

Split Decisions

Rimzee

Yo, Uh, Yo

What they gonna tell me?
I was down nobody would help me
Now the shops in Fulham
I might be on made in Chelsea
Done 6 in the can came home and a nigga still charted
My Dior jumper, that's a one bedroom apartment
6 racks on the video, but they took it down for the sample
Nigga fuck the sample
Remember I was weighing up buj with cardboard
Fuck the others, Break bread with my brothers
Till we all millionaires, And we all live in the suburbs
Break bread with my friends 2 more moves that's a m
I sat in the pen I lost it all got it back again
It was me on induction wing
Induction pack with that orange squash
You know that roof's panoramic
You know I can't drop that top
2 toys in the ride g
East boy like Wiley
Machine lively, on anything like Tigz and Haile
Expensive attire, had the ped with the tinted visor
Now it's accountants, surveyors, lawyers, mortgage, advisors
I'm in the big league all I had to do was grind
Remember when that half was 70 and I only had 65
Took a different route, only nigga with buj in the drout
Now my whips parked outside my 3 bedroom house
They got the bag bought jewellery
Me I might franchise Morley's
Business owner
I might have to vote for Tories

Yo, Uh

Remember me and frog laughing in that court
But it weren't no joke when them screws slammed them doors
In a Sweatbox thinking it be a while until I'm home
Wretch 32 on the radio, don't go
All these unfamiliar faces
Nigga wanna know the latest - Where you're from and what your name is
My net bag, plastic bowl, knife, and my fork
Bout to make a call watch what I say cause it records
Big bro told me F the roads but I was stubborn
On a V thinking am I getting ghosted or they coming
Screws searching mummy on a visit this ain't life
And seeing mummy cry, and shit I nearly cried
They got email a prisoner now my chick can reach me more
But I prefer when you write it, cause I can feel it more
Wanna put the family on so I can spoil them
All I brought was disappointment
Sleeping in the same room I use a toilet
Banged up in the vile, prison ain't like no film
Slept on that bunk bed with no quilt
One year, six years came by and flew
Memory got bad forgot some nigga that I knew
All them road years were monument

Now I'm her majesty's occupant, and jail fucked up my confidence
Sandwiches for lunch and slop for dinner
On the yard conversating who's block is realer
Everyone in for violence
I met some brothers that's pious
But until I found allah akh, I had no guidance
I done countless and endless work
Gave my life to the block and I got nothing in return
Now it's King crab salads we on different standards
Now the waitress call me sir and call the bae madam
I still remember nights I made it rain in Clapton
Would I be here if my nitty never chased the dragon?
Coming up I never had a grand
Now I do it cause I can, always knew I'll be the man
I went from putting shells in my Glock
Now we spill champagne, it's hotels on the yacht
Had the star before wraiths
I used to re up on a 8ths, I just overtook the bus I used to chase
In that sweatbox I know police was grinning
Now the feds stop the car just to see who's in it