

## 5am Vamping

67

Squad

From kway back then likkle yout' fam I learned how to rob  
Ring trap, ring trap, manaman sell Whitney and Bob  
67 ain't a gang, it's a family, something like a mob  
Bang for my bro, bang for my blood nonstop  
Got drillers that lurk with the mop  
You don't wanna see LD with that spinner that barks like a dog  
Slip or slide, slip then you're gonna get got  
Put smoke in the ride let's lurk I'm tryna hit em with the dots  
Vamping

5am with the gang, blowing loud on a gang ting  
Finessing the game like Messi  
Whenever 67's in the rave manaman blow loud so the club's so smelly  
Pengting tryna act prestige in the corner but man know she a jazzy

Money don't sleep at all  
I link my plug then chop it all up  
Hit the market and set up my stall  
My young boys get in them bands  
They said trapping man fuck that school  
Dropped two packs off kway  
Told my runners "Don't fuck up at all"  
I get bands that's cool  
From trapping, shows and making new tunes  
Kitties dem love my stones  
Shooters and trappers and pengtings love my tunes  
From way back we fucked up the roads  
Skengs on peds, skengs in a 4 door too  
Dotty on the ride from way back  
32 spinners and bro we had a 44 too  
Now we got a chopper with 50  
You don't wanna get hit with this corn  
That's 50 bells in this clip  
Gun same size like a fucking chainsaw  
Little man you won't ever understand  
Until you see the fucking size of the corn  
44 in a 4 door like 67k, what, where? Hold corn

Gang

Since LD's here who cares if Scribz on a ban  
Suttin got touched round there now there's bare feds where man hang  
How you fucking with dem man there and claiming that we're fam?  
Well you'll soon learn that can be dodgy  
Free Wig got locked for a body  
Ain't seen him since '011  
Them days we got stashed with a shotty  
You better just mean it and do it  
When I raise that mash, no time to say sorry  
Young boys on the block trapping on volks these days  
Who cares about colly  
You don't wanna see Liquez with a skeng  
That there's nothing but danger  
That's churches, suits and ties  
And family singing "away in a manger"  
Had am you were smoking on cheese  
Calm down you don't know about flavours  
Need a steak and rice

Got this thing on my waist, don't care  
Still going through flavours