

(Archer Hill on this one)

When I was a kid, I hid guns in my bedroom
I was on the block when you was doing the egg spoon
Caught that little fucker, left him with a head wound
How is he a stepper? He ain't even got leg room
I'm head-to-toe Louis like I'm one of the Neptunes
On FaceTime to Snoop and he's calling me nephew
Couple million deep and I grind like the rent's due
I know you ain't like that, who you tryna pretend to?
Cartier bangles and Cartier frames
"RIPs" and "Frees" I only see 'em through frames
It's part of getting bigger, all of these growing pains
They smile in my face, but they been throwing shade
I hopped out the coupe, they're enraged
I'm self-made, self-paid, they're L plates
My broski's on L plates, that's stalemates
I ain't allowed cellmates, I'm high risk

The craziest ting about this whole ting, bro
Is that man got out the mud, bro, really though
From the trenches, bro, you get me? Full circle, bro
We started this ting now, we're bringing in the new gen to just
kill it
How it's supposed to be bro, for real though

When I was young, I had a dotty with two bells
If rap don't work, I know food sells
My mum and my sister, I only love two girls
Cah they're the only ones that I see when I do jail
You better tie your shoes up out there, ain't no game
Watched Dange for a week bro, and I clocked the whole game
I don't care what you get bagged for, you don't know Kay
Got busy with my shank, copped a tre, you had no name
Yo, I fucked my re, hopped the train for the thousandth time
You ever been in jail, found out you running outta time?
They counted me out, I just told 'em, "It's cool though"
On the three's blowing weed, I don't really play pool, bro
Real back in style, you're the one know the real me
My shorty lookin' pretty, but my lifestyle filthy
You get ten for the mash, get twenty for slappin' it
Told S send the bill for the weed, I'ma pattern it