

Flavours

Ocean Wisdom

Trying to get all this P's
Trying to get all this prof, the guap, the crop, I want the seeds
Trying to see flavours bro
You got something for me
I'm trying to live like some king
Some lavish king
Some fucking G

I wanna see all this papas, look
Trying to get all this steeze
Like I'm trying to get all this prof, the guap, the crop, I want the seeds
I'm trying to see flavours bro
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Trying to get all this papas
Paper for me and my team
But life's not all about money
I put a few things higher than green
I got family, friends, bros
I got foes and I make them scream
I hear their echo, echo
As they go down the stream

Trying to get all this money
The guap, the pot, the P
Fam never had a pot to piss in
Now you can't piss in a pot like me
I'm trying to see all that bark (woof)
All that tree
Man call this clart
That lickle nark, can't roll with G's
I got mad clown packs on debt

You can't chat like that's not lean
I got teen tun telling me tings
Purple turtle selling me green
Aye bare wasteman wan chat
Chat bout me and my scene
My G check them for respect
Like aye what you mean, what you mean?
Come through in all black
Like storm now this black storm be part MCs
Check the T's and C's on these
That's P's on P's for a G like me
Wait, why they informing narks?
Fucking cheaps
T's and P's on these
We P's on these
We know that sheets
My keys please, chuck

These deeds beats, top
Seeds
Regular class know nothing about Gs

Ichi ni san shi
Japanese man can't flow like me
I got trees, eats, gene as tees
Know about, all about holding dem streets
Like
Meet me
At
New back
Me when I'm blowing up beats
Like come against me are you mad?
Coming against me are you puffin on Cheech or Chong or what went wrong?
Ca' ever try step to a donny like Wizzy like me
D P on these beats
Ain't nothing like sucking on brothers like me
I just repeat, repeat
Make a little something off the something I speak
You wan chat to man
But can't at the gang
So backtrack to man
When they pre me
They all wanna chat to man
I'll get back to man
I only chat to the BBC
That's big black chunky women
They wan ask me something
For something to have us
Something under my feet
Quick time, like a bounce
Something you never answered nothing
You know not about
When the few of us meet
Tiptronics, see I'm really on it
Still see the way the man abouta man to get a dry

Coming like how I managed to survive
Ballotelli style living my life
Whip and mini stroller dipping the rye
Sutting over such a beautiful night
Sutting over such a beautiful life
I grown up
Made my own luck
When they showed up
I was prepared
I just rolled up
In my own stuff
In my d-squared
Looking mean there
I got elders, looking old man
So I prepare, I assume be there
Need old money for my grand kiddies
Ca' that new money is getting spent 'ere
Roll round with that baseball bat
If a man wanna show me sutting I'll make 'I'm run home
And that's a home run
Make him run home and just phone mum
She at work, so she don't come
Cause she has to feed her broke son
If he work hard, she could work less
But you're a pussyhole, you're just a no one

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