

## More Doe

Skrapz

I lost a lot, shit happens at the wrong time  
I lost my .45 and now I've lost my baby nine  
And when I say lost, I don't mean I can't find  
I mean lost, I might have to serve a likkle time  
So in the meantime I'm staying on the flipping grind  
Flipping food anytime I can get my hands on it  
If I've got a runnings I can guarantee my mans on it  
We're running up in it, we're taking everything  
Right now it's anything is anything  
Tell them cock-sucking feds they ain't scaring anything  
Got me going hard on the roadside if anything  
I'm just pissed about my semi ting  
Got me sitting in my yard skunking and Henny-ing  
Thinking should I buy fucking a nine bar of heroin and hit the roads?  
Different food, different line, different postcodes  
Or shall I stick to what I flipping know?  
Buying five O's, break it all down to twenty bones  
Buy a one brick of skunk, mash it down, hit the roads  
When my luck's gonna stop, cause I really don't know  
I'm just tryna make some more dough

I'm just tryna make some more dough  
Before the cops lock me up and they're tryna fuck me over  
I'm just tryna make some more dough  
For my baby girl and my on roaders  
I'm just tryna make some more dough  
Before the CIDs lock me up and they're tryna fuck me over  
I'm just tryna make some more dough  
For my baby girl and my on roaders

I'm just tryna make some paper paper  
Graveyard shifting, I can go to sleep later  
Feds couldn't see me even on their navigator  
I might hand myself in when I'm done with making paper  
Cause I'm still tryna fly out with my girl to Jamaica  
Still tryna build some land back home in Ghana  
I ain't ever been no boy in the corner  
I'm still up in the middle of the dance with my burner  
I give them pussies time to investigate further  
I make them know they're dealing with a cash money earner  
They've got my burner, got my food, got my P's  
But they can't take my pride, I wear my heart on my sleeve  
Soon gonna have another gun up in my jeans  
You can take all of that but you can't stop a G  
Problems since I've been in the game  
From the day they first found out my government name  
I bring pain

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Skrapz is back, I never came with a bag of man  
One or two badder man  
I ain't gonna talk upon the track about my swagger man  
I'd rather hit the trap and blow the trap like a Taliban  
Yeah I'm back again  
Hopping out the car, got them running like they're taps again  
Run and tell your aunties and your cousins that I'm back again  
Where were you when I was mashing up KISS FM?  
Freeze FM, Juice FM, I've been on all of them  
And if you really didn't know I haven't been in pen  
I've been in the ends buying guns to protect my friends  
I'm with my friends buying guns to protect the ends  
I spent six G on crack, flip it into ten  
I'll say that again, six into ten  
That's four G profit, we're buying two MAC-10's  
Imagine I was gonna cop a new black Benz  
Then the feds hit me up, now they've fucked up my plan

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