

Mad About Bars - S4.E31

67

Yeah

So it's been four years since we started Mad About Bars
And the golden question has always been

Brigades

MKThePlug

"Where's the 67 M-A-B?"

Well all my people

I'm happy to announce

Yeah

Really step with fryers

Last work, man call that one Niya (Yeah)

You've seen my black attire

My handting spiral like Snoop from The Wire

Selection of waps when the gang dem step

Car or ped

Don't lose your head tryna diss on tracks

You might end up dead

Shoutsout the plug, never run my supplier

6 gang tryna build an empire

Nuttin' like Lucious, money and power

I need mils before I retire

Free my bros on the wing in the tracky attire

The feds try say that the mandem conspired

They're some big-big liars

(They) They was tryna party at Lotus

We was tryna rise that score

Puttin' waps on the block, tell the gang stay focused

Bro said he heard them stutter then he smoked 'em

Went home, balled one roachless

And I say mash it-

(That) That one there is a bonus

Last ones left, still making it happen

'019, we got two new packs

Let the young boys bag and slang 'em

I was in the cell with Rose

When I heard the mandem taped up Clapham

And we done cheffed down my man

Big man there can't talk about patterned

Niggas are dickheads

I got down my man, his uncle spud man

Man par a skengman

To the white people, I'm around gunman

(Man) Man pour LB for the bros in jail

'Cause the cells are long akh

Worker hittin' them sales

Got me tellin' him go there and come back

Girls tryna uck man quickly

Groupies shoutin' out Sixties

Bad one could never kiss me

All the fake wass, don't miss me

67 could never turn history

Say it with your chest fuckboy, I can't lip read

Machine in the van, no mystery

Now my right index all glitchy

I'm smokin' Gelato, Biscotti and Runtz
I heard two man got turned into rucks
I spent lil six on the kicks and thumps
And man took shots the other day and he's drunk
I don't know why I was over there smoking skunk
Man did a lurk, skengs in the ride or purse
Man ain't puttin' that in the trunk
Shotgun long like an elephant trunk
If T or Scribby get pissed off
They're gonna fan, scram it, bait
Peng ting wanna do wine and dine
Cool, I bought her the .25 straight
Started my day with Cali buzz
You know that's a Dimzy wake and bake
Feds on my neck so much and it's jarrin'
Come like these hoes, they don't give me a break

They look at my life, they feel so broke
No wonder these niggas can't stand me
I stay in my lane, fuck with the 6
And if ain't with us, I'm anti
I make shit clear, you're gonna see death
If you still don't understand me
If you still don't understand me
Bodies gon' drop when we bang heat
Handguns come in handy
But a MAC-10's what I fancy
Had a shotgun on a backseat
I'll be smiling but I'm angry
Hoes sweets, no candy
You can't ban drill, you can't ban me
You forgot you're fuckin' with mad Liquez

67

Finally
It's the Mad About Bars
Money, LD, Dimzy, Mad Liquez, SJ
ASAP home soon
Diligence
Psycho Beats
From New Park Road, to Brixton Hill
It's the legends

Tryna make man not see the next day
That's old school tekkers like Pele
Man did it before there were ZK's
Make man realise they can't miss leg day
They're doin' up thighs and calves
Jump Out Gang, we ain't drivin' past
I just bun my spliff
Gyal can't give me one but I'll bun man's clart

Nigga best think fast
Two waps in the ride and blast
Of course I'm charged
I step with my darg and yes, it barks
Might do it bait face
If I plan that drill, I'm coming masked
Two hands on the wap
So you know someone's gettin' rassed

Shells make you drop on the floor like Ricky
Or make you scream ooouuu like Young M.A
Them man always dash
And man always finds someone, that's strange
You don't know how much work man's done
Tryna find them punks but I guess it weren't their day
Really put seven man in the four door
On the opp block, tryna find some prey

Free up my riders, sliders
Bro used to drive them dingers and sliders
I make so much quiz nowadays
I remember used to struggle, won't stretch those fivers
Free up Wiggy, survivor, lifer
Chinging that bird like its fucking minor
Sat in jail and took some loses
Came back home
Made em back like its minor

See bro's [?] car, better whip that wheel
Drop that, we'll dip that you hit the floor
Animal mode, we prey on prey
Check them snaps, then move like waste
Joke man thought that you clip man
It was little bro, but I can't even diss man
PB skengways a real life gunman
That's real life fun man

Yeah load that, cop that, bun man
Hand ting on the ride, filled to the top
Aim on point, tryna dun man
Watch how I father the ting and sun man
Had the [?] on the drip, pattern this stick, so I can roll up and bun man
Still got the AMG ting on sports, no wonder the gyal wanna fuck man

Twenty man in the what, still step opp block
Oppositions cat while these bodies drop
Step 'round [?] man like me
Tryna fish [?] got-got
My bro's on the wing punching and kicking
Don't get caught, all this June was slipping
Been pulling up on smoke, way before drill popped up, you niggas were chilli ng

She says why you got all these gold T
I smiled and left them shine, like I got them all on my white teeth
Had a shotty with so much bros, like greens, like red and white T
Beef still frying and frying, we ain't gonna stop til we burn meat
Miserable