

Hugs And Kisses

Professor Green

Haters can be so lame and vicious
Hating on me because I'm ambitious
They sound like they need lots of love, lots of love
That's why I'm sending them hugs and kisses

Hugs and kisses, you can suck my di-dick, critics
I did it without gimmicks, you really want some? You're dumb
You really wanna run that rid-risk? I'm ridiculous
You don't know that? You man are looking like poom poom to me
And it's hard not to get a semi when I broke out
I ain't really into any of your broke chat
Why you talking about P, fam?
Why you talking about me, fam?
I went number one off a meaningful song
Not none of that edam
Probably should've been on Crimewatch
Mean and high, Prof Green am I not?
When I say the paps snapped me with a funny looking Roley
You know I don't mean a snide watch

Haters can be so lame and vicious
Hating on me because I'm ambitious
They sound like they need lots of love, lots of love
That's why I'm sending them hugs and kisses
I don't know why they hate on me, they should be inspired
Get up off their backsides and chase their desires
They sound like they need lots of love, lots of love
That's why I'm sending them hugs and kisses

Pages of papers
The dangers of being famous
Where there's no shade from the sun
When everyone knows what your name is
Looking in the mirror
Seeing yourself looking back at you
Tell em they can kiss my class
And suck my fucking attitude

Who the fuck are you hating on?
You decide that
Yeah, tryna someone to blame it on
You want beef, then bring it on
Man's got the filet mignon
Heard man wanna make a move
What the fuck are you waiting on?
Come on then!
All that hate won't get you rich
Have you seen this watch on my wrist?
You should know what time it is
You dun know, you can't chat man
In a Porsche, looking like Batman
I'm gone, can't catch man
Shut up

Hahaha, hugs and kisses
You know what, Pro? I totally get what you mean
They're tryna blame us for their life! Hahaha

Fucking lazy

Yo, I got a drop in my email like "yo, it's Pro Green"
I get love in the club, no cup, yet they all know me
I get love from the thugs and some of the so-called Gs
My lyrics are drugs, tell em all smoke up till you all OD
Can't chat to me about karma
Done dirt, man, I'm feeling like a killer with the verse
Tell a pussyhole to work harder
Round my link, my bro? Then go Ghana
Get my shit to go with no starters
Man, I might hit the road, yeah, I'm tipped to blow
Get my flick involved with no dramas, easy