

Eye Contact

Songer

Two voices in my head, one says yes and one says no
One says stop and one says go
One's got bars and one's got flows
One loves easy and one loves challenge
One's bare rude and one's got manners
Man I've got two voices
Either way fam they both make bangers

How you popping on Insta but can't make eye contact
Got likes and that
So fine girl back's got tats on her thighs and back
Nice eyes and that
But it don't mean shit cause if I contact
And then we can't vibe and that
My girl always make eye contact with me
Till I make her eyes roll back

Followers don't mean shit when in person you got no game and that
That's why I don't post every day cause facts exactly the same as Jack
Or Johnny or Luke or you or her I ain't really got change and racks
Got some other way that's facts cause all of the city wanna play my tracks
Don't wanna seem fake and that
Nando's work every day and that
Can't ever lose James and dat
But Songer's my actual name you twat
Of course I'm a baller
Known by my surname
My time to call her
Must be her birthday
You think you're cooler
But ain't got the wordplay
Baby drink water
Fuck her on first date
I don't wanna drop new music
When I do it just feels exclusive
Bill a zoot then twos it fam
I'm slump got a voice in my head like "Songer make music"
Bournemouth link with mellow and fresh lebanese from roosters
Some man get way too cocky
Allow dat shit fam you're useless
She wants me to pull it and spin it
Tell her go play Bop It
No way, stop it
Flows, they want it
Heat, I got it
Still don't drop it
Bare girls tryna live like Emmerdale
They wanna take one knee no NFL
Stand up, sort your life out real talk
You ain't a bad bitch B you're a jezzabelle

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Never heard one person like me
How I dress so clean but my verses grimy
Girl looks pricey
Just copped her a brand new necklace
Girl looks icy
Yeah that's my B
Them man can't turn at my speed
Want my respect? Well earn that my G
I'm the guy that the haters try be
All they wanna do is try see what I see
Cause I'm on the way to the top
Couple man think that they're flames but they're not
And my jacket is cold and my trainers are hot
Man I don't care if you're famous or not
Cause I aim for the top and I'm blazing the crop
You came for the fame and I came for the quop
Don't know if you've been spilling red sauce
But I know for a fact that there's stains on your top
Man I set the room on fire
Leave half of them dead and the rest injured
More time humble, sometimes flexy
If you could flex like me you would
True say that I ain't ever done road
Cause I ain't ever had one interesting hood
Old girls hate me
Lowkey rate me
Cause I spit bars and the sex was good
Man I don't care I'm the best in charge
And I'll say that shit till I flex in France
Creds look hard, expensive garms
Heads turned fast when I stepped in yard
Flows too cold and I'm blessed with bars
Everyday skank if I stepped in dance
One dumb pagan said I'm uncool
That's cause I pressed his aunt