

Issues

Wretch 32

Doing this for Poppy and Buckhead
Be the first nigga that I saw without a budget
Little sister saying fuck it
My little brudda saying fuck it
They'd rather leave their fate in front of judges
Didn't I teach you how to be the next stunners?
Didn't I teach you how to kill the whole summer?
Didn't you see me turn words into numbers?
Tasmanian devils tryna be the Roadrunners
But I love 'em
Got my mum moving stubborn
I guess being black and white's their true colours
Cause where I'm from, most of our parents are redundant
Small family, I had to pair up both my cousins
If the shoe fits, you've gotta wear 'em till there's bunions
Cuh you ain't been to London till you've been inside the dungeon
Yeah

Yeah
Crazy how my drive drive me crazy
My home was mental when my cousin tried to kill me
Now he's in a mental home, kind of crazy
Like my bird, man, she wants a baby
She want a BM, I want a Mercedes
Either way, she's whipped to a 90s baby
Wavy
Who the fuck wants issues?
My nigga never missing your nigga, it never miss you
Who the fuck want pistols?
Shoot for stars, shoot the bloodclart missile
Yeah, I swear down
My nigga what's mine was yours, it's theirs now
We came so far, thrones are just chairs now
I'm firing shots at the bar, I've got bare rounds
And I'm fucking wavy
F-f-f-fucking wavy

None of these niggas are on my level
I'm tryna find the Roley with the presidential bezel
This is my come-up, this is my come-up
Keep it so dungeon, oh, I am so London
This is a one-of-one, oh, there is no other
You're only fucking a nigga cause he's bought you some Balmain
Looking for the money and the women, nigga, yeah, we want the whole thing
I've been OT on my ooh no
I've been spending this money all on my ooh no
Getting money, how the fuck would you know?
I've been OT on my ooh no

I was OT on my Jones
In the 15 with me and my bros
Top down in the winter, too grown
Move rocks, got bands, that's a rolling stone
True say, man have always been about, I don't ever stop
The gyal you running down, type of gyal I be sending shop
Down the lab to buy, when I buss, she be getting off
You can have a thousand Gs with you and still get a box

Yeah, and that's some new ish
You niggas sitting on the block don't ever do ish
She says the beat mad, and that my music
She said I changed, I said I don't wanna lose it
Cause nowadays we switch side for colours like a Rubik's
In the booth or the trap, man, I do bits
I take the piss, plus I never give two shits
Pass me the glove, I don't care if the shoe fits, Hurra

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