

The 15th

Wretch 32

In the 15th with my bros yeah
Lagos I wanna come home o
So ma rora, so ma rora, so ma rora
Cause I need you
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Lagos I wanna come home o
So ma rora, so ma rora, so ma rora
Cause I need you, I miss you yeah

1 ah penny, 2 ah penny, 3 nuh penny dem
Probably want a pound when they see me in the flesh
Looking for my cheese? I don't keep it in my bread
It's a good thing they love me in my ends
Whole team full circle, nah there's not a semi here
The trap queens get wrapped cah there's not a Fetty here
Been on a red carpet way before a premiere
But now its red carpets right before the premiere
I was watching Compton I was thinking 'bout Eazy-E
If I can't buss the pussy open, what's a key to me?
Can't let a pussy take my life, I've got the streets with me
Baby you don't need no more D, you need some decency
Some dedication, try and be the next D&G
You don't need no more 'fleek' or indecency
Here, cause my ends is the baddest
One bag of suitcase full of madness, yeah
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Cause I need you, I miss you yeah

I don't wanna go home, I've been out here doing my thing
Being broke is a joke, I've been getting it in
No sleep keep going till they crown me king
For my bros that are dead and the ones on the wing
I'm going crazy, I'm going ham I'm up in late mode
I'm working hard I'm like a scapegoat
They call me 'Bobo, I use to never photos
My life changed, thank God Joe
Now I'm in the South, girls love it when I'm up in the ends
We turn up, get drunk, give a bottle to them
I was always on the block fam my life was dead
Now when I go North, I can dial-in Wretch
And I be in the 15th with my bros
If you know, then you know, then you know
Everybody trying to get dough, yeah

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I love it and she knows it
I get sick of home leave then I'm getting homesick, oh
Clap for my whole click
We're just cutthroat man I didn't cut focus, oh
Grew up with the screw-ups
But I grew up, didn't screw up doing dirt in the sewer

Had ties in the ends before I learned to tie my shoe up
Now my recorder she didn't blow me 'till I blew up
Hoes say they love us, they don't really love us
See I rolled with my brothers, for 20-odd summers
Now I've got a hole in my stomach, from burying my brothers
Good thing they love me in my ends though

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