

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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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)
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

