

Waze

Skepta

(Shoutout Young Cardo)
(Shoutout to Cardo)

I just stepped in the building
Coke and vodka, cocaine change your life
Can't shoot a civilian, but if she testify I'll change my mind
DBE is the wave, SK, CM, can we be precise?
Got coke for days, still sell heroin, you can't beat the price

When I trap I use Waze
Mum said "Can you change your ways?"
Heroin on the floor
Five racks on my bando door, I'm paid
Make that bitch squirt
And I need some goggles to taste
They ain't a GOAT like C, they ain't a GOAT like SK

Last op came out in the public eye
Broski put 'em in the sun
I just bagged a half a brick by eye
Now I'm just twiddling my thumbs
Jakes try question me about a headshot bro, I was sitting in the sun
I was fuckin' his baby mum, in the living room, with his son

Yeah
If three man try link up and do a album, it's not gonna sound like this
Tryna sound like A, tryna like Skep' and the rest tryna sound like Chip
You ain't been platinum, silver or gold, you ain't even been bronze, you div
(Low it)
You ain't even done ten years in this ting, 'round here we don't hear you're
a king, man will take your throne (Yeah)
Piss on your forehead, know your role
With cold spitters you ain't never been toe for toe (Fool)
Step in the ring, get shown the ropes (Fool)
Tell me what, you believe in God? (Ha)
Kill 'em off, that's a holy ghost (Brrr)
I never been on no screwface ting, got a smile on my face in devilish mode
Lettin' it go (Boom-bam)
When you're this cold, you ain't gotta sell no drugs
Still I might fling you shots ('old dat)
I never did need a box or a key, tell Prince turn the tuning off (Yeah, yeah
)
Cah I ain't on a wave today, nah
I ain't on games today, dawg (Yeah)
When I'm on grade the flames spark
Better get your whole brigade, dawg
Pick a MC put him in a zoot (Smoke that)
You don't want smoke, you just pick and choose (Hmm)
Put on your album, I'm skippin' through
This ain't the shit niggas whippin' too (No)
We live in a time where these MCs all claim they're the best when it's only
them in the room
Got my hand on my heart when I'm in the booth (Facts)
Kill it, hop out, and then bill a zoot

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Say hello to the psycho
I wrote a list of all the shit that I wanna kill
I put the game first and if it didn't work
Then by now I'd be bang on the drill (Brrr)
I can make a mill', I get a mop like a cleaner
I can get Koffee and Justin Bieber (Trust)
Man I just drove past my school
Man I had to just flex on the teacher
I'm in the bank with the shank (Uh-uh)
Last week I put a rack in my tank (True)
Walked in the club with the acid
A got the lean and C got a pack of the dank (Greaze)
All I do is spit facts when I step in the booth
And it just happens to bang
It's 50 racks just to walk through
Told the promoter I need the cash in my hand

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