

Pussy, money, weed, but I can't forget the Hennessy
Drop top, one in the 'ead like John Kennedy (Bow)
Blinded by the love, that you never see the jealousy

Probably why I smoke like a hippy in the '70s
My mother was a hustler, I guess it's just hereditary (Mummy)
'Cah I can't help but seem to grind like there's ten of me
Come home, pushin' weight, call it hustle memory (Get it?)
Bricks on the floor like a primary school assembly (Forget it)
In three whole years, a lot of people didn't check for me
So now I'm home, I just hope you keep that energy (For real)
I got a G's on my kicks, put McQueen on my chick
My machine on my hip, 'cah I got beef on my strip
I put the G in gang, 'cah I'm a G on my own (Solo)

Pussy, money, weed, I just need the Patrón
I used to pat man down like where my keys? Where my phone? (Where they?)
I told probation I'm a rapper, now just leave me alone ('Low me)
I don't understand a lot of man, but each to their own
I really mashed a lot of work, I don't need to promote
I'm 'bout to drop a mixtape, and I don't need to promote

But fuck it, Training Day, Training Day, that's three in a row
And I just got a reload, I'm 'bout to ski up the slopes
When I remember nights I used to sleep in the cold (Freezin')
'Til I learned to rock with this grease in a bowl
D Zino'll probably scheme on your grow
Put the tracker on your motor, watch you leavin' your home
I got grub comin' in for as cheap as it goes
And if you're puttin' in the work, then you can see the results
I said you're puttin in the work, you're gon' see the results (Trust me)

Pussy, money, weed, I just need a Courvoisier
Gang trap, bang, that's all apart of the dossier
I smell like weed, this ain't Jean Paul Gaultier (Nah)
Brown on the table but that ain't coffee stains
I can't lie to you, crime pays in a lot of ways
You gotta catch a bird for you to know it's not a game

But I got beef and sauce like bolognese
But I got fire and I'm like Johnny Blaze (Haha)
Thirty six hours in the booth but I've had longer days
Mind how you speak or my G, I'll box your face
Lucky I ain't let this ting sing like Songs of Praise
Don't get lost 'round 'ere G, the block's a maze
Barking and Dagenham, bodies just drop like fashion
And we got a OT passion (Real life)
I got Chucks with me, you don't want that action
RIP, another Instagram caption

Pussy, money, weed, and a one-two Magnum
When I'm with shawty, pretty bad, ride me like Harley
She get wet-wet like a swimming pool party
Back it up 'pon me like Notting Hill Carni'
Get money and I still grind, I'm gnarly
And I ain't tryna play no game like Serani (No way)
Yo, I said I ain't tryna play no game like Serani

Pussy, money, weed, and I can't forget the Hennessy
Drop top, one in the 'ead like John Kennedy (Bow)
You're blinded by the love, that you never see the jealousy (Nah, never)
Pussy, money, weed, I just need the Patrón (Need that)
I told probation I'm a rapper, now just leave me alone (Leave that)
I really mashed a lot of work that I don't need to promote (Believe that)
I'm 'bout to drop a mixtape that I don't need to promote
Pussy, money, weed, I just need a Courvoisier
Gang trap, bang, that's all apart of the dossier
I can't lie to you, crime pays in a lot of ways (For real)
You gotta hold a bird for you to know it's not a game

Free the guys
I can't lie to you, crime pays in a lot of ways
2020 Vision
Pussy, money, weed
Yeah, that's that