

My niggas they just love the waps and cutlery  
But they be trappy  
All my 60 niggas love the queens face  
Relocate if it's bait  
I hate catching a case  
Been smoking cookie all day  
Leave your room with your haze  
Only bands and opps that I chase  
I wake up and count the queen's face  
Still got beef on my plate  
And I shed off plates with my mates  
[?] we're getting this cake  
Stupid feds wanna lock me away  
Lurking dinglers in and out estates  
Big fuck off stones man will blow you away

I got a straight face  
Nuttin here ain't funny (No)  
Head shot, chest shot  
Or below that's straight for your tummy (bow)  
Them man are all babies  
Back the shotty whacking with dummies (Bow bow)  
Big trench-coat with the skeng  
When it's hot and it's sunny (Dead)  
I'm tryna have some binbags full of money (Alla dat alla dat)  
So I'm out here serving it to the druggies (To the cats)  
Most of my opps are bummy  
Just talk like their on their grind (Na)  
And none of my opps don't bang (Don't bang)  
Don't bang on the six they lie  
Put my hands on my heart we ride  
If it ain't skengs then we got dem knives (Ching ching)  
So don't slip and lose your life  
Fam we savage with that knife  
And if I shoot it it's on site (Grrrrrra)  
RIP and I say goodbye

No hat more time when I step (Stepping)  
Them niggas they looking for pussy  
I'm out ere tryna get a cheque (That's lame)  
(Yo yo)  
Roll up and blow  
Man jump out with them skengs den a man doing ten toes  
Skeng out on show  
Civilians they be out more then you so they call the five-O (snitches)  
Mans lurking with bro  
[?] with a little bit of yak and spliff that I roll  
Free jigga my bro  
Dem niggas know  
When manaman step man I'm aiming for toes  
Boom boom take a man off his toes  
Do a drill then go shell off a show (C'mon c'mon)  
Ay, ay, my niggas dem drillers you know

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Knife or a ching ching  
Asap ain't in a no fisting (No)  
Run man down with the rambo  
Catch him swing that round and fist him  
The opps know how the ting goes (Truss)  
They either dasheen or we did dem (Dasheen)  
Chopping food like a butcher (Cheffing)  
My nigga [?] in the bando  
Pyrex on the cooker  
Cowboy style with the 44 (4s)  
On the field tryna rise the score (Rise it)  
Serving shots like a farm man (Truss)  
Leave a nigga spreaded on the floor  
I need hella bands and guns galore (Guns)  
Break a pack into loads of pebs  
I done a hundred I got hundreds more

Armed and dangerous  
Young and famous (60)  
Age 15, I was crashing at school  
Tryna leave Dijon brainless (Ai)  
Nowadays I'm stepping on opps  
Same routine tryna leave man brainless (Bow)  
Dem man der just bummy  
Looking like Frank hella dark from shameless (Hahaha, little bitches)  
I'm peppering pricks and pedalling bricks (Papapapow)  
Can't talk about L they know about me  
I pepper the strip (Ai, ai)  
These niggas are bitter and sour  
Coming like lemons and shit (Little [?])  
We're out here making it rain  
And opps will [?] pricks (Papapapow)  
Look anywhere we on violence (Ai)  
I do shows and I'm still on riding (Gang)  
And I still slang packs in the hood (I trap)  
Still flinch when I see dem sirens (Shook)  
Look all my young gs on volts  
When they step they fill it and rise it (Rraa rraa)  
It's still fuck trident  
Spent this whole year breaching my license (Gang gang gang)

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