

My nigga, my liver, more liquor  
The trick is to pick up a bitch  
And go diggin' for riches, I'm goin' for gold  
Thirty  
All of my brothers are fathers, our mothers were fathers  
With dozens of partners that struggled to find them some gold  
Worthy  
Still we gon' spend like it never depends  
So I hop in that Benz, I don't want to resent what I see in my lens  
Swervy (20-20)  
Keep it one hundred, that's 10 outta 10 outa 10 outta 10 outta 10 outta 10

Ten, ten upon the scales, you should call me "36"  
Made money from the yay like my nigga Burna did  
Had to tell Burna there, stop tryna burn a bridge  
I'm just tryna Mr. Burns, you're just tryna burn a spliff  
Let it burn, let it burn, Burna Boy, burn a bitch  
All my niggas unemployed, but know how to work the wrist  
All your niggas know my worth when it isn't worth the risk  
You don't wanna wait your turn but there's no alternative  
(Skrr, skrr, skrr)

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Live in a struggle, I don't live in a bubble  
Put my daughter to bed, give her a cuddle  
Look at the government halfin' us up and they givin' us trouble  
Well as the governor talkin' 'bout bangers, I given a couple  
(Skrr, skrr, skrr)  
I tell all my enemies, "Fuck it, I don't wanna hear it again"  
(Skrr, skrr, skrr)  
My bredren, my brother, my right hand, my left, I called him a friend  
(Yeah) Back on the prowl, hungry for more, got my back off the ground  
Hennessy, water, I'm back on the brown  
Say it aloud, "Black and I'm proud"  
Classical sound, killin' the brothers that clappin' him down  
Killin' each other and droppin' in flowers  
When all of my brothers got magical powers  
Do or you don't, either you run or you will or you won't  
I'm gon' be honest, I'm bringin' the rope  
Run up on Hollow, I'm bringin' the smoke  
Bringin' them hope, see when I hustle I keep it afloat  
Sweeter than honey, I live in the comb  
That nigga from London, I'm bringin' it home  
(Skrr, skrr, skrr)

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Keep it one hundred, that's 10 outta 10  
I hear the noise when I roll through the ends  
I feel at peace when I role in the Benz  
They roll on on ease when you go to events  
I sold a G when I went to the gents  
That's just a line that went over your head  
They're in the queue just to get to a Z  
Army fatigue, now your soldier is dead

Kill 'em with success, that's just how I kill 'em  
Made it out the ends, left you in your feelings  
I just wanna stretch, I don't want a ceiling  
I just want to flex, never had a pot to pee in