

5am In Clapton

Rimzee

Don't do tacky, only rock if it's factory
Serving class A cah I never had a plan B
Shit I been through just to get here but I never shed a tear
They give my little brudda man thirty years
All this beef, I can't remember having no quarrels
Trap niggas were my role models
I know we all riders and judge wanna life us
But tell me who's gonna guide us?
Love my bros through the sun and the rain
Risk it all fuck the fame, I just hope that we're reading the same page
Pray for my bruddas and I pray for myself
I pray we never fall out over money or girls

I kept some real niggas close but I kept a burner closer
Bite marks on my skin, that shit came from a cobra
Pack came short, I gotta stretch it like yoga
Slide with just a driver, shooter and a chauffeur
Step with the best, had shootouts with the rest
I woulda done a thirty, I ain't sliding for attempts
And I'm my brudda's keeper, I can say that with my chest
And I'm comfy in my hood, true I passed all my tests
I've got permanent scars, you can't see them with your eyes
More than one toy if you see us on the glide
Pentonville was down the road but that journey felt long
Said the good die young and I don't wanna be one
My nigga Ten gave me a pack, he seen the grinder in me
That nigga D gave me the strap, he seen the rider in me
I caught cases with Rimz, he kept it silent as me
And we ain't put him to the test and he ain't riding with me

Out here tryna lick it, feeling so knackered
I just wanna hold more thousands than Old Trafford
My nigga Beezy, he the realest
Up in man's city, got me feeling like Grealish
And all this sterling, and nigga better pay correct
Cah bro got top and bottom, coming like a maisonette
And we were jabbing niggas way before the NHS
And this ain't checkers my nigga, nah man's playing chess
I just wanna get rich, constant urge
Rap shit opening doors like a concierge
Put runners on, no Dior's
Cleaning up the spot but we ain't doing chores
This clean run feeling good, I had it too hard
Prosecutor had me eating tuna
I'm Maidstone, hit Chatham
But then the phone got hot like Cuba
Had to drop it like a tuba