

Stretch out my rap flow
Hollowman let me switch up to swag mode
I get my spliff up get that rode
Pick up my door key, slip on my black coat
Rip up a rap show
First thing gotta pick up the strap though
Big boy stuttin, that'll rip out your backbone (Ugghhh)
Mad batches
I wouldn't wanna be who the mad catches
But let's switch up from the rap antics
My jeans look gully and the hat matches (Jheeze)
Fantastic
I don't spend cash, nah I grab plastic
I talk about the rap scene, man smashed it
Your CD's whack, cause your man gassed it
Walk in the park, man smash hits
B.E.T. award, man bagged it
Popped up, guns up, Baghdad shit (Ugghhh)
Mad swag shit, crack shit
I can't leave it, strap magnet
Bagged it
Rudework Creme, man backed it
Wiley, hollowman
Man chat shit

Zip it up when badman a pass in
Live shows, live money, we can half it
I used to wonder why my walls had carpet
Friends made jokes and I couldn't even mask it
Now I'm making money with my old friend Target
Got a lemon zoot in my hand, lemme spark it
Tek a one draw, put it down then I aim for the target
MCs thought I was passed it
Put my by the river and I bet you I could part it
Smart kid, our kid, flyboy apartment
We're doing business and they ain't even started
Underground car park where I'm parking
Club nights in the hood is where I started
Somebody said I can't make money
And then my daughter said "somebody farted"
I'm saying somebody charted, Me
Plus somebody's laughing, Me
It's okay in the driveway
Bents in the courtyard, Bikes in the garden
Beef? Beg your pardon
Better step back and from the darkness
When I ball through there'll be no clear skies
And I don't fear guys
I'll be swinging in the market
I'll be swinging in the market
A lot of man are half-hearted
A lot of man don't bark it
A lot of man do it but they didn't start it
Hummer's on the back, roads where I parked it
Grime lands mine, I've already marked it
I'm the king when I roll through anywhere
You're just a king when you roll through Barnet

I'm not a talka
No loose lips, no propaganda
No informer, no information
Never say too much, in a conversation
When mi come thru, that a danger
Big nine millie, one in de chamber
Manna like Triggz don; t bring the Luger
They never see me dark wid a big revolver
Sharp like a razor, cool and deadly
Bigging up mi crew, in de penitentiary
Dark like a who, dem no dark like me
An' mi come to represent for the SDC
Fly gal she like it when mi in a corner
Manaman drive Mercedes, me a push di Beamer
True dapper Dan, manna real super
Man I'm all about the money, I'm a real hustler
Just a likkle heavier
Don't where me live ina Manchester
High explosives in de city centre
Moss side mandem a living gangsta
Black hoodie, black gloves
Dat a shower sniper
Rough rider, see man a Rough Ryder
Peck'nam crew, dem a true soldier
Bow E3, protect it to de T
Rat-a-tat-tat from de big Uzi
Hol' tight Skepta, Prez-T, JME
An' Boy a Better know, see this is de Trigga MC
Hol' tight Giggs, you know see dat a family
Roll Deep, Flow Dan and me bredrin Wiley
An' the Midlands mafia, manna come down proper
See all the flyer squad, you know manna memba
Baseman' a spider, mi bredrin Crocka
Anytime we come tru, we get a likkle darka