Aitch, Raw

I think they want more
Fuck drip, I'm making it pour
Great on all-fours, oh, she my baby, take her on tour
Shake on the floor
She likes the taste of the Aitch and she like taking it raw

Raised in a time where man love beef on the net
So they can't receive my respect
Taking my time to achieve what I need and I'm blessed
So they can't be seen as a threat
I just got the keys to the crib, bust down my wrist
AP, next need a Patek
Better speak Ps if you're tryna meet me in the flesh
If not, I ain't leavin' my nest
Plaques don't even gas me no more
If they can go platinum, anyone can
Chatting 'bout big stats in your raps
Hands up if you made a mil before 21 gang
Tryna get bad, you could never set levels on man
Plastic gangsters gabbing on 'Gram
Love rapping 'bout trap but the package don't land
Paid more tax than your whole advance
You still wan' chat shit and throw shade on man
He rap 'bout a wap but don't make it bang
Rap 'bout the trap but don't take no chance
All I hear is "Blam it" and "Shave him"
Pussio, save it, bluffin', let's face it
Run up your shit, have you tuckin' your chain in
Run up your lick and my brother'll take it
The ends is bait, gotta stay composed if you're sending weight
Mate, some dose how your friends turned snake
Can't make man bro if he entered late
Jump off stage, tell him, "Send that cake"
They say, "No, 10K", had to end that straight
Man, don't play in the ends I'm raised
Best show some respect when you mention Aitch

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Still in my bits, you can ask 'em
Never chat shit, don't rap for reactions
Flinging out lyrics and clapping the madness
You can get wrapped for your actions
Young Aitch, big boss, I'm the captain
Real life goals, you cap on your captions
Gassed on Snapchat flappin' the tantrum
I was off Melrose sat in a mansion
Wanna talk about levels and differences
But listen, the difference is
You're a joke, I'm a GOAT
I don't know what the bitching is
You can talk but I live this shit
Been up inside that room full of mics
On the set getting ready to spin some kid
Been up inside that ride full of guys
With a boot full of food, getting ready to spin this whip
Not a lot of man been this sick
Always been shining, never liked diamonds
Now I go blind when I flick this wrist
Henny on ice when my drink gets sipped

M-Town up north of the map
Get caught in the trap if your fingers slip

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