## Young Fire, Old Flame

Practice what you preach Stop letting snakes rattle in your streets I remember feds put me in a grapple in my teens I was choking, screaming that I couldn't breathe Imagine I was Eric Garner See, this was way before the camera phone sagas Stopped me in my middle and I didn't get no after Imagine Martin Luther King was Obama Lately, I feel they've been preeing my vibe That's why I keep it in drive Pull up, skrrr, jump out the ride (Big 45) Shit, that was broad daylight If I shoot you, I'm brainless If you shoot me, you're famous Jay wrote the Bible and I studied all the pages Never judge a book by the cover You get cases, the game's so dangerous Social worker flow, I grew up in a social worker home I never let the social get involved Cause now I'm antisocial While everybody's tryna find emotion Me, I'm tryna go and buy a ghost so I can disappear in it Fruits of my labour, now I'm Tony Blair with it Black lives matter cuh they're killing bare niggas And we're some rare niggas They don't wanna know our life story

I don't wanna know about nobody else Cause I swear nobody else ain't wanna know about me I still barely know myself but now they know about me They want hugs but there's arms letting go around me I hope my niggas safe There's no church in the wild but I know my niggas pray I spent days in the back, back in the days That's why the only social thing about me is my Twitter page Tweet, tweet I can get a couple bags for a retweet You don't buy views when you're chilling in the box seats Before, I couldn't afford to see Thierry Henry I just shared a box with Thierry Henry It's just perspective

Now let me give you mine The shit I don't is the shit you like Imagine having nothing but a diamond that'll give you dimes That's you, momma, I'd kill myself just to give you life You taught me to have bottle and now I give you wine Whatever's mine is yours, that's why I give you mine That's real nigga shit, I know, nigga, shit's real where I've grown We grew up in broken homes, tryna fix being broke, yeah

Heads high, tryna kill 'em on the low We were young, Kid Rocks just slinging from our phones When the block got hot, we were tipping on our toes Then they got tipped off, started kicking in our homes

How the fuck are you gonna kill my dreams? I don't even sleep

## Wretch 32

I ain't reaching my peak, I'll peak and I won't even reach, yeah I was in T with O for some P Now I satnav TOP when I'm roaming the streets

I was an O or two away from owning a ki But now I've got Millennium Dome in my reach I'm roaming the streets, holding my peace, holding my P So you ain't got a chair for me cuh the throne is my seat

Young fire, old flame, young fire, old flame Let it burn till we kill the whole game Young fire, old flame, young fire, old flame Let it burn till we kill the whole game[x8]