

# Pablo

Slim

(It's 1st Born, baby)

Step in the bando, feelin' like Pablo  
With nuttin' but bricks inside (Let's work)  
From scales, pots, and bowls  
I'ma see a mil' off the kitchen side  
'Cause I feel like Mitch when I'm up all night  
Just me countin' paper (Bands)  
That's no convo for informants (None)  
And a load of corn for the haters  
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I feel like Pablo, step in the bando  
And let me change your life  
I don't change on niggas  
I remix dinners, turn on and change the price  
I got fed up of broken dreams  
I stepped out and I made shit real  
You ever done you the maths?  
Like this year, this phone's gonna make me a mil'  
And bro got IPP, and eight years gone, still tryna appeal  
And Jas got nicked with the wap  
But five years gone, he's still on violence  
And me, I feel at home  
When at the stove, just me and the pyrex  
And when I get nicked, only question is  
"How the feds gonna deal with silence?"  
I feel like Mitch when I break down  
Bricks but money ain't new to me (No way)  
I used to hit fiends two shots of each  
And I used to give two for free  
Now I count up racks till my fingers hurt  
And I get brain stupidly  
'Cause it was me in O, I never needed a home  
All I need is a stupid fiend  
I flew North for a new machine  
And I flew 'Dam just to check the plug  
When I drive by, I don't wave at niggas  
When I was low, I didn't get no hugs (None)  
Now, my jewellery sets cost 50 bags  
They wanna be friends and stuff (Fuck off)  
Gotti's itchin to test this pump  
Whole town itchin' to test this dub

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But I feel like Columbus takin' trips  
How many times did I take me a risk? (How many?)  
I spent last year servin' fiends  
This year the phone's in 30 keys (Bricks)  
I used to need advice, now, I see them guys  
And I swear they just talk too much (Chattin')  
I put forks in grub in a trap we trust  
'Cause I ain't gettin' paid of love  
And I feel like Slim when I break down a brick  
First time brought a tear to my eye  
I lost years inside, didn't see them guys  
Now, everybody's feelin' the kid (Fake)  
I can't whip no O, I put bricks on stoves  
And make sure the whole team eats  
'Cause it was me on the malts  
Two bricks on both, hopin' nobody noticed me  
I went to the grind when shit got hard  
Never came home just to make a change  
I keep it real, bro keeps it still  
And my left wrist stays 18k  
And the cutest thots love Gucci drops  
And pullin' on cuban chains  
But to tell you the truth  
Only a good day in O's gonna make my day

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