

Low But Bait

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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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