

# ArrDee, Plugged In

What you saying? ArrDee  
Plugged in with Fumez  
Ha, you lot ain't ready  
Listen, I would say fuck all the opps  
But I ain't got no opps  
Everybody loves me, bruv  
Trust me, ay, huh

You would think that after all of this buzz, young little ArrDee would pattern up  
Shit, I must be dumb, got bagged right after I blew in the dinger I rag about  
I can't blow no chase when I'm off my face in case of the food he was wrapping up  
I was smiling 'cause I play cheeky chappy but the jake knew I was blagging, ah  
Came out of the cells in the mornin', smokin' a B&H blue  
Cheeky Bars on a million views and a private text from a guy called Fumez  
I knew what I had to do (Trust me)  
Cook something up new, spin the series different  
Stumbled into the studio, miffin'  
I think it's because of the liquor I'm licking  
I'm bringing all of my beanies with me like they're a part of the gang  
Cheeky chappy ain't bad  
I'm the lad that'll roll with a whole bag of gyals like "Ahhh"  
'Cause it's good for my mental  
Feel presidential the way they salute, I'm a general  
Oral-B's about, the room's dental, I'm the dentist  
I'm as real as they fucking come, I can't sit on fences  
I can't bite my tongue, and couple brother's reckless  
Everyone I step with, they've been here from early  
Me and Mitch was splitting up a key for thirty  
Now the thots are thirty and they're proper dirty  
But they slop it slurply, fuckin' hot and certi  
I'm a dog and a dog had the kitty purring  
Clout can't change me as a person, but  
Last night I went to the block that I used to post on and I thought "This ain't me" (Fuck that)  
Does that mean that I've changed? Maybe  
We've all gotta elevate someday, see (One day)  
I know some days seem like there ain't any point anymore  
Better grit your teeth  
Chin up and push unless you're some chief  
In that case, you shouldn't be listening to me (Ha)  
I'm for the winners and real who are willing to kill for their dinners and meals  
They relate to me 'cause I don't give a fuck how they feel  
Stay true to myself  
And of course, I had help  
But I still thank me and nobody else (Nobody else)  
I'm the reason that I'm at where I'm at  
Why I pop bottles like it's good for my health (Ah)  
They ain't though, (No)  
Been a stand-up guy from day, though  
They can't mould me into what they want  
I ain't Play-Doh, I ain't plastic  
I ain't gangster, this ain't gang biz  
I'm just me, ArrDee, I don't chat shit (No way)  
I was broke when I got my pack flipped  
When you poor, though  
You don't get taught how to play with money  
Shit, I never stacked it  
I was blowing on my shit on some madness  
On some badness, white boy antics  
Bare gyal in the shoobs on packet (Bare gyal)  
Had this before I was established  
I'm match fit and they could never match this  
They chat shit, now I'm up and I've bagged it  
I'm the kid that they wanna collab with (Ay)  
Ay, mouthy bastard, that's ArrDee (Ah)

But I'm 'bout to chart and go party  
Before I'm 'bout to jump in that 'nani  
I might have a bath in Bacardi (Erugh)  
Nasty, freaky girl but she classy  
I eat it out then I clart it  
I need to tell the details of the shit that I've seen  
Need therapy, she keep telling me (I hear that)  
But I'm good with my weed and Hennessy (Hah)  
Told Fumez "I need that melody," you smelling me?  
And she don't believe ArrDee when he's yacked off Hennessey (Why not?)  
No cap, I'm tryna' double-tap with that yat  
She's gonna' let me smash 'cause I rap  
Plugged in like Fumez, and all that, hah

ArrDee, ArrDee  
Ah, I'm out, haha  
Fumez The Engineer