

See I been thinking bout my life lately
How my life's crazy
It's kind of fucking with me
It you wanna hit me
Best you dickheads come and get me
I'm always round town
Ands always got it with me
Always on the road
Up and down, getting busy
Never home
Forever roming this fucking city
It's a fucking pity
Why they wanna envy me
So fucking silly
Never could you end my spree
I'm a G
Until the lord sends for me
I cook beef
Koke's got the recipe
I hope you cunts rest in peace
And stop hating on the next to be
I know why they vexed with me
Cos the flows like exstacy
I'm so live
Thats why your bitch is next to me
Hoes alive
Koke's got sex appeal, No lie
I'm so North West for real

Couple of bags on my arm
Doctoring your bracelet
You think your hard
Then pussy come and take it
I have the doctor asking where your face went
The shots doops
And it can tell you where your waist went
Have these brains in
Brains on the pavement
Snitches in the station
Writing out statements
If he's not patient
He ends up a patient
I put dutch on his head
Like a asian, blatant
I can see that their hating
Still money making
Great things, fire for the snake thing
Line him up and blaze him
Riding with the A-team