Morrison, Survivor

Being a gangster
Is more than just an image
It is a mindset
A true gangster lives by these principles
We honour our elders
Protect our women and children
And respect the innocent
A true gangster's main focus is money

Yo, every year I keep levelling up
When it comes down to getting shit done, my ting's second to none
I just copped my dream car and a house on the hill, even though I look lucky I never had luck
More like put luck in reverse
I've been living my life feeling cursed
Yeah my feet in the dirt
I put my family first
All my family kept putting me last, I can't lie that shit hurt
[?], I don't cap when I rap, I talk facts, I'm a man of my word
My bird is more gangster than most of the mandem and that's why I'm throwing them racks in her p
The label just paid forty bags for a verse
I gave them eight bars, that's a thousand a word
My opp's line does like a thousand a week and I just got paid that for rapping a word
They ain't on my level
Spent quarter mill on this chain and this kettle
My jewels are rose gold, their jewels are copper so we're not the same, we don't rock the same me
While we're talking prices on Charlie and weed then I cannot be beat like the bass and the treble
My weed is buy a pack, get one for free and the coke's still cheaper than Pepsi and Red Bull
My ting is separate
Looking back on shit, I was too generous
I had my workers on six figure salaries
But still they're so ungrateful, I wish I paid less then
I wish I knew that them snakes would turn venomous
Fuck what you heard, I'm a [?] general
Give me a brick and I'll ship in the Mexicans
Sit back and watch how I kill it and get it
You ain't getting dough, you're irrelevant
Five car convoy, I move like the president
You're not involved blud, you're just a civilian
We're from the same manor but you're just a resident
I'm the UK Gangster version of Eminem
I'm one of the realest and that shit is evident
LV bag for the bricks, Gucci pouch for my gun
I'm a stylish gangster with elegance

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My mother don't worry about me 'cause she raised a gangster
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If they wanna hate that's a minor
Let them hate, watch the money pile up

Morrisson
The old bill just raided a bando and found ten bricks in the safe with a burner
I just shed a tear cah the old bill just locked up my favourite worker
The road ting's nuttin but stress, now I'm started to regret I chose a life of crime
And if I can go back and start all over again then I'd probably just settle for a 9 to 5
It's hard to find love in these heartless times
It's hard to find light in your darkest times
Why do all the fake ones have it so easy and all the real ones live the hardest lives?
I'm on the M-Way with work in a work van in the slow lane just blending in
If shit goes left that's a high speed police chase and they're feeding me for the next six years
And if you wanna kill me then join the queue
Three things I hate; the feds, the police and the boys in blue
The boys in blue have been my number one opp for so long that I'm starting to feel like a Blood
My brother got killed but I know he's still with me, I feel him all around me and I feel him above
Trapping ain't dead but I'm sick of this stuff
I'm sick of having [?] spinning my drum
I'm sick of sharing wins with entitled friends
When it's time to share a L they all ditch me and run and abandon my ship
Run off and jump on another man's dick
[?] might've broken my heart but it fixed my vision, now my vision's so clear like the ocean water in
I feel like a [?] when all these lines ringing
If it weren't for the cats that snort this white ting
I wouldn't be covered in all these diamonds
I wouldn't be driving this Lambo truck
And I wouldn't be living in a house so large
And I wouldn't have people always telling me I'm lucky when they say me even though I never had

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Money without respect in our business
Equals death