

You never fed your people
Nah, don't tempt your people
(Wizard, it's magic)
Yeah (Free my people)
(Gwappa Baby) Yeah

Time's changed, now they're callin' me the big man
And nah, my bros don't rap, they're doin' kidnaps
I'm in the caff one deep with my flick shank
Watch me turn to gymnast when them things land
Your people in your ends are holdin' major violations
How you flyin' out, bro? I call that migration
Ayy, where you been, Slim? I took a hiatus
You wouldn't understand like my grind is Jamaican, no
Sittin' down talkin' money with the Asians
Learnt a little lesson 'cause it's all about patience
Hidin' from them pigs with the packs on a day shift
You know GRM, I'm well rated
Gotta hang with gorillas livin' life in the jungle
When you get rich quick, you've gotta try and stay humble
I bought so much mix for the work off of uncle
Them bricks crossin' borders like they're drivin' the Gumball, yeah
P45, loyalty is key, I keep it watertight
Ayy, Mount Pure were on a water grind
It's gettin' high, I paid eight for a 45
I done him in, he never had a clue, it was a awkward vibe
Some things never change, thirty for a brick of yay
Linked him for the bits, I came home, but I never paid
He's 'round the gang, he weren't real, so he never stayed
Ayo, life gave me pain, I made lemonade
See 'em poppin' up where you're parkin' your rental
That tracker on your whip was just part of the schedule
They said that bringin' straps out is hardly essential
But I can't let these fuckboys harm my credentials
I know his main issue is he's livin' for the clout
I heard he's unhappy how they did him in the South
They ask how I'm comfy with the drillers in my house
Cah they're sittin' at my table, I'm givin' dinners out
You never fed your people
You're lookin' so lit, nah, don't tempt your people
You think this is a game, no, I ain't Beanie Sigel
I scream free the G's till they free my people
Don't let it deceive you
Cah life's full of ups and downs, three litre runarounds
I'm pepper in my spot, so I had to find another town
Answerin' the phone, cell site from my brother house
Talk behind my back, but they smile when I come around
Done a lot of things, I never gave no excuses
What I say goes here, I'm like Vladimir Putin
'024, you need work, well, I'm recruitin'
I told [?], "You're hot, you're on bail for a shootin'"
I'm the one that they ring for the jobs when the money's low
Incomin' call, I ring my worker on the other phone
I was in jail, my kid askin' when I'm comin' home
Sad thing to say, but my life's kind of come and go

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