

# Trick My Position

**Slim**

Yeah

Picture me rollin', people actin' like I owe them  
He backed his shank on the wing so I smoked him  
I came home, I went looking for my old SIMs  
Hypocrite, I went right back to the old Slim

Took a little break, now I'm back to the studio  
Spittin' pure coke like my name is Julio  
Business is business, it's not for you to know  
But you've gotta make money in order for you to grow

There's some things in life that are better not to know  
I've got my gun with me but it's better not to show  
I've been jail twice and it was a stepping stone  
You can ask the pussy who was selling me O's

And I know why that piss Little S overtook  
Potential that I had probably got overlooked  
Now go ask the bros who's the man in the hood  
Who's coughing up smoke, teaching youngers how to cook

You-you can't tell me who's on  
I know them type of guys probably still wear Louboutins  
I'm the type of guy, I eat soup with some croutons  
Back to the block I go and see what the goons' on

Back to my yard I go and chill with the missus  
Easily content, just some hugs and some kisses  
All you really need is a girl that's with it  
That will tell you save your bread, not constantly spill it

If I take in everything that is said  
I couldn't ever rest, I'll probably be back in a pen  
If I spent all of my time just listening to friends  
I'll probably go mad in my head, filling straps up again

I know they wanna trick my position  
They say "You're doing well, Slim", but who are they kidding?  
They want me accustomed to a mad way of living  
When it all goes wrong, they say I'm too deep in it

If I spent all my time just sitting and dwelling  
I'll be sat down sour, feeling like a lemon  
A thousand nights in jail, I took it as a lesson  
I've made my mistakes but it's not for regretting

I took him for his tings, then I told him, "Forget it"  
Got hassle with the guys, it's just not worth his effort  
I can play him at his game, go and send him a message  
But where I'm from we retaliate with weapons

I need to sit and take time with the things that I'm doing  
In hard times it's me that's getting me through it  
I know what I'm on, they wanna make me prove it  
I'm running up this bread, they wanna make me lose it

There's two things in life, either love or it's hate  
We normalise crime 'cause we come from estates  
I can tell the kids that the things gotta change  
But how can I lie with these bricks in the base

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