

Freestyle For Semtex

Yxng Bane

Young, black, intelligent
But don't ever tell it
Quick to turn around and tell you, that he wouldn't make it
Forget what the teacher says, its all on the blackboard
He gon' make a livin, all of out this damn chalk
He wants bricks for a mortgage
For those who put upon a pavement
Rocks up in his Benz's, for those he put up in his (pause)
Gold grills for when he smile, to go and make a statement
Cah he held it silent, every time it was in the station
I didn't wake up to this man, I done put the work in
I asked you, how could you doubt me?
Couldn't answer the question
Four siblings, one room; you don't know that shame
West ham just released my brother, you don't know that pain
I'm markin weed with my bro
Cah he serve more on a plate
7am they kick the door down, they're shoutin' out your dads name
Its like the fifth time, in five years to try wipe him out the game
You don't know bout' livin lavish
Then one day it all changed
I lost a family member, every year like three years straight
Four years, my mother still ain't seen my grandmothers grave
And I just booked her a flight, to make all that change
Shots to my sister, in like six years [?]
Man someone tell her that I miss her, I still love her the same
All these don peri-ons, couldn't drive my pain
I move the O out of young, and that's the remain Bane
Man I always pull up in the dark
Watch how I make this change
So when I start flexing, don't ask me why
I'm a go and cop a neckless, don't ask me why
I'm a drop that top in the winter, don't ask me why
So don't ask me why
You rappin' for a fashion, cah you seen a man do it
I'm rappin' in so way that you would shit my nizzit [?]
But if it doesn't pay off my nizzit
I put the mic time, banaclava season
You just sayin' it, but we really straight outta that gutter
Oh you thought it was a joke, screamin' that I'm from favela
Council houses, estates
Boy in the [?] kitchen plates
Me and you not the same
Lord help me make a way
For my family's sake, I put my pride to the grave
To - they tryna money - eh
Tryna - ah [?] ah
Active really or come out
These niggas send me death threats
I walk around on my lonelies, I still ain't dead yet
Look you couldn't talk to me about no paigons
Cah we the only yungin's bring foreign's on Freemasons
Hermit road, we park Mercedes and Rove Rangers
I went from Butchers road, to shutting down stages
And I can guarantee that they got Mover on their playlist
It's eight bills just to tie some laces
And you can have your woman back dawg

Because she's basic
If this was a Fire in the Booth, man I cremate it
Cleared my mum's debt at 18 - rate me
I grew up in favela, how the hell could I stay clean?
Posted on PRMI, they hold -
You act bold here and his - will split your -
I'm tired of rap lies, everybody seem 36
I'm tired of Instagram, everybody seems to be rich
But we on now, the games a bitch
I beat her up, might aswell be Chris Brown
She used to air me now, but I be the one she rings now
Never gave me credit, but she rings when I touch her tight
When I touch her tight
Hey listen, learn from those who did it before you
Put your money where you mouth is, went and put in on my tooth
Learn from those who did it before you
Peaches copped another range, my hitter that makes two
I wanna see the books, I done seen the paper
Cah everybody stares, when your swags elevated
I'm a killer with' the swag, I could rock some Chucky Taylor's
I know she wid the coach, she used to kick it with' the players
We'll recognize who's real, now who the hell is you?
I'm on some next ish', I can't come number two
I'm so number one, and yeah I'm the don
Them gyal love me, mi nuh care bout' you
When Wretch dropped Be Cool, I said I'm so three two
Man I can't stop watching, I got these females clockin'
Still hugo bossin', Stone cold stunnin
The say they gonna ride me, when they see me and they doing nothin
So I'm Vivian Westwood on my head boppin'
I got some Jordan's on I'm creppin'
I got a rolly on, I got your female clockin'