

Bon Appétit

Unknown T

Mm-mm

Ugh

Who would've thought that this voice would've spread this far? (Listen)
Them peng tings used to little-boy me, now they all tryna squeeze in my car
He's no bad man like me
If I got "Guilty," I would have been internally scared
But look, God gave me a chance (Mm-mm)
On the block there's pain, so the opp felt rain, I put that mulli' on my blast
I grab that Lou' V in advance
They all run out of substance, he's a façade
I see my man talk about guns, but he ain't been charged
More than two bricks on my ice, they should call me T Avalanche
Flex on a bitch, this influencer wanna test up my pockets, I took her to France
I bought champagne with caviar, don't mind about me, I'm a star (Mm)
Palestine to the D.R.C., put peace to the war
Even though I contradict shit that I talk, I still gotta play my part
Free up my dargs
Them sold out gigs started from a walk in the park (Mm-mm)
Abroad for four days, so I bought four Rollies, that watch can't sleep in my yard (No)
On tour had the same blueprint as Satan
This time last year I thought I was slept on, but this year comin' I feel like the man
Tell Dubai "Take off my ban", missed about two-hundred bands, damn
Fuck it, I spun New Zealand to Aussie, can't forget all of my sudo man
On God, my album soon land, trust me

Case unsolved, I'm an elegant driller
All that pain, bought my girl Maison Margiela
Same way I'll splash for a bredda
I beg man don't leave their gyal 'round me, I'll take her
Gyal, stop tryna figure me out, maybe I'm a driller
You wanna make babies with that elegant figure
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I got money to make her thicker
Late night, take her Sumosan Twiga
There's no brakes, gotta watch out for snakes, cah the fake look bitter
Gun man down, now it's bait on Twitter
I got postcode war with my old school nigga
There's no trace, now put that smoke in my Rizla
Bon Appétit, got skengs for dinner (Ssh)
She took a look at my yearly breakdown
Ran though five times three-hundred racks
Think we lack now? You do the maths (Mm)
Stop all that gun chat, run back
All of that "He say, she say", been there, done that

Phone my habibti, she told me "Come back"
Who's that? Chuck the habad in the man bag, bun that
Yuck, now they're pourin' out cognac
Bad for the opps, but I'm smooth for the ladies, shit then
One day she loves me, one day she hates me
But you don't even trust me, so why would you plan on a baby?
Slow down hon', you make my pull-out game shaky
Don't pree up, 'cause that's my goodums
'Bout to make all my old tings go crazy, yo
I'm an elegant driller, gyal, rate me

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Ladies and gentlemen
This is world class music
From Unknown T
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