

Intro

Rimzee

Nineteen, I got my freedom, oh, what a feeling
Rely on yourself, no-one's there when you need them
Used to be my brother, was like Andrew and Tristan
But then that money came round and it turnt niggas different

Intel said I was pebbling
I had the feds in my premises
Turnt batina's yard in medin
Came up in a mad place
Professor in the T with no accolades
Hit the grub with the hammer, make the slab break

Life weren't the easiest, I got experience
I could never fake beef, take it serious
No games, bullets flew past my face
No food in your belly, you don't know how that taste
Gotta get them first, 'cause they might try do me
No unity, it's frying in my community
I worked the streets all night, couldn't sleep early
They couldn't walk a day in these B30s, uh

F the glitz and glamour
Circle your ends like Jammer
Shot at feds like Stana
We don't do it for camera
Gotta be some light at the end of tunnel
From young, I been trouble, I seen too much struggle

Conversating with my chick through pics and letters
Where you been through the worse, it could only get better
But on that bright side, what a time to be alive
Half a M for Distro and I own all my rights
I pray towards the Kaba
I'm muslim akh, I gotta forgive my father
Years, I wouldn't speak to you
You weren't there, mummy needed you
You don't know what we been through