

Yungen, Popstar

My dad probably thought I'd be a doctor
Ended up as a shotta
Mum wanted me to be a lawyer
But I ain't nutten proctor
She was with me eating Morley's
But Now we eat lobster
She found bells of shhhh in her crib
She thought I was a pop star

I got youngers older than me, how can I not be a boss
Whether my block or the bbc, I was top of the pops
Them man thought she was linking me, but that was one of the crops
Now they want to fuck with the winning team, now they see us in the shops
Thank god rap saved me before I saw the can
I remember when pb ricks made me bore man
9 years deep I hope they don't get bored of man
They see the pop shit but there's more to man
South London!
Mum always said don't hang with the gunmen
Little did she know I was breaking down onions
Little did she know what we had in the function
Thank god Barry went and signed me out the dungeon

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When I said my darg works in a bank, I didn't them he robbed it
She saw a stack and said Jesus Christ, 100 bands in profit (prophet)
First time I buss I felt sensations, I got the ting off wotsit
When I got on I brought all my mandem, that's real life boss shit
They must of thought I'm just the bestie don
Sold coke now I got a Pepsi on
Yeah my old Beirut's are from Lebanon
You know my ting different echelon
You know mans still comfy
Made half a M and I put on the young g's
Building the credit, so I pay it off monthly
Trying to get a yard with a pool for the mumzy
You know lifestyle lovely

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