

Holy Moly

Tinie Tempah

Nah, come on T, man
Not even chatting to these bruddas, man
They're boys, man, baby boys
Still got Oysters and that
Not even oyster perpetuals
Time's different on their wrists

Oh my god, look at my Roley
Look at my squad, like holy moly
Oh my god, look at my Roley
Look at my squad

Yeah, fuck it, I'm a selfish prick
Stacking I go getting rich
Rocking YSL and shit
You in the ghetto getting nicked
Champagne glasses in the whip
Moses told me that it's lit
I've got makeup on my dick
Holy cow, holy shit
Wore no collars when we met
Make up stories in their heads
When this morning, made some eggs
For your bae in my bed
I have things but not success
I got steaks and overheads
Closed mouths don't get fed
Boy, you tired, go to bed
I'm alive and I'm a ledge
You're alive, so why you dead?
Imhotep in the flesh
Boujee bastard in the flesh
Niggas say it with their chest
I just say it, then it's pressed
'Raris in the SLS
Parties in the SLS
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I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm a fucking nervous wreck
God, I hate these sycophants
Everything that's in my head
Sound like Kanye when he raps
I don't do this for my 'Gram
I don't do this for no bants
Why you tweeting me this shit?
You ain't fucking relevant
Someone tell 'em that I'm woke
Someone tell 'em that he's broke
Someone tell 'em that the boy done seen a mill at 24
In Australia for a show
You in Shoreditch doing coke
I got a mac by five guys, anyone can get this smoke

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Kings all in my lineage
No trace, no witness
Pray to God for forgiveness
Lambo all tinted
The kids all know the plate
Chicks go all the way
It's one phone call away

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I'm a boss
In a Porsche
It's very posh
Too much sauce
Too much sauce
And my house is like my exes
Too much sauce
My Lamborghini
It look like Jaws
That's not a Roley
It's Michael Kors
Too much sauce
You best run back to your older boy
I know young Gs is gon' FaceTime if they wil' out like Soulja Boy
Like rah