

I'm a blacked out man, with a blacked out heart
Got a blacked out woosh, in a blacked out car
And it don't make sense, how we got this far
'Cause I lost some-

From the garms to the whip
That's, half of the drip
These jewels nearly cost me half of brick, babes
No need to lotion, just ask for the dick (Ask)
If some friends wanna come, they can party with it (Hm)
Babygirl, come with wine with a thug, ay, ay-yeah (T'ug)
I can tell you're in need of a fuck, ay, ay-yeah

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Got a blacked out woosh, in a blacked out car
And it don't make sense, how we got this far
'Cause I lost some screws, and I firmed those scars
Now my shirts all ripped, or it got some stars
Now my heart's all cold, Häagen-Dazs
Now my worker's pissed cah it's moving fast
And I'm doing up tours, and he's working his arse

And he's working his arse
If he see the feds then he's speeding off fast
So hungry for the money that he don't even bath
The bally that you're rocking will never make you hard
Seen a few mad things now my memory's scarred
Fling corn like french fries, fling it out and kweff guys
Only trust my bros, can't put my trust in a next guy
Put your hands bro, activate, yeah, I must slide
Yeah, you're a dead guy

When the.44 slaps guys, shit get capsized
Swimming in a ocean, whooshed then baptised
They was on combat, giving out black eyes
We was in black cars, bu-boom, then bye-bye
Big back baboon, scatty like racoon
She was tryna link me, better hit the cocoon
Come out a butterfly, baby is that you?
I'm feeling her attitude, I ain't even mad at you

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She wanna hang with a t'ug and take pictures
Baby, I just jeet, I ain't really into kisses
They hate the fact they watch me, they wish that they didn't
I just spoke to JaySlapIt and I miss him
Somewhere in the Midlands, bro's in the kitchen, whip, whip it
The cat said he's feelin' this one, it's delicious
Faith in my young bro, I know he ain't snitching
If your line don't bang, carry on, there's no quitting

If your line's moving slow, don't give up
Remember when I went through a burp, not a hiccup
Fam, I nearly caught me a bird from a stick-up
Summer, I had to burn through the packs like a sit-up, agh
Skeng, that's bro, we was on ten toes
Had a thousand hoes, Cowley Road
It was kick down doors, now I'm counting stones
Or we're in OT, burning loud at shows

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