

Holy ghost  
See my sister in my woes

I'm in my head, I'm a thinker  
Jot the things I never say  
I'm a lead and the Inca  
Tryna keep my head out the mix up  
Niggas whispering my name  
Tell the pussyhole: "Fix up"  
Tryna fly out and turn in the winter  
Smoked salmon and vino  
Watch my reflection grow old in the river like Simba  
I had cloud backup because my notes are coming like scripture  
Tryna paint the perfect picture, the picture was never perfect  
Switched up the mixture, still yak in my elixir  
Pack inside my Rizla, man, I ain't rapping like Twister  
I spit that, inner city the wind and the way it whisper

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Inner city scheming see me weaving through the smoke  
Looking for action  
Money to capture  
Looking for action  
Money to capture

Ever since we popped up  
Played it slow, that's the process  
Laid low like the Loch Ness  
Management, yeah, they dropped us  
But we planned for this, we prophets  
From the Wolly to the Rotten  
Couldn't pull me to the bottom  
Not, no weight on them  
We just two skinny blokes  
With some problems  
Absolve them and hate on them  
We ain't got time to solve and we play to win  
Ain't no fucking way to get around a way of sin, look  
I ain't playing when I say this shit I say within  
Change day to day like when then city grey I change to Timbs  
Rain jacket, drank havoc, ain't a habit  
Yak in it, smacked in it, past frigid  
Single digits, stay smacked only way to stay warm in the winter  
Pour the elixir

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