

# 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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