

T N Biscuits

slowthai

Drug dealer
I wear Nike, not Fila
Lean like Tower Pisa, I smile like Mona Lisa
I've had enough of 36 shots, 72 had to double up
Mainstream tunes, couldn't make one
That was mathematics for the class clown dunce
ABC's I wanted Q's
Get a B, make 2
Crime Watch, mandem face on news
Directs spamming, pay me dues
Greed for money, gas like juice
Take it lightly, it's just food
Certain man haffi kill of the mood
Come like Christmas, why be Scrooge?

On a serious note, I joke
I ain't a serious bloke, I smoke
Jump on a beat like a frog of a boat
Take a leap, just float
Take a leaf out my book, I know
Tried to believe them, lost all hope
I just wanna chill, go home
Jump on my push bike and I zone
Ring ring ring, answer my phone
Getting sick of my own ringtone
Pedal on shit so long
People need to go, grow a back bone
I'm bad to the bone, yeah biddididi
And I mash up the flow, getting silly widdit
Yeah, timid never know I put my spirit in it
Real in the zone like

It's T
None of me sounds like them, chief
I put the T in 10, deep
More melodies than doe
Dun' know what you dun' know, it's T
I put the T in trend, me
About to run something, scene
About to don this ting, 'ow ya mean?
Come through the fog I'm king on a road
Digging for gold
Run from the boy them hood on the low
Switch off my phone, ain't going home
Locked in a box, stuck in a zone
Zone out again, sit and reflect
Dodging the pen like a dog in a yard
So I ain't going yard, walk in the dark
Walk in the park I ain't playing no Giggs

Bunning a blem, chill doing trips
10/10, Tell them again
Blind to the sky, live on a high
Feed the supply to all the mandem
Slowthai lagging, body bagging a witch
Steady slanging that talisman shit, ay
I'm a G, yes

Draw for the knife and the CS
Bally on tight, F the BS, PS
Come around here, leave teeth-less
Jesus couldn't save this yout
Don't pray to him he ain't saving you
Hate me, you must hate the truth
Box your chin and make you change your tune
If it's gonna get physical
Slyly I'm gonna bring in a tool
Try me you could get slumped in two
One bang, two bang, smoking a zoot
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Rrrrah
And the farmers are coming
Pitchforks sharp and they runnin', runnin'
Mhahahahah