

Ok

Hey yo Dice

History in the making

This one for them pagans

This one for them breddas watching all my vids and hating

This one for them chicks who never had it now they rating

I've been working so hard, it's time to show them that I'll make it

Didn't wanna kick it, now she wanna ball

Didn't give me credit now that bitch she wanna call

Telling me I'm tripping, tell that bitch I'm not a fool

I spent six year in JA how can you tell me I don't ball

I put murder in my ink, hid that burner under my sink

Could have been in jail with my mandem, but I'm the only one that thinks

These girls trying to catch me slipping, they can't see a thing through my tints

Hey Dice, double up on them drinks

Yeah I cleaned all the way up but I still walk around with that lean

Won't catch me stunting in jewels, because I don't wear ice if I don't get cream

Yeah I used to move flake, now I'm with Kone, that's my team

More time and me, him and Krept we up all night and we chasing our dream

Call me Martin Luther King, me I do the thing

Meet me in the ring, ain't letting it slide I'd rather swing

I got women on my case, all the ever do is ping

Me I'm from a deep ends where you gonna drown if you can't swim

Trying to keep my head above that water

Dodgy plates on that Corsa

Never been a talker

It's RIP if you fuck with my Ora

Doing a hundred on that motorway in some shit we never thought'a

And these days I get free kicks but I'm just a boy from the corner

I go dizzy to make that gwop, you got a nookie I'll take that, what?

Dreading that I've got the game on lock

Girl will have to clear herself from my spot

Because I've got bars on top of bars, the only way is the top

Who would have thought I'd be the heartbreak kid but I used to love the rock

Now these girls all up in my grille

Might get a nandos if she's real

If it ain't studio then I'll chill

With this girl from the East End that I feel

If I come around and I'm beating, she already know the deal

She won't see me the morning after, all she's gonna see is a pill

Ok let me state the facts, pull the cat out of the hat

Ain't got a deal but I'm already getting pats

Is your sister [?] Are you fucking Ms Bratt?

Rumors in my presence I'm like get the hell off my sack

Concentrate on my gift

Don't concentrate on my dick

All these clowns are hating because I'm living up to my wish

When people stare, it gives me such a lift

I'm just writing bars, getting dough and ticking girls off my list, bitch