

Picture Me

Slim

Picture me
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Picture this, picture little old Slim
Talking half a milli if we're talking bout my SIM
Ayo picture me rolling one-thirty up the M-way
Moving

Picture me, blowing up the motorway like it's my only option
I get it popping for times that I took losses
I'm getting flashbacks of me serving kitties outta blenders
We probably done the same shit but with different agendas
I really tried to put niggas on but it didn't work
I went jail, came home and went back, I just never learn
I feel like the prison time's fucking with my head
You ever felt like the karma's kinda fucking with your bread?
This is motorway music
Take a loss but it's nothing cah the phone's going stupid
I got bagged up in Lucy's
Selling point ones of crack, I don't need to prove shit
I'm getting flashbacks of serving off of sofas
I was cooking in the caravan, I'm high off the ammonia
Everybody wants to talk but never ask how I'm coping
I feel to go and hit the strip and hope that nobody notices

Picture me, I'm having flashbacks of little Slim pushing in the rain
Picture me, I'm having flashbacks of putting my pops in the grave
Picture me, sitting down for the paper and I'll do it again
Picture me, six years outta nine, no we ain't the same

Picture me, walking two miles on my ten toes
Are you mad blud? That's six of each
Blud picture me, crack house but it stinks of B
When I'm here, that's mixed with weed
I put my roaches in my pocket, I ain't Mr Bean
Every pound of all my profit, I ain't missed a bean
And this ain't a pocket rocket, it's a big machine
So you ain't gotta try hard to picture me
In the blender with my foot down
When I fill it up, I never take my hood down
You know it's bait, me and broski in the kitchen having cook outs
On a works on my ones, no lookouts
I mean picture me on the sweat box
I mean the gang boss, on the way to the big house
For not taking my SIM out or trusting that pussy with his big mouth

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