

BREATHIN' (feat. P Money)

Ocean Wisdom

[Ocean Wisdom]

Hold my weed, control my breathin'
I just rolled one, up this evening
Is about half 11, see the smoke all on the ceiling
Neither feet to leave the dwelling
20K or I'm not leaving
They want me on 2AM
They better get the f*cking piece in
Time to let the wifey says "I made you chili"
Go reheat it, I just pulled that face, you pull
And you feel lazy and defeated
I was lighter, I bet you do it
Top gears on, a brand new season
Plus I hurt my foot on stage, I couldn't make it to the freezer
Not only that, you know that I rap
I'm paying for this flat, go get me a snack
She gave me a slap, said don't be a tw*t
We giggle and that, I stay where I'm sat
She get up and does it, like is this what love is?
I know that I'm rubbish, I secretly love it
She bring me a pasta, (.....)
I stick on (.....), ca' you won't find me clubbing
Ca' I'm at the summit, I did it and done it
You niggas can suck it, you jealous I run it
I come with your drummers, and do something' thuggish
I run in and gossip, ca' you ain't know nothing
My flavours are lashing, my neighbours are rushing
They got them a (.....), my trim is a custom
You wanna talk tough and you know I'm a glutton
I order the beef and it deaded discussions
Cynical way that I scribble the lyric
I drip and I spit it
I bill it and lit it
Is fire, you feel it?
I feel it, I fell to the lie
But to kill it, I'm raw and I'm ruckus
I run up and buck 'em
A couple nun chucks, is high when you swing it
A samurai sword, and a star, I'mma fling it
I mean, now I'm in her, now I'm cold with her innit
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Is a pack of mac, I'm gassed
I pack a bag and get to leanin'
Is a fact ca' junky fat
Ca' I'm sippin' goose, not scrumpy jack
Ca' I sit and do my drunk flat
Like how I'd get this off rap
I rap these (.....) hit the floor, is
He alive? I can't be sure
I can't be right, kicking on left
Hooking on p*ssies anymore
I ran the light, I went to court
I (.....), I'm not the strongest
You saw the M, you saw the sport
Don't ask me why, it's what you thought
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[P Money]
Who can top I?
Tool in my hand I'm not nice
One eye closed with smoke, I'm Popeye
Tracksuits, but I got mob ties
Never wear top man, but I walk top guys
(.....) B for Virgil
Racks in the shoe box, made money off white
Behind enemy lines I'm off sight
Up in this city, you'll find in the melody
I got the (.....), p what you telling me
Went to the club had to find me your melody
She keep on tellin' me, she robbing energies
She got a BF, don't care for the BS
I told her just do it bae, why are you telling me
She came with sickness, and I came with remedies
Paid for the uber, check back to my enemies
I'm murking this
I don't need soundchecks, I got the gift
Went in the room, did the one and the two
And I'm leaving them pissed in a world of shit
Wanna be me, but ain't got the wit
Ain't got the drive, ain't got the whip
You think you're hard, you think you're it
Pull out your sweater and now you got drip
Telling these brothers don't play with the gang

A couple of christian brothers turned (.....)
A couple of muslim brothers go ham
I'm punching these lines so I mess up my hands
Left in the states, still under your state
I wanna go states, but think that I'm banned
Because I get paid, the same as a band
My taxes cross the hole in your brand

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