

Deep Blues (feat. Damon Albarn)

Kano

Now we're fucking rapping for fashion
More infatuated with Ferraris and Astons
I'm not Martin, but crown me the king of just blacking
Out on this disc of plastic
But hidden in these flows is undeniable passion
Never worked a day in my life, all I know is rap
Life's had bigger submissions but I won't tap
The people's done with the fiction, now they want fact
Go underground, but mind the gap
Trap, trap, trap, now everybody's trapping
And it sounds like trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
'Bout that life, but are you really 'bout it
When them white rocks steal your uncle
And they just won't give him back?
Ain't seen ever, just come out of prison
I just hope that he ain't using but the truth will beg to differ
Life can get really, really real
Life can get really, really realDeep, deep blues
Deep, deep blues
Deep, deep blues
Deep, deep bluesVery bad news, just found out that my bredrin's mum's got cancer
While I'm online looking at back shots of the week
Soph's mum's ill, might need an operation
And I'm online looking at Rolexes, it's not that time
Billy lost a baby, that shit fucking pains me
And all I lost's a gram, popping bottles and a day's sleep
Nanan's husband died, such is life
But white rum, nine night
Money, money, money, that's what the yout man worship
It's the devil and he's working, hard
But karma is a mother, and you can't keep dodging bullets
Lesson learned, suggest you take it and, run
Cause when you're sitting in a cell, just had an altercation
And the victim's in a coma, if he dies, we're going jail
Life just got really, really real
Life just got so fucking realDeep, deep blues
Deep, deep blues
Deep, deep blues (Life just got so fucking real)

Deep, deep blues

Songwriters

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