

No Less

Tinchy Stryder

I've got my money, I've got my toys
I'm feeling like ooh
I've got my lady, I've got my boys
We're feeling like ooh
So fuck all that, so fuck all that
Forget all that (forget them)
So fuck all that, so fuck all that
Forget all that

You see I'm VIP, I no ID, I
Backstage with dressing room with superstars
Then you got the funny guys
Full of shit, a bag of flies
Round me, they hover like
Amazing, it's the one they might
Abuse, using the morning twice
See your cake and then want a slice
Wide mouth, supersized
Fake smile, super nice
Look them straight through the eyes
I won't crack and that's on my life
We're blessed, holy Christ
Faced a couple strong ties
Let the fire burn, it never dies
Box fresh, Cloud 9, no less

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They're asking where you been?
Haven't heard you, it's been a while
What's your timeline?
Cause bredrin, this might take a while
Different breed, different style
I remain that golden child
wild
And I've got that cheeky smile
Torching on a few cases
Fuck them, they've got two faces
This is when the mood changes
Stone cold, blue faces
Know you were hoping I was done
Saying I've gone quiet
Well, I've never heard you once
I'm cool, I hold my tongue
They're putting on a front
Who's talking up behind my back?
Put 'em to the front
Got my lane, they went left
Raining down on a hot mess
Super cool, box fresh

Cloud 9, no less

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