

M1OnTheBeat

Yo, how many man got done on your block? That's facts (Uhh)
We ride, they chat, man really put work in South West flats (Uhh)
They don't know about waps (Waps, waps)
.25 on Ren tryna slap man's back
But them man did Usain Bolt, tryna flee into someone's flats (Someone's flats)
I need Babylon
Twenty hammers gone, this ain't Drake and Meek, this shit carry on
And fuck the Trident, tryna grab the dons (Yeah, yeah)
Why shit so techy?
Officer why you on the block so much? We just tryna make readies (Why)
Big artillery, man that's standard like nickity-click come leggy
A-Team step for a head and chest, man ain't riskin' it for a leggie
Man ain't riskin' it for no bullshit (Nah)
We ain't really gotta give a reason, jump out gang, we really have some full clips (Truss)
Free the guys in Thameside and Brixton causing a nuisance
It was us that day on the strip, so don't lack like you're money (Us)
Them man really scummy (Truss)
Never ever think you can war with the gang, if we ain't makin' money (Hah)
Waps galore, my boots too muddy (Uhm)
In the field, take man down, dirty sport but this ain't rugby (Uhm)
I ain't no normal dude, I'm a Sixty (Six)
My guy rolling with a flicky or my young boy got it 'pon his hip
Nuttin' ain't changed from kway, just couple man got pickneys
Big racks, big racks, had to take time, now I'm drippy (Normal)
Not just me, the whole gang drippy, feds watching, it's always sticky (Ugh)
Back to jail like my mother's pickney, life I live, really kind of risky (Ugh)
In and out, get it gone quickly
Bro came home, I never went jail, this shit come back around like a frisbee (Free the mandem)

Fucking hell fam, free the fuckin' members fam
Free the members in the can man
You know we just in fuckin' Thameside locking shit down as per

normal

Come on man, still got the opps on ropes, still making cash flows

Everything's still going sweet man

You know we're gonna be out soon, B