

Imagine

Tion Wayne

You know
Where would I be
Without the music?
Jail, dead, robberies, who knows
But we're here you get me
Money haffi make bredrin
You get me
T Wayne from the... yo

Imagine if I didn't spit
Still be on the strip
Still tryna hit a lick
Running from the CID
Still ducking all these pricks
Suttin on their hip
Feds kicking off my crib
Still be getting shit
Although the money changed my life
But still I go out on a enemy and ride
Beef or what not
I don't have to swallow pride
Ends was so hot
So I'm flooded up with ice
Don't worry 'bout the price

Had gyal with degrees was a miracle
That they still fucked with a criminal
Man it's beef keep the talk to a minimal
At your front door quicker than Deliveroo
True, live a Rockstar life
If she come round Wayne never trust your wife
She, said it must be nice
Rose day date flooded up with ice
20k in the club I'll match it
Gyal suck my dick so ratchet
Drillas don't talk just bang it slap it
Bang it hand ting (boom)
My accountant he looks like the feds
Flashback to the time I was raided
4 gyal to myself in the bed
On my life I don't know what their name is

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Make P stay relevant
Used to roll shank and Sony Erikson
And I stuff so much pound in my jean now my pops got queen resemblance
Coulda been done out nuttin in [?]
Doing up jail house eating up porridge
Did dirt man, man I used to jerk man in college
Now the Rolex swiss so solid
Ops got no knowledge
The internet talk is shit
But I cheffed him up and ditched the whip
Now the feds try put your boys life to bits
Now I think about the pigs and I get a kick
Blowing out her back
One hand on the strap
Used to hold my wap
She just put it on her lap
And the way you took my risks I ain't forgot you
And if you're real, got my back then I love you

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