

# Breathe

Tinchy Stryder

Breathe, I'll breath and I'm right back in the blaze of fire,  
Breathe, I'll breath and I'm right back in the blaze of fire,  
Breathe, I'll breath and I'm right back in the blaze of fire,  
Breathe, I'll breath and I'm right back in the flames of fire,  
I'm right back in the roof of fire,  
Then I hit back to the streets of fire.

Yeah, and I'm searching I'm searching,  
And they told me I'm still so young but I feel like I'm ageing,  
I'm so road I'm attached to the pavement,  
None of yous know what things I be facing,  
None of them know what dreams I be chasin,  
I spend time in the studio days in,  
Soldier, carry an award on my back but I'm lyinf if I say my shoulders ain't  
acheing,  
I can feel it it's all in the air,  
Voices echoing all in my ear,  
I'm so focused only look forward,  
Don't look back cause \*few words here I could'ntcatch\*  
Clown like stryder I flow in the air,  
I'm so far but I'm yet so near but,  
But I'm still the golden boy look,  
Rule told me I'm the golden boy.

This ain't one of them perfect paintings,  
I've fallen close to breaking,  
They say I'm a star in the making,  
Me I say I'm paper chasing.

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And I'm not wow not many not one or two set backs,  
I been let down countless times,  
I react like lee get deep on the lines,  
Countless rhymes and call it a comeback,  
I stand back reload then I come back,  
Any MC talk loose and I done that,  
And I done this from days like way back,  
And them days ain't never gonna come back,  
Paper level ain't rising enough,  
And it's not like strydes ain't grimeing enough,  
And I screen like ross was straight on a track,  
Cause we came from the bottom and we're climbing it up,  
I'm so sure if we double up but it feels like somethings holding me up but,  
But I'm still the golden boy,  
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Yea, like some boy deep in the mind I'm thinking,  
Somewhere along the lines of,  
Whys my manhood giftin the part look, (not sure about this line)  
That's why I can't smile let alone laughin,  
Man are like lately strydes ain't back in these raves,  
Nah man I'm spending the night with (word here I could'ntunderstand, nase or something.),  
Plus it's all fake there,  
Faces fake there,  
Me I relax and I sing for the paves/paids,  
Word is I ain't in the ends no more,  
And I heard I seem copped 3 door look,  
Truth is I'm still in the ends with words,  
Tryna move out get away from the curbs,  
They said I don't spit? draw? no more,  
I'm like family I gotta care less no more why?,  
Cause I'm still the golden boy,  
Rule told me I'm the golden boy.

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