

Suck Yourself

N-dubz

when
Instead of doin somethin good with my life
I was out feelin untouchable, tryna rock grown men
I dunno how hes done it but my lawyer is a gee for keepin me outta pen
If it wernt for him and my paps, I'd be lookin at a 10
We all used to shot food but it was more about who was the gulliest in the ends
Shout out to Tinchy, I was smaller than my guns
One thing we wouldnt do and that was shot a mans mum
But I was jammed up at the crack house, all night long
See man OD'in of the needle and the needle and the bong
When mornin used to come I'd smell mingin
The weather was always fucked my line never stopped dingin'
Cubba, white, brown pills, you can name me anything
There was nothin we wernt slingin
Look at me now I'm singin
At my little sons grinnin
Mums gotta skits out, when she sees her new yard n kitchen
The scene needs coachin
Put your'e album out, same day as us and we'll see who's roastin!
Suck yourself!
You don't kill!
I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that you ain't never cocked no still
Real recognise real!
You know the deal
If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit
I'ma see ya when you make a mill
When you make a mill
When ya make a mill, I'ma see ya
Respected by G's cos I never tried to be one
But I've been around Dappy and money makers
It's football and music, or let the streets take us (no lie)
Uh, I never lie in my bars
Artist blow and make up a part
They start liein to the listeners, I tell em be yaself, the real G's ain't listenin!
But nowadays everybodys bad, everybodys gotta strap on everybody bangs
And I don't give a shit if ya grinding
if ya clothes look shit, your'e a tramp!
I'm sick and tired of these Youtube gee's, gettin pissed of because ya girl Youtubes me
I swear down these Niggers make me sick

Na na nii, throw up a C
Please, Mr Munks all good
Ya think my hair weren't cut the way I'm good in my hood
I pass through like sho they show love
It's an event whenever I shows up

The money it goes up, day by day
And baby, pricks should never say my name
I came, from a place where it's all or nothin'
So I'ma take all and leave the boys nothin'
Leave the boys scuffin' yeah, fightin over shit
Number 2 album, Nigger I'm the shit
Ey yo Da's look now were winnin
We use to be in the flats chillin
Look at me now spittin
Teeth still grinnin
Pass through my hood
Big gully A R chain swingin
Paid so I'm boastin
I can burn bread
On 1 4 corner ways
Suck yourself!

You don't kill! (You don't kill!)

I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that you ain't never cocked no still
Real recognise real!

You know the deal (You know the deal)
If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit
I'ma see ya when you make a mill
When you make a mill

Yo

I was never ballin
My trainers all had smiles on their faces they were talkin
Always dressin bummy in some oversized tracksuite
Runnin round the streets where the gully is the black dudes
Robbin Niggers bare faced
I knew it wasnt fair mate
We'd lick a couple lappys
And we'd meet up at the staircase
Uncle B was the realest thing that I believed in
Didn't think 4 years down the line, I'd still be grievin'
And I ain't leavin, so ...
Suck yourself! (Suck yourslef!)

You don't kill! (You don't kill!)

I can tell the way you talk about these fuckin straps that you ain't never cocked no still
Real recognise real!

You know the deal! (Ungrateful!)
If ya on this ting and you ain't talkin shit
I'ma see ya when you make a mill
When you make a mill
Fuck it!

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