

Man's still sliding
Got hammers and dingers galore, gunshot when I find him
And that's exciting
Money piling
Spent so much fares on the cab like why you not driving
Took a snap on the mains broad day cause its perfect lighting
Bro got dark but he run out of light so I brought more light in
Survival of the fittest right now so everyone's fighting
Everyone raps but they know about drills but is you riding?
Kway back on a pushbike ting we done serious knifing
Ching ching run off and bill it
We got smoke for the fiends and killings
Skeng got 8th for a skeng
But not guilty for the drilling
Trap got more than 10
And I ain't seen him since he done that drilling

I can handle the snakes, the rats I can't take
Niggas talk to the pigs and the pigs wanna lock my estate
They wanna know about the 6
Wanna know how much money we make
We lost so much skengs, I don't know how much more I could take
But I'm still pulling up on smoke, I still serve amnesia on boat
I just got off the phone to Slowz, He done whacked couple opp with "o"
Still pull up in the 4 door with the 44 tryna smoke in the dome
Tryna shutdown the boy then fly OT then shutdown the show
67 we're drillers we drill, I put my life on the line for the hill
How much times ever did a nigga dirty
Only God knows how a nigga feels
Of course I'm beef in the trident
Tryna catch me sliding
Still step outside on violence
I'll deal with them in silence

Nuff' Gyal' get whacked
Nuff' skengs get whacked too
Jump out gang on the back road I couldn't give a fuck man fuck you!
Been round there in the 4 door, Been round there just to cut tru
Gave the Gyal' wood man I ain't gotta say I love you
Free J that's bro, 67 to the road
Anywhere, Anywhere manaman fuck up the show
Trappin' ain't dead the nitty still phone for the blow
4 door with the skeng I see a couple man and they blow
Skengs out 10 toes
I was out with my bro
German, 4 door, jump out then let it blow
Skurr out, bill it up, probably get top from a hoe
Skurr out, Jump out, Probably get top from a hoe
In the 6 with my woes

Niggas run far when they see me
Cause them niggas know that their times up
Got something off of my hip
That big handgun that I rise up
So nigga don't slip or you're gon' get fried up
I never have time then you're gon' get knifed up
Mad Liquez know that I'm nuts

I bun an opp and not give two damn fucks
You know I'm out there getting them bands up
But the feds tryna slap me in handcuffs
If bro pulls up with the Mac, let me show you what that does
That's 25 shots in the clip so everything mad up
The law I'm above, them opps they know us
In skengs we trust, crash corn from a stolen truck
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