

Brush my hair quite a lot, been a wavey yute
Caramel jawn and she wavey too
On beating, IG peek tings
Screen snapping bruddas just to show me who's creeping
Big chains ain't nothing new, still shining
Slip before, it taught me stay aware of my surroundings
Been a young entrapreneur, who you doubting?
Don't tell me bout ounces, I shot houses
I'm passed it, miss me with your mix-up
Skrapz is back and so's Chipmunk
Who wan fi dis, a bunfire sizzla
Cali kush through the Royal Mail to my rizla
New spice said she want see me urgent
Foreign ting minimal English she learning
Guten Tag, skrt past in a German
406 on a late night swerving

You might see me in the Bimma or the Benz
With a lightie or a brownin it depends
Tints when I skrt throught the ends
Dem a pree we but we na pree dem
You might see me in the Benz or the Bimma
Cocaine white, black leather interior
High spec model with a high spec model
And the both of them's got big body exterior

Me and them ain't cut from the same fabric
My fur jacket's made out of dead rabbits
I got bad habits, cause I make classics
But I can't leave the roads like I'm in traffic
I skr round town in a black matic
Got a big gold chain that's a pussy magnet
Got a darkskin ting with a uni degree and she don't wear weave but she still
ratchet
They say I'm gonna blow but I'm still active
They think I'm famous but I still take risks in the League of My Own I'm lik
e Chip
I got big guns, ammunition and clips
Late nights, on the backroads creeping
I treat the weekdays like weekend
For my brownin rise up, I don't care if you're sleeping, I pull outside star
t beeping

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Niggas can't spec what I ball like
Love me or hate me, I'm Marmite
Just jam you jar like
Tunnel vision looking ahead while
You preeing through my tints at the red lights I skrt off

Niggas talk tough but they're all soft
I see through niggas like Smirnoff, I drop birds off
Fling the money in the duffel and swerve off
I ghost for a minute now I'm back sittin like the return of

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