

Spinners, dotties, chinging  
Savage on sight  
These bulldogs bite

Shoutout to my driller  
Two L's tryna bun little man's head  
His friend got one in his belly  
Do it like we did it already  
Bro did Sav in his belly  
Big man came for a steak  
He got chinged on a empty belly (Hungry)  
Shouts out Santan man  
Feds said we done up his arm and leggy (arm and leg)  
All them victims screaming out gang cause they've all been stitched or leggy  
(stitched)  
Looking at Itch, like how did it jam in his head that would of been egg (Ho  
w?)  
Used to get round there with one pop  
And them man still fucking leggy  
We're broad day bangers  
Tryna leave man hashtag deadly  
Step correct with them waps  
My team know we ain't friendly  
4 door truck but it's risk  
No hoopties might see us in Bentleys  
Free up my bro, he just got a bird and that shit look lengthy

5 man deep in a whip lets ride  
Kiz with the Spartans  
T trap still got faith in his kitchen knife (loves it)  
Numerous times  
We step round there tryna take a life  
They know it ain't safe  
Every time we step they ain't outside  
Either that or they know how to hide  
Shouts out lurk squad  
Once again we came on time  
Big jackets and full clips  
Backroad nigga don't get fried  
2 man on a stolen ped, doing up extra time  
Do it and dash on a CC  
Back then saddle hold on the drive

Dotty on the ride, tryna get we should tower  
I was pissed it jammed  
Clap that young when his head back  
Dem manaman was fine  
How can dem man say we're not riding?  
Dem man must be fried  
6 man jogging, 4 in truck, 2 on bike  
Talking, dem man ain't riding  
Push back on a night ting  
Bruck-back too lengthy  
Spinner way too chunky  
Went from buying a tracki at JD's  
To chinging drooled him at Carphone  
Don't know which was worse though, was it Bisch or him

Spinners, dotties, chinging, leave that redruM lane  
RedruM attempt, no way your scars can come little like Wayne (no way)  
These bulldogs bite, leave you wet like lake  
Or we splash, splash  
Swimming in guys with the fattest blades  
Pull up dash, back out his mash and then he ran away  
How can you do that?  
My nigga just came to play  
Now he just went, shit's all cray  
Plus two more rusty bitches, what can I say?  
I need me a whoosher, so I can leave them sprayed  
I might come tru with the ugh, sawn-off gauge

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