

Out the Mud

Rimzee

Came up out the mud they want throw me back in
When you from the slums then it's ball or trapping
Bruddah I'd be done if I was only rapping
Figured out the curse then I broke the pattern
Everyting I done yo I done in fashion
If it weren't for love it was purely passion
Know they hate me bad but they love the badness
Bruddah where I'm from it's snakes and ladders
Last of a dying breed

Every morning send the text's
Fiends gotta get the message
I'm doing Yoga on buj the way I got it stretching
Grinding like, slow jams
Chasing girls get you no bands
Ain't onda block, ak I'm bigger than the programme
More trainers than reeboks
Trap boy they know my Ethos
Coke in this jar this ain't sea moss
100 thousand on one cooker
I'm a gun busser and a drug pusher
But I need ms like my brudda mulla
Master p no limit
Went and got that phone ringing
Boujee nigga but I came from low living
V12 engine
Spend 50 onda pendant
I don't shed tears unless it's denim
I hit thenes I don't know bout hit records
Counting 50 in my bedroom
I 'member cooking in the kettle
I got more hard food than tickle me
My name in the streets Ak I don't need the industry

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My dark penger than Ms Banks, chop the brick with my flick nank
I got more keys than Beenie Man
Fifty for the wristwatch courtesy of big rocks
When I say we live, I ain't talking 'bout no TikTok
All this water make the hoes on it, brizzy came back so solid
Olive with the rose on it, I really had the stove rocking
The trap, I gave all of me, two hundred plus in jewellery
They ain't got enough bread to go to war with me
I'm on paper like an exam, my runner whip the work with his left hand
I ain't relying on no next man
They used to gimme EMA
I got hustling in my DNA
Me and Dean made that line do 3 a day

F a press run
I mixed dirty with f1
Lost sticks bought next ones
LV spills 1000 pound meals
If I just talk money blame the grills

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