

In My Bag

Slim

(It's 1st Born, baby)
Look

Had it in a JD bag, fuck a duffel yeah, yeah
We just broke down the pack, now we going through the rubble, yeah
Dressing in comfy shit, I keep it so subtle yeah
More time in a tracksuit in the booth, I gotta couple

I say how it is
This ain't blues clues, some people are giving the blues clues
I'm staying focused, the paper is piling, I'm going through the years worth
of postal
I'm always around, man I'm local
See the same faces, no socials
They said you gotta hit me with the vocals
I told her pipe, and I'm always solo
She's in a nightgown, I'm wearing Polo like I play polo
She's looking fabulous, told her I'm low so
I got the funds but nah I ain't Kojo
She's taking 3 stripes, no Adidas, this is coco, yeah,
And when I say coco, I do not mean any Coco Chanel
I get me a packet and break with my friends
I do it again and again and again
I've got me some curses but blessings are sent
I've got me some real ones that sit in the pen
So everyday I gotta get me a pen
I write a sixteen and I write to my friends, yeah
Pay him a visit, I step into to hell
I pay him a visit, I step into to hell

Had it all on a line, lost all hope
Broke down a pack, now I'm counting loads
Hard times, you don't see no one
Bro ain't home till the reload's done
Look at the wrist, stepped in young, rich and lit
I'm loving the groupies
Step on Sloane I'm loving the Gucci
Brand new wap, I'm loving the new piece

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I don't need no help (None)
You can see yourself
Look at the kid, my diamonds lit, and my trap speaks for itself
And I heard they're stuck on the block (Broke)
My cuban's flooded with rocks (Diamonds)
I never had piss, had to take a risk
Hit stoves and fuck up a pot
I lost all hope, then I got rich
Talking money? Count me in
I feel myself, can't help but smile
Last month I counted a hundred quid
She's up in Gucci, I'm in the bando
I break a pack and feel like Pablo

Don't ask me what is my angle?
I'm busy whipping a brick in my sandals
I got no love, in the streets there ain't no hugs
I went hard as a little yute
And nuttin's changed, now I've grown up
'Dem old niggas talk old shit
But Slim ain't into the politics
I like cute ones with a pretty face and getting top in a foreign whip
Tell me suttin' I don't know (Just tell me)
If they ain't on it then Slim's doin' it solo (On my own)
They talk a lot but that trap phone is so slow (Dead)
I call that 'no hope' (None)
I used to wear Polo, now it's Louis V
Can't call my phone for a two of each, I'm gone

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