

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 grown

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