

# Aitch, Straight Rhymez

If you don't see me in my sides with my guys  
I be in the nice vibe, zoned tryna write rhymes  
Bitches in my eyesight, lyrics in the pipeline  
I combine lines when the time's right  
If I'm in the right mind

White guy's gonna fly high, I'm the right guy  
Trust me I'm the coldest don in this, ain't nothin like ice  
Told you she don't like rides, but said she wanna ride mine  
You're taking her to Five Guys, I beat her in my guy's ride

She call me sexy 'cause I rhyme tight  
But she move sour 'cause I'm getting all the lime light  
Leave her in the morning and won't see her till the night time  
She only ever phones me for dick - I got a pipeline

Step up on the stage, fuck everyone it's my time  
Dash a man's watch in the crowd, look how time flies  
You're stepping on the fine line, the roof will get raised  
Like the London city knife crime

She thinks it's funny how I stack up all this money  
So I tell her suck my dick and then I'm busting word to A1  
Fuck it, I ain't fussy, run the beat, I'm getting mucky  
Catch a vibe, I'm not a rookie, get a lyric and I spray one

Duppy yet I'm gully, take the piss, I'm with your honey  
Giz' a kiss, ya' looking lovely, better show me what you're made of  
She been near a few guys, holla'd her a few times  
You know she likes the blue eyes, watch how I take my shades off

Grind, rap, trap, gets rapped  
That's facts, man don't clap straps  
But I, slap tracks fast, barriers get smashed  
That's straight to the cash, come back with a bad diss

Ain't a bus pass, man I don't pass back  
In other words back track, gets swerved, that's that  
Fat back, slim body, no back fat  
Said she's into black man, dash me an L let me catch that

Please someone test me, I'm alright for a white  
When I write I'm a lefty  
Fuck a knife but I'm nice for a fight, if you get me  
Ay yo, check me

I swear to God, I'm underestimated  
I never flop, I got it boxed  
Look how I demonstrate it

Listen up, I teach you 'suttin  
Now you're educated  
I took ya L but kept smiling  
Come and celebrate it

Couple groupies, I'm lovin' the life  
But maybe one day I'll find the love of my life  
Nah, 'low it I'm drunk, man's fuckin' tonight  
Aitch, look at yourself, stop thinkin' you're fly

I'm not a fraud, don't flex for the cam  
Summer time, watch a white boy flex with a tan  
I believe that I'm cold, you ask why, 'cause I am  
Your beefin' is old, please go find a plan

Dad said there's not a lift up to success  
You gotta take the stairs, you're gonna go through 'nough stress  
But in the long run, you're comin' out with 'nough bread  
Pops, don't worry fam, I got 'dis, 'nough said

How can I feel down when I'm up next?  
I hide things wrong, nobody see me when I'm upset  
Do what I enjoy, man, I'll stick to what Mum said  
So I do shows, videos and I run sets

I just step in, give the mic a blessing, then I'm jetting  
Donny's say my name, but I swear I've never met him  
Begging it to get in but they can't, so now they're stressing  
Tryna do my bit, I can't be arsed with all the messing

Hatin' on the kid, it's kinda long, you're all depressing  
But since the day I started, it's been nothing but progression  
You don't know 'nuttin 'bout me, you're just guessing  
Don't give a fuck about a weapon, you weapon

'Cause it's Aitch in the place, quick  
Pass me the mic and watch 'suttin get blazed  
I ain't got a strap, but I aim when I spray 'em  
When the target gets locked, there's no escapin' it, mate

Really, who's testin'? Name a guy, I'm interested  
Honestly my lyrics suttin' like a weapon, got 'em stressin'  
So many haters, thank the Lord, that's a blessin'  
It's sad, they just mad, they can't get in where I'm shellin'

I don't lurk and dip down ops  
But I skirt and dick down thots, I'm a disgrace  
I used to ride up to Failsworth on peddles  
With the disc brakes, then ride home shit-faced

Half a bottle vodka in my pocket thinkin'  
This is the shit, mate, absolute piss take  
All these brother's hate me so much, but they know that I'm heavy  
So they sick of seein' this face

Finally, Mr Aitch, professor of rhymary  
P, that's the only thing I've learnt since primary  
Gotta hit the booth, this freestyle just reminded me  
Bless up, safe, appreciate ya' spendin' time with me