

# Aitch, BelgraveRoad\_1

Yo

Ain't no leaders where I'm from I gotta fly the flag  
So my bruddas dem have got me till the final lap  
I feel like I'm flopping when I try relax  
But it turned me to a boss because I like the graft

Built a couple bridges over minor gaps  
Burnt a couple to shit I might struggle the time will pass  
Long way from playing double up behind the flats  
Looking for some money having trouble tryna find the bag

Grew up with some snakes in the bits  
So make your bread but just be careful who breaking it with  
Bruddas hate when u paid girls as fake as their lips  
Everybody turn salty gotta take you a pinch

Raise my glass up in the air then go and smash it off the wall  
I don't wanna pour one up if you won't catch me when I fall  
Call me bro but you still struggle looking at me when I talk

Hide my feelings everybody say I'm hard to read  
I got some problems if I state they wouldn't half believe  
Shit they think it's all party beats and Cardi Bs

I done lost a lot of love for the game  
Shit changes plus I feel like it don't love me the same  
I might expect too much or it's just fucks with my brain  
I don't know feel like I'm stuck in a maze  
Takes a lot to explain

Die for my little sisters tomorrow I'll go to jail for my broski and I won't feel a way  
Put my ends on the map I had to open the gate  
Now they tag me post when they go down the lane

God got me mum I know that you pray  
But I'm never far from home even tho I'm away  
See the rosary beads you left me when I open my case  
From the roads to the road to be great

Dad told me find a craft and go and master it now he ain't gotta graft he just relax and find a gaff to  
Some my family still on bag it up package it  
But some things never change I'll put my cash in for the damages

Still hungry like I need me a rack  
Uno the bando in Manny really bees in trap  
I lost friends for a second thought I needed 'em back  
I never been more wrong and shit will leave it at that

Took a break to get some shit up off my chest stop myself from posting said I'm chilling for a sec  
Told everyone I'm focused said I need a little rest  
But if I'm honest I just ghosted cause I split up with my ex

Life was cosy had to pick up where I left  
Booked a flight with couple brodies took the business off my head

Lying if I said I'm lonely got my brothers to the death  
If I die give all my Rolly's to my tugs and let 'em flex

It's hard following your brain when your soul don't care  
It still feels like no one's there  
Sittin' on my throne with an open stare cause to me it's just a broken chair  
I love it at the top but shit it's cold up there I kinda found out how it feels to be alone up there  
Looking for some hope it never showed up there  
But fuck it I'm a soldier I can cope up there

Hearts numb shit don't feel the same all the money in the world couldn't heal the pain  
All the hunnies and the girls wanna deal with Aitch but they'd deal with him too, if he steals my name  
Back then I used to pray they'd know me but shit ain't what I thought sometimes it ain't so rosy  
Kick back and think as I burn my spliff  
Just block the world out and watch the day go slowly

Ayy, knobhead, I need these receipts  
Rapido, you know  
I've got a fuckin' Excel sheet in front of me, yeah  
You would not believe how much money you're throwin' away on fuckin' receipts  
Just get back to me please, you know  
And in a bit