

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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