

Ayy, what? Ayy, what? Ah, hold on, nah  
(Honeywoodsix)

I should probably call this one "Guns and Roses"  
From all the rose gold and gunman poses  
They ain't never done basic, that's one man's sosh's  
Rottin' in the Ville with a hundred roaches  
'Cause I got guns for the smoke and lungs for smokin'  
On sight means I never really come to soak him  
Can't you tell that I'm broke and I need love devotion?  
I'm temperamental, don't be fuckin' with a thug's emotions  
I can tell his TT, from I bust it open  
I ain't never gotta tell my bitch to bust it open  
I got a disorder, think I'm anti-social  
Up the road every day, I'm doin' fifty golf balls  
I done about a thousand nights on Andy's sofa  
I'm the one who cook crack and went and took that coastal  
When shit happens in the ends, I don't want no phone calls  
I don't want no Snaps, let's just keep this old school  
It's Frankie, not Franklin, but my lifestyle snowfall  
I done years with the hammers, you should call man Noble  
I got a ten-ten rocket, I don't take that Nobu  
How you want the new me when you're still the old you?  
Please make it make senses  
You ever see icons in the trenches?  
There's somethin' in your eye, there's a resemblance  
And now they wanna fly, all expenses paid  
I got a mansion just so I can get a sense of space

I don't even know, I don't even know  
I don't need roses, I got rose gold  
I don't even know, I don't even know  
I don't need roses, I got rose gold (One)

I wear my heart on my sleeve, Alexander McQueen  
Bought the trainers, that's somebody's skull on the Tee  
Put this middle finger up with a T  
Who's got guns for sale? For this home, kinda nothin' like Adele  
I kept goin' back to jail  
I was swingin' 'round them balls like I'm Miss Trunchbull  
I swear I got comfortable  
Empty prison cell, nothin' but some thoughts on a wall  
Guilty play, I'm waitin' on this bus back to court  
Get it over and done with  
If it wasn't drug squad, then it would be gun feds  
I ain't got no love left  
This case has got me feelin' like I'm destined for these bunkbeds  
Instead, I'm destined for more guns and roses  
Why you wanna know me now? You didn't want involvement  
In my tailored suit, had to Saint Laurent the loafers  
Got extended clips, we had just one revolver  
I'm an eagle, but I love the vultures

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