

Hopped out the gate to a Bentley
Got me feeling like AJ at Wembley
I've got a house in the sticks, I'm living stress-free
God bless me, guide me, protect me
I'm in the booth so long I just forget sleep
I used to have ten cats by the Westbury
When I used to share a bedroom with Wesley
"Stay at home", remember Nanny used to beg me
But from young I've been involved heavily
I jump out on it, ask Lexie
Trapping ain't dead, the trap fed me
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Blonde bagger, no Montana, the song's sadder
Don Dada, my long hammer, my companion
I get active, I've been backed it, it's on camera
They just act when it's on camera
More ego than sense, Crown Court in suspense
In the hoopty, I ain't tense, I've been doing this
I grip the Tracy let her sky like a stewardess
You will never know what I've been through for this
See the streets it's suttin that I'm fluent with
Gifts and curses, cah man ah seen my dargs in hearses
I pray in masjids, my boy's Mum's cry in churches
And they wanna live this life on purpose
Go find some purpose
I've done so much bird, now I'm fly on purpose
They say "P, drop a freestyle for me"
I say "on the day they retrial Muni"
And cats on the block love to redial Frankie
I be in the bando, the neighbours can't stand me
Crack made me a hero, not Stan Lee
Rap money out, that's houses for my family
That's big MAC's for the block, bare candy
My dad's Algerian, grew up in a shanty
R.I.P. Kangy, I grew up with Dammy and Lanry
I still think that I'm money and I'm head to toe Burberry
I hit her from the back and make her legs go all Bambi
I can sell beach at the sand I mean sand at the beach
Not a man you can speech, still hang with the Gs

Shit, still hang with the Gs

Training Day 3