

Aitch, Daily Duppy (feat. GRM Daily)

Yeh, Aitch, Daily Duppy M-Manchester way you get me

Yo A1 I've had enough, it's time to start baggin' up
I'm not packin' drugs but mans due to wrap rappers up
We was on the grind I swear I almost said I've had enough
Them man used to laugh and now them pussyos are backin' up
Whip another track they play it once and pull it back, (yeh)

Lyrics class and YJ's nasty with the mac
When you hear me through the speakers turn the fucker to the max
Ya always spittin' gangsta rap, but half of them are just a pussy with a strap

Say I'm not the realest, spit the truth and that's a fact
I'm not afraid to speak my mind, I got the game it's in the bag
I'm the one who's got the balls to say I'm never in the trap
Them other dons are just gassed say that shit without ya mask

R-Rude boy what's ya problem
Hatin' cause your bored so you ain't got no other option
Little did you know you just played yourself fam
Cause you're putting money straight in to my pocket when you're watching

Over the top I'm so extraordinary
By the way I've stopped seeing Beth but I still talk to Kelly
They call me Aitch, a fly brother and I'm always ready
Type of guy to see a man with ten and go and order twenty

But allow all the hype let me enter my zone
Like I flex with a tan and now I flex in my throne
Still got your girlfriend texting my phone...
Ha, and I just said

'Hiya babe, I must say you look great
By the way my names Aitch, I'll tell ya straight I've got game
I've been chasin' you for days
I wanna see you face to face
Gal I'm tryna kill your pussy, it'll be gone without a trace

It's like you get prettier by the minute
But I'll only take you shopping when you let me slide up in it-
Wait, hold up sexy let me finish
By the way you hold your image got these other brothers trippin'

Uh - It's a sin the way she lookin', got the devil in my bed but I don't care because she's strippin'
W-Woah - I put my dick in cause I'm winning
This is Aitch's way of livin' are you with it or you dippin'

S-Stamp another track out
When it bangs it's like a shottie, blow your back out
All my money makers get a rack out
All the pretty ladies get your rack out
I know I'm too rude, but I'm young so that's my excuse

Communicating with a little pretty one from Presswich
She knows I've got a couple but I tell her she's my best bitch
Her friends are beautiful I put them on the guestlist
But when they get drunk issa next ting, check dis

Rippin' shit, I got rhythm n the highest of visions
Standin through the ceilin' nobody that can stop me from winnin'
Deliver lyrics the illest from beginning to finish
Holla for a feature if you need something spinnin, you dig it?

Sorry bro, but you're killin your image

You say I'm distant it's business, nah you don't need to be trippin'
Right now it's time for work so I ain't really been chillin'
But don't worry my brothers cause I can vision us winning

Anyway watch when the banger lands, It's coming like an avalanche
And I ain't in too weapons but I swing it like orangutans
Sammy that's my brother I don't take him for no cameraman
Pezmo's a wizard did you see the way you patterned man

Like I said it's all positive and blessed
Big up everyone supporting my shit I got respect
I just killed Daily Duppy, fuck it up it's left dead
I don't know how it fits in my head

Big Shell, Ha