

M Huncho, Warzone (ft. Headie One)

Got this shotgun, I got it sawn off
The nostrils long so we gave it a nose job
Twenty-four hours, I ain't had no sleep
I got PTSD, I can't see myself fall off turn
Who done all them drills that the opp boys talk of? turn
We play foul, so the ref took the ball off told me turn
Bro said, "Focus on makin' bread" turn, turn
But we always end up with toasters turn up
You know what I do to the smoky
Treat that WD40 like baby Johnsons turn, turn, turn
Bought a baby .9 for the tour bus
And a G17 for the nonsense suh-suh-suh-suh
North London is a war zone

Ask my broski, shh
"Who's gonna go get the dinger from top stuff?"
It's meant to be uptown funk, Mark Ronson
I ain't here for the nonsense
Who's on me? I'm on them
G-lock holds sixteen, I can spit this verse, leave sixteen on them
My thumb's so numb from the reload, one-thirty kilos
Buy my weight when I go grab reloads
In the hood I'm an icon, Figo
Louis V in the trenches, fedora and a pea coat
Two Gs on my off day, I'm Gucci, that's the G code
Pocket rocket came little, that's baby, that's Pino
If you want that cosign, need your mum's address, fuck a depot
I was in my front room with the nina
Yola, turn pop city to a corner sofa
Granddaddy hat and a Motorola
But it's meant to be o-seventeen
Seventeen years of age in Feltham, I ain't ever go Wetherby turn, turn, turn up
Yo, 'course I fell in love with the T
Produce some notes, remedy turn, turn, turn, oh
Put my wrist in liquid nitrogen
Blow trees like, "Fuck the environment"
In the crop house, bring in Chinaman
My old friends have no entitlement
Fake love to me is frightenin'
They wonder why there's violence
Made a mill' from jumpin' on mics again
Countin' up is gettin' tirin'
And I don't need to ride again, pay five again
If the squad get firin', let the big ting rise again
They don't worry 'bout sirens
And I'm wanted by Trident One

'Cause my man got hit with the stub
But he thought it wasn't written in the stars like Tinie suh-suh-suh-suh
We can't part ways up and IG suh-suh-suh-suh
I've got one million opps
But this money make it hard to find me turn, turn
I can't believe what this envy and jealousy 'cause so much rivalry
Why you think I don't stop at the lights?
'Cah I'm feelin' like Biggie Smalls in the 90s, 90s baby turn, turn, turn, turn
Noughties made me, trap house crazy, this shit made me
They envy, they don't wanna see me win
It's a shame 'cause they all could've been legit
Free the guys on the wing for real, for real
Could've been me for real, for real
Jump on the stage and it's all surreal
Came from the bando for real, for real
Cartier bangles for real, for real
Cartier bangles for real, for real turn, turn

My pockets expanded for real, for real turn, turn, turn up
I've really seen it get real
Bro left his prints on the handle for real, for real
We tryna balance for real, for real
Some for the cause, some for the thrill
We went to war, no time to heal
So we ain't got handled for real, for real
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