

They ain't slid back since their boss turned pack  
I'm just talking facts, I don't lie in my raps  
And a fraudulent man still talking wass  
Got caught in your cab and your head got slapped (Bow, bow)  
Live corn in this whip, put corn in your hip  
You control this stick before you take that shot  
Shout bro, got a gift, gave him one in the wig  
I christened that prick way before he got dropped (R.I.P)  
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Lock off your block with residue (Smoke)  
He's a cheeky yute 'til he slips  
One inch in him there, like "Peekaboo" (Rahh)  
While they're lying to you we step in the booth and you know you ain't spittin the truth (Bro)  
Gimme that fame, my index shoots (Bow)  
How many times did I put on my boots? Tryna make a breaking news  
Fish and drip, lean and rip (Brrr)  
I'm a YD [?] from the 6  
Won't talk on lips, your tee gets ripped (Bow)  
If I could run more quick, he woulda got dipped, my mum's assist (Snitchy)  
R.I.P S, that likkle shit (Bitch), he got put to rest in front of his bitch (Haha)  
Haha, who's talking shit?

Nasty lungshot left Jsav wheezing, freezing  
Grave yard got two more seasons (Seasons, seasons)  
Eight wounds in his upper region (Region, region)  
I stabbed him again 'cause I saw him leaking (Leaking, leaking)  
Two in a day, what a lovely feeling (Feeling)  
One in his heart left 95 leaking  
In Skengs We Trust, and I mean it  
Using blades make me feel like I'm cheating (Make me feel like I'm not)  
Bunny boys to my cousin, it's nuttin'  
He was cussing the day that I cut up his bredrin (Recky, brrr, brrr)  
'Til ten of them dead, we ain't resting  
Reckless gone, and the rest just pending (R.I.P)  
Two Rotties in the ride and I'm next  
My A-Team drillers got Lambeth trending (Shook)  
Santan man shoulda dead, got dug in his head, but the shank ain't bending

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Boogie in the A, adding a K  
I'm not a regular person (13'K)  
Drill it bait, any estate, make muppets jump like Kermit (Bow, bow)  
He clocked my face and I clocked his face, so why's man doing diversion? (Sk  
eet, skeet)  
No Beyblade ting when I'm lurking  
Curtain for certain I'm in that German (Piece)  
Doing landing calls on a blue  
Phone TTrap, don't try break him, he's tampered (Break my brudda)  
Just patterned a yute, no wok  
I'm stressed on the block and I lost my standard (Clean, my nigga)  
Whip it soft to rock, then chop into dots  
Put grub in the town like Camden (Town)  
We get busy on the roads and the landing, don't be silly tryna fuck with the  
mandem (Crazy)

More time I'm in the Lambeth blocks on the lurk with the gang but Wano's my  
favourite (Where they at? Where they at?)  
SA doing up driver (Skrt), me and R6 in the back, two gauges (Bow)  
Pun try park and got slapped at (Bow)  
The window's smashed, so we don't really claim it (Eedit)  
And I pray for my paigon's death, when Demand got kweffed I was pissed that  
he made it (Slutty)  
His little cuzzy never made it (Stompz)  
And he just about made it out (Stutzz)  
Greaze left his car unattended, when we fled quick the crime scene was vile  
(Ching)  
Sway with the shotty in style, might get cocky, one hand when I "Bow" (Bap,  
bap)  
The young boys really wanna turn 18, they caught a few M's and they're still  
on trial (Shh)

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