

Glorious Twelfth

67

Money does it again

Still pull up on shit
Big hand gun you know I grip (know I grip)
The 3-5-7 ain't loaded
The 44's kickin' out six ('4s kicking' out six)
Or I get up close with the shotty (boom boom), two shots in my quick
I ain't even tryna get nicked, but everyday I take these risks
So boy don't slip, if rise my skeng I swear I won't miss
Or I back up my knife and chef man down
Only jail when I'm gon' use fists
Someone tell these niggas don't slip
Cause I'm out 'ere keepin' up mad antics
They don't ever bang but they chat like bitch
67 gang still lurkin' whips

War, mans ready
Fill up the 4's like petty
Corn fly like confetti (bow bow)
Smoke niggas get money
Jugging jugging for my mummy (jugging jugging)
Fuck it bro, man get muddy
Turn Mad Max in a hurry
Big 12 gauge tryna scurry
Free squeezient he's my buddy (free him)
C-32, M-10, my bro's oh so cruddy (my brudda's)
Nigga's know, nigga's know
Big skengs tryna hit you're buddy
Jump out, jump out gang
Man's lurkin' tryna hit your buddies (jump out jump out)
Ammi that I roll, ammi that I blow, coming sweet like honey
Got a peng girl she don't trap bitch
But she work work for the money
Bro bro got a little driller upsa with the rice and curry
Man step correct with them waps bitch
[?] Mans scurry (Skrrrrrr)

Just come some new numbers (clients)
I'm about to do numbers (ring)
Taking trips to dem country spots
I ain't seen home in ages (quay)
Bank roll, big wages (bands)
Savage livin' that's always (savage)
Put the 12 where your face is (bang)
Redrum when I do pavements (bang)
Gun smoke for the pagans (gun smoke)
Weed smoke I inhale it (trust)
Mix the ammi with the flavours (trust)
My nigga's don't give a toss, it's live corn or a shavin' (chef 'I'm)
Hit the cells on a hot day, or hit the cells when its rainin'
Either way I gotta rake it (smash out)
Quay quay with my trap team
Runnin' traps and we stayin' it (quay)
Free up my young G Pulla, It's been a long time his been caged in (free up)
Undies on us for drillin's
They don't wanna the see the Six winnin'
Six shots in that spin

Its spinnin' well (Ey!) and its kickin'

(Mud) It's glorious twelfth I'm steppin' (It's shootin' time)
I step with skengs and friends
Names that I don't need to mention (unknown bangers)
Live corn hold him back like detention (bow)
Now his team's gotta bench him (bench's on)
Doin' warm up drills with gang, 4 door pull up and stretch him (Skrrrrrr, bow)
)
And I'm still here doing up shows (yeah)
Me M and C Rose
Got all the opp blocks on ropes (all o' dem)
And they're still here doin' the most (Yeah all o' dat, all o' dat)
See them in viz in a 4 door pause now they ain't involved (Skrrrrrr)
Still corn 'em (bow), corn 'em (bow)
Just do it and ghost (yeah)
67 still doing up roads

I'm on violence, I make bands
I smoke cookie and Am (ai)
Got the loudest of packs
Your weed is dead, its trash take it back (take it back)
Bro walked in with the wap
Dressed in black
Said let's lurk on these flats (let's lurk)
Itch is way too itchy, 2-2 itchy, little bro's tryna scratch (bow)
WAPS
How much time me and gang brought waps round and crashed (bow bow)
How much time did we ching up the place and watch him trip up, drop and plan k (ching)
R6, ST, T-Trap will ching up his chest neck and his back (splash)
Liquez just stepped up balling lookin' like racks
Diamonds flashed (flash)
We just stepped in to the venue, lemme get a yak and scratch this Am (scratches it)
I'm still in the flats with:
Drillers (drillers)
Trappers (trappers)
Killers (killers)
Dingers (Dingers)
Spinners, jump out wave it round like a wizard
Ay