

Yeah, you dun know what it is already  
Doggy 67, bakin' up in the jailhouse  
Free all the drillers, the trappers, the shooters, the stabbers, everyting i  
nnit  
Free up everyone, free Itch, ASAP, Snoopy, Dimzy, C Rose, Chops, Scribz, Hoo  
pz, Clicks, R6, Skim, Skrr, T-Trap, Slows, Legs  
Free up everyone man  
Soon home

67 to the death of me  
Yeah, me and my bruddas built this shit, man, this our legacy  
Young armed and [?]  
Bro went jail when he was 17  
This ain't Medellin my bro, man haffi feed the fiends  
All I wanted was some money, since I hit a teen  
Played the big machines  
Then tried to pour a brudda down, blow him to smithereens  
No joke like Mr Beans  
Sittin' in jail for Elizabeth, I love the Queen  
I can't believe they took Snoopy again (Free the guys)  
And they locked my bro Dots for a skeng  
It was us niggas ridin' on your block (Us)  
.25 on us then  
Most my niggas in a prison cell, free all my mens  
Free my little savage kids, he got half in a ten  
My bruddas pattern Thameside, we ain't gotta pretend (Trust)  
First day of the year, you was tryna make a bad b talk in your ear  
Man was 4D, tryna make a man disappear  
A man can't fuckin' betray us  
And my young boy dip you inna there  
Nighttime say his prayers  
Smokin' cookie from the bay, yeah that's my kinda flavours

(Hey, hey, hey, hey)  
You know I get it the hard way  
Stretchin' budget balance was my dark days  
Countin' cake with us, they're always sayin' "Happy birthday"  
Now all the peng ones be lookin' for my last name  
Don't ten toes on the strip with 7 way before the calf game  
Free the killers, they was really tryna blast frames  
Yeah, you know I get it the hard way  
And I'ma keep it real until my last days

I seen the cells, I seen the courts, I seen the free floors  
A pound to last a whole day, I fuckin' seen broke  
I see low, so I stay high, through the weed smoke  
And we know, that they don't bang, they fuckin' beam jokes  
I light them up just like some weed smoke and say my prayers  
I'm comin' home from label talks and then I'm bangin' later  
67, I'm deya, bro just copped a sprayer  
He said you rap, I'll do the bangin', you just thank me later  
Obbo on our back, we're still ridin'  
Conspiracy knockin', we still hidin'  
Eight man four sim cards it's all frightenin'  
Tell 'em phone me up, I'll send p's, I ain't writin', that's real shit  
Jump around on stage with same bruddas that I drill with  
Share the same clothes, same smoke, same nose whiff

And you know I deal with any problem comin' my way, I get it drilled quick  
I switch flows on 'em  
Shaniqua, Taniqua, I want both of 'em  
But they family was some opps and I blow smoke on 'em  
Weed smokin' enemies, I quit smokin' blimp but I'll still smoke your friend

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Nigga, niggas really tryna blast me (Woo)  
Hey, hey, hey