

Outro

Giggs

[Verse: 1]

I 'member back when I used to get schooled
Talking bout when everyone I knew used to be cool
Running round brainless yeah we used to be fools
Grab a chain, pawn shop had no use for the jewels
I knew what I wanted had no use for schools
I got kicked out of, had no use for the rules
Then all of a sudden I'm shooting at dudes
A nigga couldn't make slips of the stupidest move
Back when it used to be safe
I love Pecknam guess I'm used to the place
Talking bout the trap yes I'm used to the race
Early morning bagging up in a room full of base
All for the love of the taste
They used to come and see me and it used to be laced
Remember when a nigga used to drink Hennessy chased
Now I'm so stressed my Courvoisier's usually straight
A lot of devils in the game but I move with the saints
There's nothing for a nigga to get your movement erased
You lose a nigga man you can't get that shooter replaced
Every way that you ever thought it usually ain't
Im looking outside and its cold out
Thinking how much longer can i hold out
I've had enough and I've said it out my own mouth
I guess its in for the new, throw the old out
Skeletons in nigga's closest let the skulls out
I'm out here on my own nigga no doubt
But if its on niggas strap it up and roll out
Christmas niggas wrapping up your whole house
I 'member back when it used to be hard
Old school days back when we used to be dawgs
Back when it used to be laughs
Bag of weed days back when it used to be halves
But a nigga's gotta step up and loosen the past
I'm holding on too tight gotta loosen the grasp
Is he spitting real shit you'll stupid to ask
When fake niggas can't understand and make stupid remarks
Some niggas even think dumber like moving to clark
Like hes ever portrayed that hes a yute to be crossed

Niggas put faces on and get used to the mask
Then its like they get confused and lose where they are
Rolling with my yute in the car
Hes laughing while he holds a balloon in his arms
Thinking back to when I used to wipe poo off his arse
For him not to grow up like me i'll be schooling his arse
On the road to redemption, there's too many tasks
I'd like to tell my whole story but there's too many parts
But anything you need to know all you do is just ask
Show him guidance so he don't ruin his chance
Cos growing up got me thinking more wisely
Done a lot of silly shit to piss of the almighty
So if I got to his heavenly gates
And I was standing outside do you think he'll invite me?
All for a couple of pound
The big spliff in my mouth and a cup of that brown
A .45 and a couple of rounds
To be the niggas well known to make duppies in town
The street life has its ups and its downs
Even the craziest yute ain't as tough as he sounds
It's just that fear factor got him off of the ground
The last thing he heard that brudda scream now he's stuck with the sound
And you'll never forget that it happened
That's the way it goes down right from ghetto to Clapham
I can't lie I'm upset that's the pattern
That's why every track you hear is infected with passion
I accept the importance
Them mad streets where I stepped in them Jordans
Thats why every time I open my eyes in the morning
I thank God just for blessing my organs

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