

Before Tour

67

I got beef with the law
I used to step with swords
Now we hot step with the 4s
Any estate, do a little tour
Fire off corn and show man war
Too much pos so we score
So how you gonna talk about scores when you're running from war
I'm running from jail, sales and caught
More way trips, bare skrt skrt skrt
Smoking dope with bro
Had the whip in sport
Nuff peng tings, wanna do me
They don't wanna do me and gang on tour
Love 35, straight to the lung
Like brodie what is the draw
He got wacked, he got chinged
So how these punks gon talk about scores
Niggas chat 'til the papers write on papers
Proceeding statements
I was with J, more way trips
And he got his face in the papers
More time I got mind on the papers
Chasing Elizabeth's faces
They had me on trial for knifings and violence
But I thank Allah for busting those cases

67 my brodies
Bang corn for my homies
Talking stick gun wan show me
The man there fibbing they phonies
Man a man step, get it correct
On point shots like Kobe
Fill up the 4s, lurk on your block
You can end up with your homie
Put smoke on the roads with bro
Pull up, bow, bow
They thought ma was gonna say yo
Talking guns and drugs
You ain't got no Ps for a poke
Talking guns and drugs
You ain't got no Ps for a poke
Jugging, jugging all I know
Mummy said you can't be broke
So I'm brucking bricks down with bro
Guns, money, drugs
Yeah man do that shit on the road
Free Skeng and Jigga J
Man can't wait 'til they home
Fill the mash to the dome
Rolling round with some hot heads
Finger itching, they blow
Skengs out on any block
Bro Milly Rock like Mayno
Do a drill, take my shoes off
Chill with bae and smoke dope
Man I really trust a soul
If you're bro, I ain't slapping that po

44 donkey kicking
Sound that drum, you can hold this rhythm
Put holes in your coat and your hat
If you're caught slippin'
Serious drillings
T house living, crack rocks dishing
Tryna make me a killing
Cheff man up when that rambo's out
Bare blood spilling
Free Benny that's bro
When he's home, back to the pyrex whipping
The opps don't come to the hill
They say they do but they fibbing
Come to my block
Bare gunshots, could be dippings
Fill the skeng out with hollows
No one's on the drive
Then we skrt round Wano
Then make that crash, them man dash
Stones come fat like Rocko
Stone come fat like Rocko
Amm buds man bill it
I don't wanna hit your loud
That spliff tastes insigish
Peng lighty thickish
Doggy style when I hit it
Make bands in the trap
From the pack that I'm flipping
Running man trap for the figures

Mobbing
I told momma I wanna live healthy
Don't phone late, that's the time that I'm jogging
Really don't when man jogging
Two Ls up tryna spot him
This gun rude like Loski
And the corn had him Kennington bopping
67 don't bang, they're all moist
They do music
You stupid boy, you confused it
Gonna have me out, tryna prove it
Dutty ped with the dutty 4
Tryna shoot hearts like I'm cupid
Cause I told my environment
See the savage life I didn't choose it
You say you're a driller, show me
Big gun got me feeling like Tony
None of them killed your friend
I gotta shout Insie still phone me
Bare man act like they know me
You can't spread my hand
You don't know me
Peng tings loving the gang
How the fuck could a nigga like me get lonely
It's mad how we fuck up the music ting
And we still do bootings bait
If we want you to know who did it
Then why would we hide our face
Drill up estates, drill up estates
Then I go do goals with bae
Man drill up estates, drill up estates
Then I go and do goals with bae

Gang

Still pull up in a whip
Big 357 on my hip
Live corn in my clip, got 6
Redrum when my paigon slips
And them man know that we take trips
And I'll bang down from his head to his hip
I always got something niggas don't slip
Why the fuck would I talk when my gun do hits
Gang yeah we lurk with things
But touring all my opps, they ain't on piss
So why did they talk like this
Keep talking, see the gun that I grip
Yeah you can get shot by it
And I ain't gonna stop 'til all of them drop
So niggas already know they're pissed
Yeah niggas already know they're pissed
This skeng's hot like cage
Scribz's skeng's hot like birdie
Still lurk on your block with a big 44
That's certi
And then I win suttin'
Then that skeng there turned dirty
But I still kick it out there on the next day
Tryna do man dirty