

## ARD ADZ – PATEK MYSELF (LYRICS)

U gotta Learn and gain  
Little bro Flying hella birds till the burden came  
Picture this, Haters me Picture me on a burning plane  
If I go hell il make salat in the burning flames  
A small change will a make Person change  
This small rug is from the Persian range  
..Took the long route way before the DiVersion came  
And now I'm sleeping on a Virgin plane  
& I ain't playing Certain games  
With these clowns And I ain't Boarding on the Circus train  
I got the Lane assist in the ride  
when am high Akh I turn it on  
So I ain't Swurving lanes  
We go to work but we don't earn the sane  
We all got Pain but it don't Burn the same  
I been burned by the sane flame twice see that third time round akh I Burned the flame  
They call me dirty and I've Earned my name  
I Learnt the game I had a bike before the German came  
And I was whizzing in my corsa like a Bentley way before I bought a car from the German range  
We go to work but we don't work the same  
We go to work but we don't earn the same  
..Il take this crack before I take the stand akh  
and Il rather No hands b4 I shake ya hand man

& Life's hard I Go get myself  
They want me to drown but I can swim I want Let myself  
If life's a gamble let me Bet myself  
I'm Always handling the Threat myself  
Man said b\*\* turned opp I had to cHeck myself  
Had to check myself akh before I wreck myself  
Went to check in the flesh myself  
Went to check akh I stand wrong & I Correct myself  
I lost the love and the respect as well  
The doc said I should respect my health  
The hear me on these beats  
& They know know me on them streets im Phillipe I Patek myself  
If u you show me love just know that Means a lot  
Where I'm from bruddas needs some hugs they don't Need a job  
..I done been under rock bottoms & I ain't Meet the rock  
If little bro tryna serve u shots, he don't mean Ciroc  
Never time to sleep a lot  
Use to sweep the streets a lot  
use to lie and cheat a lot

Get Indugled in beef a lot  
He use to speak a lot and tweet a lot  
And now it's kinda deep bcah he's got his meet n Greet with god  
Times I walked 100 miles akh I needed Extra legs  
Use to scrape the crumbs of booje down to make dem Extra pebs  
Now We flying dam for the smoking sesh  
Ur just a clown and ur life's like a Joking sesh

Smoking sesh  
Like a wide Road I seen a brudda left Open stretched

HES JUST AN OG WID THESE GZ IN THIS GUCCI DUFFLE  
Yung g stick for ur gs u can't MOVE A MUSCLE  
Same streets that I learned to love I leaned to shoot and hustle  
I Knew the struggle akh & I ain't new to trouble  
ONLY WITH THIS HAMMER OR THIS SHANK THEY ACT HARD AS NAILS  
CATCH ME WITH NO HAMMER AND NO SHANK IM STILL HARD AS ShELLS  
Thats where I Ate but I starved as well  
Same place that I finished last finished first as well  
Catch me with that heater tucked  
Akh I even sleep with one  
& This is deeper stuff  
Akh clap when that reaper come  
U ever walked till ur feet are numb  
He was just a good kid but the Streets are dumb  
Dirty ain't no movie star  
Catch me in this Hooptie car  
Winter in my Gucci scarf  
money 1st and then the coochie last  
Tryna scoop clients out the pub or the Sushi bars