Money/Problems

Skrapz

I'm treating every day like it's 4/20
I rise up, open up my blinds and I light up before I get ready
Hella stresses but I just don't let 'em get to me
Becah that isn't what my family expect from me
I'm tryna be a millionaire but isn't everybody?
Got someone watching over me, that's why I never worry
I ain't never frightened, I ain't never hiding
Jesus knew that I was sin, that's why they crucified him
They're telling me way I flow is electrifying
And if I catch a nigga slipping he'll be petrified
I'll take a hundred years before I'll ever testify
Tell my mum that I put down my gun, tell a lie
I've seen a lot first-hand with my own two eyes
I've been in courtrooms when they're saying "All rise"
That's why I always tell my little niggas "Take time"
Cause if you think the street life's nice think twice

More money just equals more problems darg
I don't know who's tryna fuck cause I've got options darg
Five years if they stop this car
Shit be different when you get it from the bottom star
It's from the corner, big chain covered in ice
Real nigga, baby I could change your life
Roll up and I'm in space all night
Forget your bags, don't need nothing when we're taking flight

I'm tryna get this dirty money all clean
I opened up a distribution business
Selling weed when I was fourteen
I left school then I started selling hard food
On the field, hitting shots like Lukaku
I'm standing in the kitchen on marble floor
Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the flyest of them all?
The mirror said "It's you Skrapz, it's not even a close call"
I buss another bokkle on my way like I'm Sean Paul
I'm in the gunmetal grey GLA
Foot down, I treat the North Circ like the motorway
The feds want the team, it's like they're never gonna go away
So every other month I've gotta throw away my throwaway
And every six months I've gotta relocate traps
Big duffle bag, it's not cash, it's just packs
All I need is a microwave, kettle and tap
I turn a brick of cocaine into crack

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Started as a young'un doing kick-ups
Couple little press-ups and a couple little sit-ups
When I was coming up it wasn't re-ups, it was pick-ups
And if I saw you with a nice chain it was a stick-up

I've gotta take precaution cah I can't afford a slip-up
Can't afford a hiccup
I know the feds want me off the roads like I'm litter
I ain't paying nobody to get a man hit up
If I see him and I've got it, everybody's getting lit up
I take my weed out my glass jar then I bill up
My cupboard stays ram-jam, my fridge stay fill up
My niggas stay active, my drillers stay driller
I'm cooking something on the stove but it ain't dinner
I'm a straight winner, she asked if I'm in my transition
I said "Nah nah nah baby girl, I'm still a drug dealer"
Been doing this from long time, you can ask Jigga
Nothing ain't changed, I'm just doing things bigger

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