

Cheerio

S.A.S

Reppin' London Town out here
We go round-a-round the globe like merry-go
Kiss your fame goodbye, say "Cheerio"
Dipset, high commission is major, ay

Like Doctor King, May had a dream, then I had a scheme
Now the streets call me King like the magazine
We got the keys to the city
Coppin' and shuttin'
Still moving keys through the city
F a crew, we living threat
So F your troops and your little Techs
We coppin' nukes on the Internet
I been a vet, made a stack and a few ends
Hustlin' packs, now May back like that new Benz
A few gems, jewels and ice
Shoes is right, back to the future Nikes
I run with dudes that'll slap yo' kids (then what)
They'll hang they ass off the balcony like Jacko did
I'm stressed to figure how he the bestest nigga
S.A.S. is bigger, I beg to differ
We invading them tapes
Now the kids in the states say the kid is amazing like grace
Amen

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For the price of fame, icy chains
In a blink of a eye, Blood, ya life could change
Yeah, nights was strange, I was gettin' no sleep
But I had to hold heat, livin' in these cold streets
Down for spittin', bound to rip them
Yo they siad we was nice but we sounded different
Now you clowns is dissin', quit that chit-chat
Chain out in Marcy, you wouldn't risk that
It's kinda vivid though, was the life I was livin' bro
Came from Britian for spittin' but was flippin' to get the dough
You should listen and see the vision if you don't get the flow
It's a hustle, kids in the struggle, that's who I'm reppin' fo'
This ain't hard to write, my bars is tight
I ain't tryna be locked behind bars, that's right
Been through plenty wars, now I'm scarred for life
I'm like the American flag, I got stars and stripes, yeah

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F the U.K. rap scene, waitin' on a dream
I was in the crack scene waitin' on a fiend
Like we ain't that team, as blatant as it seems
Catch me with the cap, lean, blazing on the green an'
Now I'm signed, you gon' see me grow

Into a songwriter, publisher, CEO
See me bro, the streets wanna see me blow
They acting young and restless like the TV show

Mega:

We went from a still crowd to hearin' them real lud
Yo it's blatant, we blazin', we makin' 'em real proud
Inticipatin', awaitin' this I'll sound
Mega never fakin', I'm statin' the real now
So act the wrong way, get clapped the arms spray
I got hits with the Dips and tracks with Kanye
But I'm still gutter cuz I'm still in the gutter
Keep my steel in the gutter when I'm dealing that butter
Oh

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