

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Like

Alright, first things first, I've been putting in the work
I'm a rebel with a cause (*With a cause*)
Had problems with the fam, I had problems with the gang
But I put that shit on pause (*Put that shit on pause*)
I've been gone for a while but I saw you niggas smile
When I cancelled all my tours (*Little pussies*)
Someone tell 'em that I'm back
I don't never ever slack, grab my gun and go to war (*Boy*)

I got brothers up in jail, going mad up in their cells
When you hear me, bang the doors (*Bang the doors*)
Niggas moving chatty, someone tell 'em that I'm scatty
Bro, I'll pull up uninsured like (*Skrr!*)
Running through my strip, rappers jumping on my dick
Just to build up a rapport (*That's embarrassing*)
I can tell them man are bitter
But they're begging it on Twitter, man, I swear I'm so appalled

Before he takes a shot, I'll shoot him first (*Him first*)
And poor mum, we was going through her purse (*Through her purse*)
We were doing road and doing church
Looked the devil in his face like, "Motherfucker, do your worst"
Still here tryna find another blessing
I'm over-loyal, man, I'll ride for what I'm repping
Dark times, niggas dying in recession
You was fighting with your girl when I was fighting my depression, wait, okay

Alright, first things first, could of put you in a hearse
Man, I gave you boys a lifeline (*Lifeline*)
I was scrolling through my tweets, had Adele up on repeat
And saw a madness on my timeline (*My timeline*)
LBC's tryna black ball me
And tryna blame your boy for knife crime (*Like, what?*)
I don't use a shank, I got money in the bank
Man, I'd rather do a drive-by (*Dickheads*)

Mad, mad demons in my thoughts
Young Stormz wasn't ready for the limelight (*Wasn't ready*)
Took a little break from the game, started praying
Man, I had to get my mind right (*Started praying*)
Wore black clothes 'til I shine bright
Full beams fucking up my eyesight
They hate me on the sly, but I bet you if I died
You would see 'em at my nine-night (*Fake youts*)

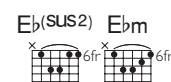
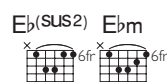
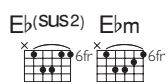
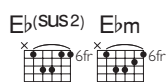
They're asking if I'm real, I'm real enough (*Nough*)
Still got a couple killers in the cut (*Cut*)
If he's coming nice, I big him up
Drugs kill, but my niggas make a killing off a drug (*Ay*)
Rapping like I'm Jigga but I'm Puff (*Puff*)
West End wanna show a nigga love (*Love*)
But if it weren't me you would never let my niggas in the club

Fuck DSTRKT and fuck all these nightclubs
And fuck giving money to people that don't like us
There's riots in the city, just tell me where I sign up
The rave goes silly every time I pick the mic up (*Whoa*)
I got smoke, you can hold a bit
A coloured brother with a bone to pick
But I still get to gunning, don't be running when I bang mine
Before we said our prayers, there was gang signs (*Gang signs*)

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Words and Music by Michael Owuo Junior and Alexander Crossan

♩ = 96



(Repeat x7)

(repeat chord progression)

p

with Pedal



1. Alright, first things first, I've been putting in the work, I'm a rebel with a cause (*with a cause*)
 2. Alright, first things first, could of put you in a hearse man, I gave you boys a lifeline (*lifeline*)

3

had problems with the fam, I had problems with the gang but I put that shit on pause, (*put that shit on pause*)
 I was scrolling through my tweets, had Adele up on repeat and saw a madness on my timeline, (*my timeline*)

5

I've been gone for a while but I saw you niggas smile when I cancelled all my tours, (*little*)
 LBC's tryna black ball me and tryna blame your boy for knife crime, (*like,*)

7

pussies) someone tell 'em that I'm back, I don't never ever slack, grab my gun and go to war.
 what?) I don't use a shank, I got money in the bank man, I'd rather do a drive-by.

9

BLINDED BY YOUR GRACE, PART 2

Words and Music by Fraser Thorneycroft-Smith, Michael Owuo Junior and Uzoечи Emenike

♩ = 120

pp

with Pedal

9

I'm blind-ed by your grace, I'm blind-ed by your grace, by your

13

grace, I'm blind-ed by your grace, I'm blind-ed by your...