

## Off The Record 3

Yungen

Yeah, Yungs  
This one's Off the Record  
[?] in the building, of course

I've seen weed turn my best friend mad  
Why do you think that I don't blaze?  
I've seen my favourite rappers go broke  
Why do you think that I don't rave?  
I don't stunt when I get paid  
Me, I'd rather get the dough and save  
I've got my dream whipped but I'm still working like a slave  
Move my mum out of the hood before I got myself a chain  
Sixteen, I should've been in school getting grades  
But I was putting my other best friend in the grave  
The OG's in the ends say they're proud and I'm brave  
I took their sons out the hood, they never throw shade  
I've had bags, I've had boxes, I've rolled with a blade  
Yeah Lord knows I've sinned but not as much as I've prayed  
I put my bredrins on their first flight  
I've beat the girls that you wifeyed on the first night  
I've had the worst nights  
I watched my bredrin go and dip a yout'  
Then switch up and change the road for the church life, it's mad  
If you're my brother, you don't stab me in the back  
So I guess you ain't my brother 'cause you never had my back  
And if I left it down to you, you would've left me in the trap  
And I know that one will hurt because you know I'm talking facts  
Yeah, another problem I didn't need  
I found a way out when they didn't believe  
And don't question if I'm loyal fam, when I support Liverpool  
In 26 years I ain't seen us win the league  
Uh, I still never walk alone  
My cous' came out of jail, I gave him dough like "Welcome home"  
A couple years ago I might've bought him food but fuck all that man I'm grow  
n  
This is that real shit, this ain't no sad tune  
I would bring everyone if I had room  
Yeah I've got neeky friends and I've got mad goons  
Who ain't got tats, but they've got stab wounds  
My nephew, he just listens to that gang shit  
I do this shit so he don't have to do that gang shit  
Chilling on my lonely and we're vibing to that Sam Smith  
Rubbing on my palms at the Atlantis  
Fam I lost the girl I love to bitch tryna live up to this rap shit  
Now every girl I link's just some gold-digging catfish  
Or they're just some table-hopping broke hoes moving like they're ratchet  
Acting all prestige but they don't have shit  
That's why I don't club and I don't own no diamonds  
I don't buy spades, my hearts still be shining  
I don't wanna know why you ain't blown, stop crying  
Fam you chose to marry hoes, why you whining?  
I told my brother put down the clips, focus on the grinding  
Fuck who blows next, it's hard work and it's timing  
G's moving silent, it's always dickheads that are hyping  
You only sell draws bro, you ain't ducking sirens  
I've seen man question if I'm bad  
Question if I'm really from the hood

Yeah that's sweet, you can question all you want  
But don't ever question if I'm good  
I go inside out  
You ain't never seen your bredrin back his 9 out  
Real life, broad day shit where you can't sign out  
Ask Sneakbo if I'm lying, I've even seen fucking angels ride out  
I've been on my block from 11  
15 I was in Crown Court with 5 of my bredrins  
Apes, the feds tried to say they found a weapon  
Before I moved to Thornton Heath, I was looking at a 7  
Yeah, I see a lot of funny shit  
I saw a lot of man jumping ship  
They thought they ended my career with that running clip  
Two years later, look who's platinum and who's running shit