

Habits

Pozer

You can do what you want
All it takes is practice
1 ov 1
No way you could match this
Muscle memory
Bando habits
Still concealing a YHH in ma jacket
Still park YHHs underneath ma mattress
Badness from a yute, I've been on badness
I've shed blood, sweat, tears
And still I ain't shed these bando habits

For the love of the bag, chop slabs
And tag it, slang it
IDK nun 'bout slacking
Stack
All I know is grind, keep stacking
If I get nicked, don't tell 'em what's cracking
I got spots when I slept on a blue mat
I'm still live anytime that you see me
Shit changed, money grows on trees
But still these bando habits won't leave me

Masked up so nobody sees me
Gloves on tryna hide ma ID
Slap this wap, mek him spin like CD
If the feds try, won't nobody find me
I ain't Dej Loaf, can't nobody try me
I'll make a big man sit on his hiynee
There's a lot of bad habits behind me
I'm from the hood but don't let it define me

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Against all odds, I made it happen
It's only right that I'm high as a cloud
Have you lit a stove top with a matchstick?
Then watch folks let the bitches drown

When it don't lock, let it cool in the freezer
Then smoke fags and potter around
I'm tryna double up racks, make bread
And this yute here is fucking about

Sound, you know me but we ain't sound
There's 4 lines inna Sprite
Slime coming outta ma eyes while I stagger around

Spliff full of Zushi, chuffing it down
20s, 10s, pinkies, live, I ain't seen a £5 note in time

I wasn't on banging 9-5
So I spit these bars
And write these rhymes

You can do what you want
All it takes is time
Work hard and stay on ya grind
Ma top lip slaps and it sounds like crack
No cap
Why'd you think that I'm already signed?

I'm in the dance blinded by the lights
White boy wasted, outta ma mind
Looking for RA but I can't find
So I went to the bar, got shots, then died

Waved, you can tell by the look in ma eyes
But you can't see tru these YSL shades
Faded, geeked in and out of ma brain
Fans calling ma name, I just smile and wave

Bad breed, dunno how to behave
Talk on ma name and ya diggin' ya grave
Swing shanks, I'm giving out fades
Then go and smoke Cali 3.5s to the face

Rich but shit
Ain't nun changed
I'm still live on the Croydon mains
There's still a YHH on ma hip unclipped
And I'm still ordering food from Flames

The ends is hot and so is ma face
I still chat to the man 3Face
He showed man dreams will amount to nothing
If you don't work and stay in your lane

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