

SRB seperation confirmed

Coming up on staging the burn out of these twin solid rocket boosters at two minutes five seconds

Please don't talk about rides

Had the .357 and the A, and I had the Mac-10 in the Drive

Coming like Upton Park, Hammers, the way we're making them rise

It's a eye for an eye, violate bro and you gon' see I

Violate who? None of them boy there know about rides

Had a full clip in the M in the A, and I had a R6 on the drive

Like a mouse when they spot them a human, shook, all they do is run and hide

And they say that they got down L? Lies, lies, bunch of lies

Tuna in a sock in jail, how many heads got buss wide open?

And I just got a Snap from a golden one, plain with her legs wide open

Meanwhile, I'm chillin' on road with an opp boys sister's leg wide open

She don't even know that I soon put bro in a spliff, roll up and smoke him

And I don't need no Riz', chip, hella live corn in clips

Dip my man in his bladder, shit, you know that I'm taking the piss

I swear that you're out on 3 years license, you're taking a risk

Still popping off like Harlem Spartans, I did it again like Bis

Had me a Mac or Miz, way before I knew about MizOrMac

Either if it's K or K in the trap, you know that re-up mental's cash

You know they can't question gang, do it like Scribz, shoot a man live on cam

Big facts, hit him from bare angles like Kaylum's with man

Step with a MA and a mask on my face, you would've thought I was LD

I'm a driller like Scribz, all I see is smoke man, my life ain't healthy

Ask them boys from there how the big one ringing and ringing and ringing, like they text me "bell me"

How many times did I leave my phone at home, tryna catch a mugshot like a selfie

Amiri jeans and the hoody's Moschino

With a bad one, all she knows is Prada, Fendi, weed and deep throat

Pretty little thing but she don't wear PrettyLittleThing

But she'll jeet for the pretty little things, finger fuck with a diamond ring

Gyally on me but I'd rather a wap on me

Mask, I trap with me, bare fans on me, stay back from me

Ayy, man I might get done with parka, with all this cash on me

Rhinos in a .45, that's a chaos and I got a sack in me

Drill 'em up, drill 'em up

And they won't come back, they ain't real enough

Drill it up, drill it up

Shot one pack then I bill it up

My man got hit with two, now we ain't showing no more packs or picking up

The brick came in a mixed tape, madness, let me tell you 'bout Mad About Bars

When Digga was the only guy his age in West London with a sniper

We had two Mac-10s, two .32s, one P9 and a sniper

Man lean with it, left, right, gun lean vid with a fryier

Chris and Snoop from The Wire, 6, more world on Striker

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