

5ive Beatz
Shit

Doin' laps, up north in the Moorlands
Five hours on a sweaty, that's exhaustion
All cah I'll touch a man's organ
I'll put it in her pussy like homemade abortion
Alhamdulillah, my akh fresh from Iraq
Said he got the dirty for the low, no extortion
Keys like Ice City, keys like Morgan
I used to send out a hundred texts every morning
I spilled ketchup before I ever started saucing
My Auntie said "don't you find this lifestyle boring?"
But ain't nuttin boring about slapping and boring
Rapping and trapping, now I'm touring
But I'm banged up, I ain't performing
I don't know why I find this life so alluring
My Grandad was a alky, nuttin couldn't cure him
Probably why I just piss Henny, not urine
If you don't ride for the love, don't force him
Tracky cause I'm trappy, not Valorin, Christian Dior-ing
I just gave my Nan ten racks from the wing
Five bills on my kicks like money ain't a thing
White boy, skinhead, no fade, no trim
I'd like to give thanks to this razor and cling
And this Pyrex bowl and the work I put in
Probably kicked off your door, started searching for things
Strip search with the squat, that's personal things
So degrading, I call it growth, you say I'm changing
But having no money never changed him
Becah man makes the money, it don't make him
So never be mistaken, when I took the food and never paid him
I had mouths to feed and I had rent that needed paying
Man tried kill me, I've seen shots ricocheting
I don't fear death, I miss my dargs, I'm just saying
How comes when I hit the can I start praying?
Astagfirullah, I just need a wife and a lay-in
Cah I'm still road running, young scooter on
And these bricks keep coming, life goes on
And these rappers still fronting, he raps it, I done it
Fuck a runner, I run it up
They never gave a shit when I was coming up
Now she give me hard head, she's a stubborn fuck
How you fat and your ribs and your stomach touch?
Starving, why'd you think I stuck him up?
I said that's starving, why'd you think I stuck him up?
Fuck a runner, I run it up
They never gave a shit when I was coming up
Now she give me hard head, she's a stubborn fuck
How you fat and your ribs and your stomach touch?
Look I was tired of being white trash, broke and always poor
Gangster to my core and I've done seen it all before
Treat a junkie like a bestie, that's called building a rapport
I'm riding through the city, middle finger to the law
Smoking California draw till my eyes look Singapore
Bitches used to - now I give them dick galore
And how they taking whores places that they can't afford?

I don't take her nowhere, I just dick her when I'm bored
Put the money in the bag, that's what I call a bag secured
They'd leave your brains on the floor for that half box of raw
Smoking flavours in my cell, and I never sprayed Allure
Feeling like the cure, I know I could be a better man
And that boy should've dropped but the Beretta jammed
Never mind, bricks on bricks like it's Legoland
Middle of the winter, you could get a tan
He had too much heart and he dead cah he never ran
Gripping on this hammer with my sweaty hands
Like God save my soul, I had to get my own
I've been snaked by my friends and had to let that go
Cah that's what got me the bird, I know
Go guilty for the third, I know
Put your heart in every verse, I know
Put my heart in every verse, they know
That's what got me - I know