

Young Fire, Old Flame

Wretch 32

Practice what you preach
Stop letting snakes rattle in your streets
I remember feds put me in a grapple in my teens
I was choking, screaming that I couldn't breathe
Imagine I was Eric Garner
See, this was way before the camera phone sagas
Stopped me in my middle and I didn't get no after
Imagine Martin Luther King was Obama
Lately, I feel they've been preeing my vibe
That's why I keep it in drive
Pull up, skrrrr, jump out the ride
(Big 45) Shit, that was broad daylight
If I shoot you, I'm brainless
If you shoot me, you're famous
Jay wrote the Bible and I studied all the pages
Never judge a book by the cover
You get cases, the game's so dangerous
Social worker flow, I grew up in a social worker home
I never let the social get involved
Cause now I'm antisocial
While everybody's tryna find emotion
Me, I'm tryna go and buy a ghost so I can disappear in it
Fruits of my labour, now I'm Tony Blair with it
Black lives matter cuh they're killing bare niggas
And we're some rare niggas
They don't wanna know our life story

I don't wanna know about nobody else
Cause I swear nobody else ain't wanna know about me
I still barely know myself but now they know about me
They want hugs but there's arms letting go around me
I hope my niggas safe
There's no church in the wild but I know my niggas pray
I spent days in the back, back in the days
That's why the only social thing about me is my Twitter page
Tweet, tweet
I can get a couple bags for a retweet
You don't buy views when you're chilling in the box seats
Before, I couldn't afford to see Thierry Henry
I just shared a box with Thierry Henry
It's just perspective

Now let me give you mine
The shit I don't is the shit you like
Imagine having nothing but a diamond that'll give you dimes
That's you, momma, I'd kill myself just to give you life
You taught me to have bottle and now I give you wine
Whatever's mine is yours, that's why I give you mine
That's real nigga shit, I know, nigga, shit's real where I've grown
We grew up in broken homes, tryna fix being broke, yeah

Heads high, tryna kill 'em on the low
We were young, Kid Rocks just slinging from our phones
When the block got hot, we were tipping on our toes
Then they got tipped off, started kicking in our homes

How the fuck are you gonna kill my dreams? I don't even sleep

I ain't reaching my peak, I'll peak and I won't even reach, yeah
I was in T with O for some P
Now I satnav TOP when I'm roaming the streets

I was an O or two away from owning a ki
But now I've got Millennium Dome in my reach
I'm roaming the streets, holding my peace, holding my P
So you ain't got a chair for me cuh the throne is my seat

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Let it burn till we kill the whole game
Young fire, old flame, young fire, old flame
Let it burn till we kill the whole game[x8]