

Another One

Rimzee

My style Gangnam, duck and lamb shank
Put her in designer heels and handbags
A mill's the target, Cartier glasses
GQ mag in a plush apartment
Mediterranean flights and cruises
Mixing white, DJ Wookie
I just left the showroom, copped me a new ting
In that new model, face for music
I'm just out with the boss like an email
Now it's chrome detail electric seat belts
Engine roaring, Benjart sporting
She knows I'm boring but I'm balling
O.T., had to build a new ends
I've got '011 money I ain't spent
I was in jail selling bricks in my cell
Plus I nearly put on every nigga in the jail

Yo I just blew a rack, made another one
I just lost a mash, bought another one
I just turned one into another one
Rapid gunfire, we don't one-on-one
Yo I just blew a rack, made another one
I just lost a mash, bought another one
I just turned one into another one
Rapid gunfire, we don't one-on-one

I'm in Maida Vale with my baby girl
Sipping this champagne from 1812
Straight drop, whip it plain
Drip and fill it plain
Wrist on show, Ricki Lake
Big face, Swiss made, switch lanes
I swear these niggas all sound the same
Chronographs, Rollies and Audemars
Fine arts, sipping from this wine glass
Steak and lobster, weigh the product
Talking commas, making offers
I'll never rat on my enemy, die with honour
Lie to your honour, the buj the same colour as Drogba
Don't switch, I've got big dreams
Mad to say there's fifty coming this week
I be Gucci down to my socks
Told my younger "Fuck the block, buy a box"

Yo I just blew a rack, made another one
I just lost a mash, bought another one
I just turned one into another one
Rapid gunfire, we don't one-on-one
Yo I just blew a rack, made another one
I just lost a mash, bought another one
I just turned one into another one
Rapid gunfire, we don't one-on-one