

Gang Gang Gang
67.....
Jump out gang...
Drillers and Trappers...
Ayyyyyyyy

Big bro just got new corn for the spin, that made my day
Gotta see what this ones sayin, slide round Raq, that's training day
Still do it on the A, all masked up, give clout to the A
I was 16 with a shotty same size as a rambz tryna aim for a face
Shouts outs my batch, how much blood have we left on the pave?
Half of your squad has been done, How dare you scream 67K?
Should've seen my man's face when we did jump out gang in the mains
Wet mandown with this Rambo, don't think you can firm this blade

67 we dem big homies with waps
Little homies, mind your chat
It ain't nuttin to get man wacked
Trapping ain't dead, I'm still juggin then
Bitch niggas, your whole squad that's full of them
Lurk around where the pagans chill
Catch someone and bullet them
Big gun with a clip on the side holding 20 odd corn
I hope that we see all of them
Knife works best cheff a man watch his blood spill
That's #SlauterTing (Twentyone)
Serving all these packs
Counting up all this cash

2 litre ding-dong
Come round do man dirty
6 shots in that spin
I need me one that holds about 30
Gang just brought a new wap
Lets get lurky
Gauge come lick out a mans back
What's going out worthy
Tell my young boy lay low
We just scored on the opps and he's doing up servery
17 ain't scored on no one
They bang for their bros cos dem man nerdy
You think they come to the block and we won't get lurky
4 door truck driving around for hours tryna get squirty

Last madness, I had the man that guy got slapped with loads of pebs
Could have got chingged or left him dead
Either way he got left all drenched
You might see me with Skrill or Skeng
But don't mention man in the ends
Boot man instant get a man qwenged
.44 fully loaded Rem
Might step round there with no type of friend
Man step round there with bro's only that's smokes in coats no meds
Big jackets, big qweffers
Big hammers, ripped sweaters
Dem man talking wass till we come round and leave man stretchered

We used to step round der
Used to pedal round der, like Tour De France
Do it like yardman, one hand 'pon my hip
That's the gunman stance
We walk on streets bare smoke that's heat
That's even in the dance
Free Hoops dats bro from day
Trench coats we're filling grant
Fuck these niggas coming like bitches where there sending
Big Rambo, make sure you don't get up when I drench him
Lines on, 24's all the kitty's phone for that leng ting
Walked into the bando, all the nitties scream when I stepped in

Waps, lost another one
Then we got another one
You don't wanna be another one
Step with the wand Harry Potter one
Red tape color one
But money haffi make, I bake bread, toast it and butter one
Jump out gang with the frier, had enough of the chasing tryna cut a one
On your block on serious gang shit,tryna get your head, chest Blow your hair
.44 corn make a big man dance, he's done out here
How many time have we gone round there and left something done out there?
Now I hear there's feds and dogs out there