

Aitch, 2 G's

Yeah

Came a long way from being posted at the shop
About a tenner in my pocket, thinking how to get my guap
I'm not lookin' to get nicked so I ain't tryna hit the block
And from a kid, I always knew, I wasn't gonna get a job
So I'm rollin' round, plottin', tryna go with what I got
A couple lyrics on my phone, minor ones, it's nuttin' hot
Tryna get into position, gotta battle for my spot
And now I'm stood in front of cameras 'cause I really took my shot
I don't wanna trap, I like my money clean
I don't fuck wit' cash and so the card is spendin' couple G's
I been goin' mad, we've had to up the fees
Rockstar shit in every city, bitches love the team
Step in a the area, I'm flexin' in my shades
Hella women in the building, they all different kinda shapes
Seems to me like everybody's askin' for the Aitch
But I'm busy, get the calendar and rearrange the dates

Two G's on the belt

Yeah, I'm feeling this girl and now I'm feeling myself (Ah, ah)

You ain't seen these on the shelf

She wants D, I can tell

Head to feet in Chanel (Woo)

Two G's on the belt

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Head to feet in Chanel

Nah, you ain't gotta worry babe

Just make it, shake it, show me what your mummy made (Ah, ah)

Saying things she shouldn't say

Then she wanna pull a face when I said she couldn't stay

Still, I told her "Fly over", you wanna come and play?

Put herself straight in the Uber because she couldn't wait

See my freestyle with Kenny and now she want a taste

Obviously she hasn't heard "Wait" because she wanna date (Wait)

Came to hit the belly, that's for certain

I'm workin', trust me when I'm ready fam, it's curtains

I been laying low and I been learning

Tables been turning, bridges been burning, but fuck it though

Celebrate, mix my liquor with the lemonade

Bun a little wedding cake and meditate

Ask me what I'm doing and I probably said the same thing as yesterday

I just wanna rest today, switch the phone to aeroplane (Woo)

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Uh, young boy, got it in the bag right

Dunno why these bruddas ask why they should act right

People done me dirty, it's a minor, are they that sly?

Just think, get your facts right

Tell me, who's the bad guy?

Cop a little drip but you ain't that fly

Cocky little shit, I'll take your bitch because I'm that guy

Boppin' with the clique or come in classy with a black tie
Either way, I'm leaving with a check if the bag's right (Yeah)
Put-put-puttin' in a shift, doin' bits
You was out here lookin' for a chick
I was pullin' up to studio, I duppy it and dip
Had to cut a lotta people, they were fuckin' with my shit
It is what it is, fam, I don't wanna talk
My mouth's all the way closed, it stays all in my thoughts (Ah, ah)
Don't care if you hate me 'cause your girl want it all
That's your problem, not mine, what you watching me for? (Woo)

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