

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 right 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 buzzing  
See I've never been rich and I need them bands so I risk my freedom its nuttin'  
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 young  
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 hellas 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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