee to leave the dwelling  
20K or I'm not leaving  
They want me on 2AM  
They better get the fucking Ps in  
Time to let the wifey says "I made you chili"  
Go reheat it, I just pulled that face, you pull  
When you feel lazy and defeated  
I was like, I beg you do it  
Top gears on, a brand new season  
Plus I hurt my foot on stage, I couldn't make it to the freezer  
Not only that, you know that I rap  
I pay for this flat, go get me a snack  
She gave me a slap, said don't be a twat  
We giggle and that, I stay where I'm sat  
She get up and does it, like is this what love is?  
I know that I'm rubbish, I secretly love it  
She bring me a pasta, Evian I'm glugging  
I stick on Joe Rogan, ca' you won't find me clubbing  
Ca' I'm at the summit, I did it and done it  
You niggas can suck it, you jealous I run it  
I'll come where ya drum, and do something thuggish  
I run in and cuss, ca' he ain't on nothing  
My flavours are lushin', my neighbours are Russian  
The gyaldem are blushing, my trainers are custom  
You wanna talk tough and you know I'm a glutton  
I order the beef and it deaded discussions

Clinical with it I scribble the lyric  
I dribble, I spit it  
I bill it and lit it  
This fire, you feel it?  
I feel it, I feel to be liable  
To kill it, I'm raw and I'm ruckus  
I run up and buck 'em  
A couple nun chucks, is high when you swing it  
A samurai sword, and a star, I'mma fling it  
I mean it, I'm innit, I'm cold with it innit

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I just rolled one up this evening  
Is a pack of mac, I'm gassed  
I pack a bag and get to leanin'  
Is a fact ca' junky fat  
Ca' I'm sippin' goose, not scrumpy jack  
Ca' I sit and do my drunk flat  
Like how I'd get this off rap  
I rap this jewelry hit the floor  
Is he alive? I can't be sure  
I can't be right, kicking on left  
Hooking on pussies anymore  
I ran the light, I went to court  
I stood there calm, I'm not distraught  
You saw the M, you saw the sport  
Don't ask me why, it's what you thought

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Who can top I?  
Tool in my hand I'm not nice  
One eye closed with smoke, I'm Popeye  
Tracksuits, but I got mob ties  
Never wear top man, but I wear top guys  
Doing up Virgil before Virgil  
Racks in the shoe box, made money off white  
Behind enemy lines I'm offside  
Up in this city, you'll find in the melody  
I got the bare cold, p what you telling me  
Went to the club had to find me your melody  
She keep on tellin' me, she robbing energies  
She got a BF, don't care for the BS  
I told her just do it bae, why are you telling me  
She came with sickness, and I came with remedies  
Paid for the uber, check back to my enemies  
I'm murking this  
I don't need soundchecks, I got the gift  
Went in the room, did the one and the two  
And I'm leaving them pissed in a world of shit  
Wanna be me, but ain't got the with  
Ain't got the drive, ain't got the whip  
You think you're hard, you think you're it  
Pull out your sweater and now you got drip  
Telling these brothers don't play with the gang  
A couple of christian brothers turned anti  
A couple of muslim brothers go ham  
I'm punching these lines so I mess up my hands  
Left in the states, still under your state  
I wanna go states, but think that I'm banned  
Because I get paid, the same as a band  
My taxes cost the whole of your brand

You the man on the gram, I'm the man in the south  
And I'm rolling about with 10 grand in my mouth  
I'm the coldest about, who you know that amounts  
If you're dissing P money, I'm scoping him out

I'm rolling about, with gold in my mouth  
A fan at my last show, sold me a house  
I heard he dissed Ocean, I'm phoning him now  
I'm radio knocking, I'm over and out

Take disrespect, I flex new tech, screw fix  
Man find this and get huge checks  
Ruthless, manna forever be like who's next?  
Screwed in the manner of money, [?] Jewish

Check, 2 guests, 2 plus 2 vets, who's next?  
Lord of the Mics got 2 checks  
M.O.E. new album, new sets, new best  
Relax, I ain't no new best

Wouldn't even bother, could another?  
Now I promise, and I pity all the brothers who done another and another  
Then I might have animosity, and thrown on the stomach  
And an itty bitty done a likkle dibble daffer, cutting in my liver

Whenever ready, you can tell 'em that I'm ready  
I been standing with a semi, like I'm ready to bury  
Anybody named Shelly, yeah I'm not for the telly  
You can tell that I'm heavy, got dragged like a Chevy

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