

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