

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