

It Ain't Safe (feat. Young Lord)

Skepta

It ain't safe for the block, not even for the cops
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It ain't safePacks, I sold, had them buzzing on the road
Crack residue in the buttons on my phone
Black leather boots when I run into your home
Ring, ring, pussy, it's your mummy on the phone
Niggas wanna kill me, tell them "Go and get your uzi"
Bari got the weapon in the pocket of the Ksubi's
See me on the catwalk, you see me in the movies
Still you can end up dead when you disrespect the goonies
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It ain't safe for the block, not even for the cops
It ain't safeThe traphouse was a shithole, with my niggas
Smokin' on some indo, looking for the police through the window
Said I'll be a minute, of course I was an hour
Never disturb a baker when he's mixing up the flour
Devour these criminals, stepping on my toes
I step into the party, I let everybody know
The heat will bang for a legend on the roads
So keep your hands off my bredrins and my clothes
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It ain't safe for the block, not even for the cops
It ain't safeYou say you always got the toast
But when you see my niggas you look like you see a ghost

These niggas follow fashion, don't look comfy in their clothes
See them on the roads getting lovey dovey with the hoes
I'll put you in your place, forreal, you disrespect the clique
Bang brrrang dang dang, on my Lil B shit
From SoHo to the heights, they're fuckin' with me heavy
They know me and my gang, we're the realest on the telly
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It ain't safe
You've been duckin' from me, shawty
You've been duckin' from me, shawty
You've been duckin' from me, shawty
You've been duckin' from me, shawty
You've been duckin' from me, shawty
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