

I move low but I'm bait  
I think the feds on my case  
So I gotta relocate  
But I'm trapping till late  
No face, no case  
Man left no trace  
Don't get in my way  
I'll turn insane then chef up the place

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Long trips for the bands got me miles away  
More times I be kway out  
In the trap with the cats  
Cling film and vas  
Cockroaches and rats  
The shit that I've done for the money  
The shit that I've done for the bands is mad  
Chef Chef on the back road  
Or I smoke opp like pot, for the gang  
My young g's bigger than me  
And he's got that thing  
And he's rolling with man  
Benny that's bro  
We do road in a OT spot  
Stain mans work and we get that gone  
Scribz got smoke don't get too close  
I can vouch for my nigga he'll snatch mans soul (bow bow)

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Skrring on the motorway  
Peng grub that's due to take your soul away  
I'm pissed if the line will do an O today

Coming short on the deal I tell him go away  
Man talking bout bandos  
My YG's there I'm in Nandos  
You can't tell me where I can go  
Boom, tell me where your gang go  
My YG cooling with his rambo  
No face the camera caught me at an angle  
Hitting jail loads of times ain't the plan though  
Handy hand ting in my hand though  
Peddling pebs with no handles  
Tell her hold these Zs I'll be back though  
Blow a nigga out like a candle  
Still up in the drought  
I sill handle

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Woosh, Everyone's tryna run  
I see couple guys tryna push  
It was peak one time with the feds in the A  
Had Liquez hiding out in the bush  
That's not ammy your smoking big man  
That buds coming like kush  
I need more fiends on my phone line  
So I put my nike airs on and look  
(Where they at) x2  
Feds at my mums door tryna say your son is a crook  
(Fuck the pigs) x2  
I want my stack fat like 100 books (large)  
My niggas said I'm cold on the beats  
My niggas said I'm cold on the hooks  
When I do road with the gang  
That's 2 four doors me and Tookz (skrr)

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