

# Aitch, GSD

(Whyjay)  
(It's Tekkie)  
(Chekz)

Yo, slimed out the SVR, it look like Hulk or something  
Spend this money to live comfortably, I don't stunt for nothin'  
Culli' cost a quarter, couldn't insure it, 'cause I'm young and bussin'  
Keys for all the cribs, but for the Urus I just push a button  
Little pussy said he'd look for me, he must be bluffin'  
Me, I'm from the M, a couple cuttings and some guns are bussin'  
Half a ticket for a crib I don't live in, I just come to fuck in  
Double for my mumsy's, hundred thousand, boy, that's under budget  
In Newton Heath a couple zeds, we 'bout to hit the M-way  
Took the roof up off the Bentley 'cause I need some headspace  
But fuck a coupe unless it's Keed, see, me I fuck with Bentaygs  
Forty-thousand feet up on the jet plane, I can't hear what them say (Hahaha)  
(Still bree-) Still breezing through on Moston Lane  
Roley cost a box of 'caine, me and you are not the same  
Yeah, need that Presi' with the chocolate face  
Never had no enemies, hit fame, now I got opps for days  
Yeah, no talking, I'm like Stormzy's mate  
Her stalking when she saw the cake  
Roley cost a quarter Wraith  
Yeah, walk with me me through all the pain  
Pull up, blowing ganja, screaming, "Sorry if I'm sorta late"  
Get the bag put half away and then we go again  
Tell a rapper, "Test me, you won't have a show again"  
Woke up feeling kosher, hit the roads and go and blow a ten  
These pussies think they're GOATs, I'll give 'em hope if I go ghost again

(Aitch, tu me manques)  
(Quand est-ce que tu reviens me voir a Paris ?)

Yeah, hit the thickest chick in Paris, singing Digga's ad libs  
Had her coming, screaming (Woi!), I went and did a madness  
Put the pussy on repeat, I think that thing attractive  
When I'm done pushing on her cheeks, I tell her fling it backwards  
Put the footage on a screen, I think it's fucking cinematic  
And she suck it like she mean it, this one been a savage  
Them likkle rubbers ain't convenient, need a bigger jacket  
But honestly, the pussy so sweet I didn't think the wrap it, huh  
Driveway look like a runway  
Doors on the spaceship come electric like the front gate  
Splash on what I need to keep my family from the streets  
So I got cameras in the trees and couple ketwigs on some gunplay  
(Grrrt)  
I hear your tune, it's all white noise  
Youngest in charge 'cause every move I make is my choice  
But still I ask myself the same questions every night  
Is my music gonna bang and does Snoochie like white boys?  
'Bout my business, I never been one for clout  
Stayed on top for four years, I ain't ever been on a drought  
Made some money off my music, invested to spread it out  
Couldn't give a fuck who you think the best is, I'm getting pounds