

Suberia

Young T & Bugsey

I gotta make it
I gotta make it
I gotta make it
It sounds like Nyge
I gotta make it

Aight, yo
No see the records getting straight so imma set the tone
They wanna touch me but they can't and that is well unknown
I'm breaking bread I had to feed them with a single loaf
The day my brother died a lot of niggas left the roads
I'm with the thicky in a telly up in Marylebone
At yardie though you see me I'm playing a game of dominos
I used to hustle on a double shift with Chris
You are the star girl, come on make your wish
I'm in the area, she gimme that aquarius
I hear everybody's fate depending what it varies on
They hate that I did it made him inferior
When it comes to the women I'm like suberia
Cold, ashamed, the times it wasn't froze
They know I'm still on the green I'm feeling like a gnome
My grandparents a mare they livin' up the road
A new edition of home, congratulate, [?]

How many storms did I weather, under the weather?
Lately I've been doing whatever whenever
I'm on Lake Como, I say ciao bella to Bella
Tellin' her goodbyes are temporary they never forever
That's why they envy yes I treat her like Erykah
Men are checking your temperatures, I'm up in Bottega Veneta
I seen you buckle under pressure bitin' more than you can chew
This is what it's gotta be nigga do what you gotta do
I can't choose between a wagon and a coupe
I ain't roundin' up the troops
I'm Cristiano never hanging up my boots
Tug of war between my damsel and my zeus
They ain't fighting for the Guc'
I know it's fucked but you know fuckin' [?]
I know Rachel, I know Sasha and I know Delilah
I'm building walls to break 'em down, 'cause I'm a womaniser
I had to analyse it, flyin' straight 'cause all my life I never had a
pilot
My nigga gotta stretch the game, my bro on Rikers Island

I gotta make it
I gotta make it