

# Capri-Sun (feat. Chip)

## AJ Tracey

Walk in the studes, then I turn the Mac on  
Handed the ting to my runner like a baton  
Always got my hood up or I got a hat on  
First verse anyone, man'll put a bag on  
Capri-Sun, boy, yeah, I got the juice  
You can't war with man cuh' you'll lose  
Now I've got sponsors, Nike send man shoes  
Mandem are next to make your man snooze  
Meeting at nine, but I'm gonna sleep late  
I be spinning clubs, something like a DJ  
Now I'm getting dough, so I'm tryna eat great  
Leader of the gang, call a brother TJ  
Run a man down, call a brother Piqué  
Still up in the Grove, call a man CJ  
I was with Wiley stirring up a heatwave  
If a chicks got a mad back get a replay, yeah  
Bro, I'm on a mad one  
If I'm heading up to Brum, I holla SafOne  
I got a brother who don't even have an Apple ID  
That will hold his finger down until the Mac's done  
Yeah they wanna talk loads, it's a minor  
Cuh' they're stuck up in a hole like a miner  
I cut them off with an axe like a miner  
Bangs having them look like a hit from Desiigner, mad  
My man are on gangster behavior  
Couple teefs wanna run with my flavour  
If we're doing well in West, then salute me  
I put niggas back up on the map, I'm the saviour  
Bros with the razor  
Looking like COD, strapped with a lazer  
If you had faith, ask for a favour  
Did it on my own, I ain't signed to a major  
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A beat just came, JC put the Mac on  
Ain't got a trim, I got a hoodie or a hat on  
Man might pick an MC and just snap on  
Tell a boy back off, might get spat on

AJ winged out, I took the baton  
Spin man like man just put the track on  
Yeah, niggas chatting about sales, oh please (lowe it)  
Only plaque you've got in your teeth  
K-M-T, L-O-L  
Suck your girl, go to hell  
Red or blue? Pop a pill  
You're industry, I'm off the rails  
Word for word, truly don  
Got the juice, Rubicon  
On the set, you be lost  
Not a shellers, who you conning? Yeah  
Mad when you put me on a verse  
Put me on the beat, get it acapella, could be worse  
Cuh' man get handy with the flows  
Skip on the beat then hang you with the rope (man down)  
I pull up on antics  
Always got a pack and a bottle when I'm landing  
Chipmunk stands out so they can stand him  
Me nuh give a fuck though, still getting bands in  
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Mandem are next to make your man snooze I do it for the P's and I do it for the flows  
Walk in the club, bare yats for the dough  
Bare peach backs in the place doing wobble  
But it looking like I'm cooling off of Jellyfish Fields  
Tell a yat in ya face, can't pay for your meals  
Fuck postcode beef, I just want bills  
Girls wanna stay round, girls wanna film  
Girls wanna brag and show friends couple stills  
AJ, I'll spin a big man for a laugh  
Cause I've had more wheels than you've had hot baths  
Mask on my face like I don't want Sarz  
And I make more bread, I employ more staff  
Man's got a manager, man's got a stylist  
Man's got bare sauce but you can't buy this  
Man's got a lawyer, man's got an agent  
I make a next stack every time I close my eyelids  
Trapaholics voice drop, where did you find it?  
Scrapping on a big back, man'a just whine it  
If she ain't a 10, nah I won't dine it  
Award on my shelf, now I've gotta shine it  
You thought that was your flow, but I designed it  
They was catting for the EP but I timed it

better, combed on the top  
Skin fades on the sides and I just line it Walk in the studes, then I turn the Mac on  
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Mandem are next to make your man snooze Snooze  
Mac on  
Ting, baton  
Hood up  
Hat on  
Anyone  
Bag on  
Juice  
Lose  
Shoes  
Next  
Snooze

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