

## Deep Down

Yungen

I hate when man talk but they ain't on nutten  
Honestly, I don't like it  
And man say they looking for me, till I pull up  
All of a sudden now man short-sighted  
I know man think I won't risk it (They don't)  
Like I ain't got bread to line it  
Like I ain't man to fire it  
10 on your head, I'll make my accountant wire it (Bap, bap!)

You wanna war me, I admire it  
I ain't inna this talking ting  
I'll make man go round and bine it  
You gotta to know how to time it  
Man wanna talk about whatever the weather  
But they ain't got heat for this kinda climate (They don't)  
Richest man to come out my postcode (Facts)  
Don't make me catch you slipping before I release and use you as promo  
I really live this life, I don't really get FOMO (I don't)  
Like Popcaan I'm a gyalis  
All my life I've had K-Ci and JoJos (True)  
Throw it back, I wanna see it slow-mo  
She don't even know who I am  
But she knows I'm lit, so she want a photo  
Pull up with a hundred bitches, I ain't gotta say "no homo" (I don't)  
And she's more famous than me  
But I don't need clout, so I'm keeping it low-low

Deep down!  
I know that you ain't on this ting  
Deep down!  
I know that you don't want this ting  
Deep down!  
I know that you ain't on this ting  
Got a new one for the dons to sing  
Deep down!

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I hate when man talk but they ain't on piss  
Just running their lips  
Not guilty, do him like Kaylum  
If he ain't got the cannon, he's shaving  
When I step in the dance, I ain't holding a search  
Somebody grab me a belt  
L's caught \*\*\*\*\* slipping  
I told him 'low it, I need to slap him myself  
Yeah  
Dropped a rack on these brand new cargos  
Since I made me an M, me I've got all bougie  
I need chilli flakes on my avocado

I had to wire bro for a string of things  
Comin' like Avon and Marlo  
These days I fly first-class  
Who would've thought when me and Grips jacked S in Harlow

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