

You said that its ammi
That's not ammi
That pack there come hard ash
.44's mad
.44 spins
That shit sounds like a car crash
On the main road with 20 of my woes
Had a big 12 gauge in my rucksack
My young niggas drill
Like Itch and Sizz
10 toes in the drive with a book bag

And we're pulling up anywhere
Letting off corn from everywhere
You ain't gang
Then you can't make a penny here
New racks, new guns
That's every year
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Jump out gang
We pulled up like
"Where's all the opps, where they fryin at?"
Corn got slapped
Niggas tried run
Now there's feds on the ends tryna dug man
I'm tryna do music
I'm tryna do bootings
I'm tryna break down these two packs
From qway back
Man had poles pushed back to the Brix
Man, boot that
Now we pull up in trucks
3-litre dingers with spinners
Now we pull up with pumps
Don got left on the mains
Like don got hit by the bus
In skengs we trust
So I trust these things and stuff
Fuck a driveby, mans never pullin up
Jump out like "Yo what's up?" (What's good?)
Then I go smoke a 3.5 to the lung
Smoke in my lungs and smoke in my gun

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Civilians or not, man's coming
See bare man running
Live corn in my gun
Fill to the brim
Peel live drumming
All these oppers that's fucking with gang
Only fucking with gang 'cause we real
Fly birds and we make them bands
And they know that my Sixties drill
Drill em 'til a nigga stay still
I don't rap 'cause I'm tryna get a deal
FaceTime when I saw that opp
And I pedaled my bike right back to the hill
Can't swerve around here, man'll burst him
TO got the phone lines twerking
Cool grub get the young boys working
If you feel he's a fed, don't serve him
Feds lurk for the gang
It's so mad
I switched up things
I ain't tryna get grabbed
Just re-d up now we mow dis trap
2 birds up, put my faith in this cap
Nearly every week man loads up straps
See us pulling up in any mans flat
Skrrr!
Three man down, one.44 banged

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