

# Aitch, R Kid

Look

If my nigga takes an injury I'm sharing my blood  
If you make an attempt I'll be airing a slug  
Always helping but nobody wants to help me it's rough  
Have a brother OD cause it's never enough

Yo

If my brother ever need me know I'm there when it's tough  
Can't forget my young hitters gotta share with the pups  
Seeing hella jealousy I swear it's tearing me up  
Brothers tell me that they love me  
But that's barely enough

Yeah

I feel low next day I'm on the top of the world  
I don't know I'm kinda lost for my words  
My broski ain't whizzy went and got him some work  
And J White just hopped in the merc  
Skrrrt skrrrrt

Yeah

Hand on my heart for my brothers they might do me some dirt  
But then again they wouldn't let me they ain't new to the kerb  
Where I'm from we putting loyalty and unity first  
So we don't move if we can't move with the herd

I'm making movies

Brother fuck what you heard  
Everybody makes mistakes I put my faith in the nerd  
Let us hanging when it mattered man  
That shit really hurt  
But nowadays if you have fun it'll turn man into shirts  
And how's your brother gone without riddle me that  
If bro run out of gas then we're sharing the flat  
We was in Pizza Hut dining to dash  
When we were halving our cash  
And we all got chocolate rollies a stash

Yo

Yeah my AP white gold  
Bro got the rosie to match  
I soon copped my sister one  
And she can hold me to that  
2017 stressing it was cold in the flats  
2020 still stressing I got hold of this cash  
Telling me you got me  
I don't know until you show it  
If I'm falling would you watch me  
When I'm balling would you throw it  
Would you love me if I lost it  
Would you call me at my lowest  
Feel like half a million rapper  
But still all of me a poet

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I was out there trappin' I was serving my line  
Ain't been racist in my life but I was murdering white  
All my packages are flapping like they're birds in the sky  
Hit these beats and keep it snapping like a jewel in Dubai  
My boys are growing crops no wellington farms creps  
Hanging trees like we're tryna keep our car fresh  
I ain't talking lyrics we was tryna make the bar stretch  
Now I run up Harrods or I'm spending it in Farfetch

Yo

R Kids on my case said I gotta keep the bar set  
And I ain't even wrote a bar yet

Yeah

Hit the party grab the broly from the Rolls Royce  
We ain't tryna get the garms wet

Yo

Same kid on the same old shit

M40 016 same old bits

Tell my bruddas dem to win you gotta take those hits  
Cause success takes forever but the pain goes quick

I cop whips for my worker got the coupe earning  
Spinning riddems like when I'm spitting like the booth's turning  
I used to have to save for a Nike tech  
Now all this fires on the house like the roofs burning  
My problems seem big till I got grown up  
But now I handle shit like a dog owner  
Hella ups and downs just like a stockbroker  
Don't sleep air beds get your block blown up

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