

Antigua

Dappy

(Mazer made it, baby)
Huh-uh, huh-uh
Brrt, bop

Got a ting from Antigua
She loves smokin' Cali', but she hates amnesia (Ah)
She got a man at home, but she keeps on comin' to the spot
So I gotta conceal her (Shot)
From a pitney, I had a choice
I could be a rapper, robber, scammer, or a dealer (Woo)
Yo, I tried all three
I see a man OD, but I'd rather get P for my feature
Bin bag money don't fit in no briefcase
You know me, I spin tracks like a DJ
I'm in my own lane, I ain't runnin' no race
What you think I give a fuck about a relay?
Money, power, and respect (Woo)
Is what you get when you start movin' correct (Prtr)
You should be focusin' on chasin' these checks (Glee)
'Cause chasin' these bitches will get you finessed

Are you mad? You should be glad
Any time you see me standin' on the front page of Notion (Hotty)
'Cause I ain't tryna get the doughs
Some man said "Assault"
Just so that they can get a few clout tokens
Life's a lesson (Yeah, a lesson)
When you feel like the demons are on you
Go speak to the reverend
We all need a blessin' (Ya)
When I'm stressin', I pray to the most high
I'm like "Give me progression" (Uh)
I told bro "You know me, I'll send P's"
Anything you need, I got my G's to the back home
Bun the screws, they'll lock off the party
Shot the Smarty, and cop you a little Zanco
If I'm chillin' with the ting, it's a real one
'Cause the real one never tell under the blanket (Ah)
And if you're chillin' in the passy, and we see feds
I'll be like "Quick, hurry up and spank it"
You want another drink? Contain yourself (Ah)
How you at the top then you just stain yourself?
Ay, you see the Ace of Spades, but you actin' like a fool
Now, you stop gettin' paid in full (Pow)
The love ting's overrated
In my eyes, all you do is give me bad luck
You're a magpie (Pow)
But fuck it, I love it when you come on dirt in that skirt
And blow me like a bagpipe

I got a ting from Dominica
She like takin' molly, but she far from a keeper (Keeper)
She got a man at home, but she keeps on comin' to the spot
So I gotta conceal her (Conceal her)
From a pitney, I had a choice
I could be a rapper, robber, scammer, or a dealer (Dealer)
Yo, I tried all three

I see a man OD, but I'd rather get P for my feature
Bin bag money don't fit in no briefcase
You know me, I spin tracks like a DJ
I'm in my own lane, I ain't runnin' no race
What you think I give a fuck about a relay?
Money, power, and respect (Woo)
Is what you get when you start movin' correct (Woo)
You should be focusin' on chasin' these checks (Glee)
'Cause chasin' these bitches will get you finessed (Robbed up)

You're still out here chasin' bitches (Huh)
The only thing I chase is bread (Huh-uh)
Run up a check, I could've bought new jewellery
But I put it into waps instead (Brrrt, bow)
The chain on my neck is a mess (Huh-uh)
And it glows in the dark, the best of the best (Yes)
All of this ice got everybody preein' (Everyone)
I need to go cop me a vest (Right now)
I'm still in the hood with the set (Huh)
The Get Backs known to the Met (Get Backs)
She said that I'm realer than the man before
And all of this ice got the pum-pum wet (Wet)
This one a natural, I'm really impressed (Yeah, yeah)
'Cah she ain't nuttin' like the rest (Nope)
I don't check no price when I'm shoppin' out west
Used to be brass, now, everything bless
I'm still on the pitch like Jota (Me, Jota)
Ride with a stick, Harry Potter (Potter)
They ain't see shit, yeah, I was just playin' (Playin')
They don't know what I got in my locker
Run down paigons, and run to the bag (Bag)
Gotta keep my eyes on the ball like Saka (Yes)
Sexy bitch wanna hit 'cah I'm lit (Huh-uh)
Beat that down then it's back to your blocka

Yo, got a ting from Antigua
She loves shakin' her hips like Dua Lipa (Rrr, ah)
She got a man at home, but she keeps on comin' to the spot
So I gotta conceal her (Conceal her)
From a pitney, I had a choice
I could be a rapper, robber, scammer, or a dealer (Dealer)
Yo, I tried all three
I see a man OD, but I'd rather get P for my feature ('Aight)

Hop on a motor, Horris
Scary, best we ready with fill it, plenty
Vroom, skrr, vroom, skrr
Pull up on a man with a brrrt-brrr (Brrrt-brrr)
I got a blick ting with a big bat (Boom)
From k'way over there, she break it on me
Load it up, and slap it for me
My affa, can you hold it for me?

Hey, get you touched in the streets
Hold your brrrt, there's no hope-y
Hey, they don't wanna see me in the middle of the streets
(In the middle of the streets)
Get you touched in the streets
Hold your brrrt, there's no hope-y (No hope-y)
Hey, they don't wanna see me in the middle of the streets

Say hello to my likkle friend (Hello)
Could been a long reach when I lick hella skeng

Duck and dive, and save your friend (Bah)
I'm off pebs on my big back ting
Make it bounce, shake it for me
Brrt, bow, shake it for me (Bow)
Huh, pour me salt, bae (Brrt, brrt)
'Cah you know I pepper the beef (Brrt)

Got a ting from Ibiza
She like to party, and back-click her bottle of liter
She got a man at home, but she keeps on comin' to the spot
So I gotta conceal her
From a pitney, I had a choice
I could be a rapper, robber, scammer, or a dealer
Yo, I tried all three
I see a man OD, but I'd rather get P for my feature
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