

# Parlez-Vous Anglais (feat. Aitch)

## Headie One

Turn  
Turn, turn  
Turn, turn, ayy  
YoThe plaques come platinum, my bezel's stainless  
Whip goes fast and the crib's outrageous (Skrrt)  
Just spent twenty-eight K on production  
Light up a stage and leave in a spaceship (Ha)  
Day-Date plane for the day  
GG on my waist, CC on my trainers (Ah)  
Pagans, they wanna play  
If I pipe her down, after that, we're strangers  
Old school like Ratatouille  
Now I just act a fool in Louis (Turn, turn)  
Brown skin girl, caramel coulee  
Pockets fat, Andy Ruiz (Told me turn, ayy)  
Pop that Ace of Spades  
I drank from the bottle, now my outfit ruined (S-S-Suh, suh)  
Ah, I bought a new one, could be NewhamFuck it, I'll beat if the bitch is ratchet  
Long as her hands and feet are matching  
Young Aitch don't dive in the pussy  
I take off my DsQs and backflip  
Air 1's come white like my ashes  
But I won't smoke if it ain't rolled backwards  
Long time, I ain't seen the mandem  
It's just me, myself and the cameras (One)  
First class when I stamp this yay  
I got it with ones, not ApplePay  
Route to the clearport, personalised Air Force (Suh, suh)  
And they're looking all crack cocaine  
If I get bored, the destination's St. Tropez (Turn, turn)  
St. Tropez, me and shorty [?]Baguettes, dem fill up my wrist  
My watch ain't French, it's Swiss (One)  
Put in that work, we took the risk  
And now we can't risk this lick (S-S-Suh, suh, suh, suh)  
Got ten bands cash in the bag  
Pink's wrapped in fives and the red's in quids  
She knows store's so big  
Just show me where the entrance is (One)  
Baguettes, dem fill up my wrist  
My watch ain't French, it's Swiss  
Put in that work, we took the risk  
And now we can't risk this lick (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Got ten bands cash in the bag  
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 She knows store's so big  
 Just show me where the entrance is Yo, shorty said H  
 Me and Aitch both lookin' like H or Aitch? (Who?)  
 I'm rollin' in my jeans in exclusive [?]  
 I'm sportin' my Audemars Piguet (One)  
 Front row at the Louis show, you know how much I love Paris (Paris)  
 Told shorty [?] (Yeah)  
 Parlez-vous anglais (Chale) AP when I wanna be a rapper  
 Normal day, it's the Prezi or Dweller  
 I don't like her man so fuck Keisha  
 These days, man's with Becky or Bella  
 Me and bro pulled up in a Double R Ghost  
 Ex guy still flex umbrellas (Skrrt)  
 Bag in the back of the whip  
 'Bout twenty-six quid in nothin' but tenners D down fanny  
 Gyal from London, gyal from Manny (Told me turn, ayy)  
 Smoke biscotti or Skittles (Turn, turn)  
 Or any type of Cali  
 Twenty-five bags in cashish  
 She was a good girl, now she turned bad B  
 My plaque just went gold  
 I tell my label, I want it in rose (Yeah) Tell the label, I ain't putting pen to paper for no less than  
 two M's (No way)  
 Grew up in Moston, then I got rich, now I'm in some new ends  
 All I know is money and success  
 Wanna talk P's? That's fine, I'm fluent (Mm-mm)  
 Stacks so big, the elastic snapped  
 Now I'm pissed cah the picture's ruined Baguettes, dem fill up my wrist  
 My watch ain't French, it's Swiss (One)  
 Put in that work, we took the risk  
 And now we can't risk this lick  
 Got ten bands cash in the bag  
 Pink's wrapped in fives and the red's in quids  
 She knows store's so big  
 Just show me where the entrance is (One)  
 Baguettes, dem fill up my wrist  
 My watch ain't French, it's Swiss  
 Put in that work, we took the risk  
 And now we can't risk this lick (S-S-Suh, suh, suh, suh)  
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