

Wisdom & Smoke

Unknown T

SRB separation confirmed, coming up on staging the burnout of these twin solid rocket boosters at two minutes, five seconds

Listen, rise out the whistle, hold it, hit him
I told my darg, "Don't miss him"
Lower the window slowly, point it
Rinse out the clip at a victim
One month, we hit the walls, like, "Shit, then"
My mans in the ecosystem
Flashbacks sittin' in Serco vans, now I'm givin' the whole ends wisdom

This dot-dot don't fit, bring the Lugers
Ultra-attack on any intruders
I can't go on a stain hands-on, now, I got music consumers
Play your role, it's best and don't be useless
My homegirl was in Gallery D-E-P-T, I bought her a few bits
Same day, I fling out the bits for the nuisance
Said this G19 costs a few quid
Look, my young boy's stress, he just done a bootin'
Gotta get nail clippers, your jacket got GSR discharge, no time for loosin'
But on the bright side, who left detectives clueless
Yo, keep it hush
Look, nothin' ain't rap cap, we really do this
We caught him, now, his best friend Judas
Any sign of an opp, we're bootin'
If there's no whip, then we do it on scooters
I don't know how the opps keep losin', back your bredrins, stop givin' excuses
Gang do drills like a dentist, bang to the hand ting, toothless (Mhm-mhm)
Hit an artery now he won't stop juicin'
Pick a name, man, quick, no point on choosin'
Put it back in the bag, gotta slap on my leather
The shoes don't fit, real-life Cinderella
Tap then leave the machine with a Shirley, the bells come fatter than ever
Boot off your mum's crib just like a homewrecker (Yo-yo-yo)
Used to be on the pitch, now, I'm teachin' the squad, Arteta
Told my YG, "Roll with a presser"
But, we ain't on smoke when we apply pressure
Mission complete, now clean, now fling me the dessert
Paramedics at the scene 'cause there's eight on his top, Iniesta
Three man, one bike, but who's on that Vespa? (Yo, who's that?)
One opp got chin up and chin up again, 'cause my darg's short-tempered
Heard it was us, what? Free up my members
New plates, gang just got a Jaguar, this one's a blenders
Counter-attack with the blocka, still got defenders
Awkward, heard a man tellin' gyal that we got agendas
I only been Crown Court in my life, we're different offenders
Us man are grippin', them niggas pretenders (Look)
This dotty should've been on EastEnders

Listen, rise out the whistle, hold it, hit him
I told my darg, "Don't miss him"
Lower the window slowly, point it
Rinse out the clip at a victim
One month, we hit the walls, like, "Shit, then"
My mans in the ecosystem
Flashbacks sittin' in Serco vans, now I'm givin' the whole ends wisdom

Staging the burnout of these twin solid rocket boosters at two minutes, five seconds
Mhm-mhm, listen

Smoke is smoke, no, it can't be watered
We just shot back, now they all look awkward (Eurgh)
Detectives cockblockin' the shootouts
We try ride out, right now there's a shortage
Fuck that, chip in some change, let me sort it
Had to pattern my ting out in Shoreditch
Old school days, was a Ford Focus, we could barely afford it
Now, it's different boots
Like Ice Spice, she in her mood, gyal pretty but rude
Had to pattern my crew, go straight to the stu'
Young Gs done a glide and they still cut through
Them opps been droppin' like baby teeth, how the fuck did they move brand new? (Eurgh)
Look, I know somethin' there got shot, but we still got new ones to shoot (Listen)

We ain't on what? Leave the hood confused
They only find out when they look on the news
Seen it all, now it's déjà vu
Pronounce that, which opp block should we choose?
New plates wanted smoke, now they need tattoos
Used to give bare verbal abuse (Walla-boom)
Day time or the night time, corn gets diffused from an East-side yute (Look)
Police love operatin' on my crew
'Cause my side stir up the beef like stew
Shotguns get whacked down, split into two
Bare sides wan' do interviews
We tap off our waps, neighbours start singin', we call that rhythm and blues (Eurgh)
Somethin' got— But, now, I gotta pack up and rotate hotel rooms
Same way the young bulls have to rotate the broom (Yo)
Labels see smoke when I bill up a spliff on Zoom
Civils look shocked 'cause there's gun powder in the noon (Eurgh)
Make the wap pop like balloons (Baow)
We don't showboat, but I still got smoke
Had to cancel the date now she thinks I'm rude
I tried to reschedule, she's not in the mood
K-M-T, told her to move
My next link got ass with a waistline and she got ink on her boobs
The good gyal want a badman that's smooth (Eurgh)
Racks and waps in the backpack, ready for war, BT for their crew (Eurgh)
Hit all the age groups, they don't know what to do (Mm-mm)
My niggas all buy smoke, who wants it too? (Listen)

Smoke is smoke, no, it can't be watered
We just shot back, now they all look awkward (Eurgh)
Detectives cockblockin' the shootouts
We try ride out, right now there's a shortage
Fuck that, chip in some change, let me sort it
Had to pattern my ting out in Shoreditch
Old school days, was a Ford Focus, we could barely afford it
Now, it's different boots
Like Ice Spice, she in her mood, gyal pretty but rude
Had to pattern my crew, go straight to the stu'
Young Gs done a glide and they still cut through
Them opps been droppin' like baby teeth, how the fuck did they move brand new? (Eurgh)
Look, I know somethin' there got shot, but we still got new ones to shoot (Eurgh)

urgh)