

Star In The Hood

Tinchy Stryder

Yeah, look
Check 1, 2, all my guys, can you hear?
The wait is over, I'm finally here
Prince of grime, look I rhyme with flare
E3 Bow, you're finding me there
Ruff Sqwad, hail up the mandem are they
And I'm live up, live up so heavy there
Ain't seen Dyl for about two years
Now still can't get diss Dizze Ras when I'm 'ere
When the music dough ain't coming too fast
And we're bringing out scales, bringing out bags
Break it down, now we're weighing up grams
Gimme two secs, deals, bags
Music first, I'm the one with words
Like Willy younger, I move in first
I'm a Ghanian, yep, G-town rep
Your girl told me I'm charming, yep
And I've woken 'em up, yep, woken 'em up
Mainstream doors keep opening up
And they're feeling for more so I'm loading 'em up
Feels like crack so I'm coking 'em up
Golden boy, look I shine, it's a lot
And the title's mine, still holding it up
He's hype, he's mouth, he's opening up
So we E3 shank shank, open him up
Illegal dough, still folding 'em up
Boosting Rizla's, rolling 'em up
The room's all hazy, I'm toking 'em up
And I'm on Cloud 9, fuck sobering up
Split like a knife, I'm coking 'em up
Straight to the next, still choking 'em up
Deals on the plate so we hearing 'em out
If the paper's right then we're closing 'em up like bang

Yeah
Tinchy Stryder
Ruff Sqwad, Bow E3
Takin' over man

Yeah, if I had 24 hours to live
I'd run up in a bin like "who's in charge here?"
With two long heats in the air
I'd be like free Roachee when I'm 'ere
If I had 24 hours to live
Run up in a bin like "who's in charge? what"
With two long heats in the air
I'd be like free Roachee when I'm 'ere
I'm a star in the hood