

Rise that mash up do it
Many times that I've been through it
Got loads of sweets no chewits
On the point see his chest and chew it
On the mains with the fours that was jump out gang tryna crash that corn rig
ht through him
Got these lame ass boys tryna bread mans beef like they won't get shot what
they doing

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Stupid kids wanna bread mans beef I just bun man normal its nuttin'
Hit base bill it up with russian
I miss trap man free up my cousin
Had skengs in the room bare searching then they never found nuttin their buz
zing
See I've never been rich and I need them bands so I risk my freedom its nutt
in'
I put skengs in the car tryna bun him
They gone learn when this bullet here touch him
I'm a handy man don't tell bout tools I've been gripping my shit from a youn
gen
40s and trucks that shit is a must
We ain't tryna give no one a chance to come back
Tryna turn em to dust
Two of my niggas in jail for some killings
Couple more for some drillings
Opp shit in the field they be hitting civilians
And they know that we're winning
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Many times that I've been through it
Hoops came home from a bird and he rid straight through it
Bro still whip up the raw, millie rock that pot like its stew in
44 teeth hit him up in his chest then chew him
Do him go right through him
Niggas ain't on piss
But you're clenching fists
I'll cut up your knuckles and cut off your wrists
I'm a smokey guy smoke loads of spliffs
M had the ten doing loads of things
44 in the car tryna slap mans skin
We gone slide back through if we don't see a
Thing
Cah my niggas love drilling we addicted and shit
The other side talk to the fedz and shit
Dry snitch and shit

They talk to the pigs and shit
Mans got corn for a snitch
44 spin hold six
Opp thots tryna do six,.
Peng tings screaming out gang
Got peng tings throwing up six

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They should have never let me out
Cah I won't stop knocking opps out
In HMP locked down
Cah the judge know we got a opp down
Man run when we jump out
Niggas know that we got a gun out
Bro let's lurk on the block hella shots you be getting gunned down
I never think just do it
Say you gonna bang come do it
If I say I'ma do it I do it
Load it up cock it back then I shoot it
That was jump out gang tryna crash that corn right through him
Red rum when its us in the field are you stupid
Every gun that we own know we use it
Big rambo cut right through him
And I don't even watch them niggas
But they keep watching my movements
Still winning his beef
No point you was losing
If I see any opp in my sights swear to God I'ma shoot them

T-house running though stones
Out here running through hoes
44 holes chunky stones
Breaking bones the pagans know
My heads hot and my knife works cold
Chef man down for my bros
C rose will do it as well
Bro got smoke as well
Two bells and a rusty twelve
Two L's up when the six do road
Live corn go straight through your chest
Leave your back with exit holes
My drillers they drill no joke
Skengs on the block there's loads
Do it in a four door truck
Or do it ten toes its nuttin'
Six seven my brothers

Circle small like buttons
Violence and money we love it
I'm fucking these hookers and coming
Straight after I'm cutting
I'm fucking these hookers and coming
I ain't inna the cuffing
Gang!

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