

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Gang, gang, gang (all of that)  
Jog (jog, jog)  
67 (67)  
Drillers, trappers (trappers)

Let me tell you about 013, that was rottys and macs and baggy jeans  
Queff 'dat roddy at 'dem man, I just watch them crash and skeet  
The amount of time we lurked 'round there and not seen not one of them neeks  
(not one)  
Them man so thirsty, I just ching mans face then skeet (ching, ching, ching)  
One minute, his face was looking all fleek  
Now it's looking on leak  
'Dem get got then talk on the net, 'dem man just post to police (snitch nigg  
a)  
I stay with machines and all of them grease that make them clean  
Step 'round 'ere, leave everything red  
Make the feds take that scene

Still, let's lurk on 'dem man 'dere  
Thought he's rendt, then red tears  
That one there got a clip on the side  
But we rise that one, it'll drop right there  
Like- and- (ha)  
When my guys mash that work  
One hand on the wheel, one hand on the three two spin  
L dip that first (I dip that)  
'013 that was Max and [?], [?] caught him a body (old school)  
Trap got bad for the AM  
Then hoops went and lost that roddy  
674 won a golden boot  
And we got that shit out now  
Racks galore, shoot and score  
Threese waps up; man do it in style

Do up the hooptie, drive like NASCAR  
Swear down that's like eighty  
On a mains with shells on deck, no pasta  
My brodi's straight from Ghana  
But he tie up his dreads, no rasta  
This shotgun kicks like Ken  
The .40 spins on folks like Blanka (blow, blow, blow)  
Know what it is if I step on the R's  
'013, .38 big bad shotty 'n' a mac in the back of the car  
Set way mash, gonna dip man down 'till his backplate hurt man's palm  
Man know what it is  
Man know what you're on when you see a man jump out the car  
Gang

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Guns, money, drugs; my block's like The Wire  
Go keep me a fry-up  
Put the block's through fire  
Feds wanna grab that supplier  
Big houses, ammo, wapps; I desire  
Big Mac and a rotty, that was out quaking  
Stones rip through skin and flesh  
These stones had bones, them breaking  
I mean, broken  
They run when jooks approaching  
Angry when they get away  
It get's so 'ments when feds approaching

Come to a decision (what's the decision?)  
Man's Premier League, 'dem man in division  
SAD on your block, man search and destroy on possession  
Peng 'ting wanna flirt, I just want-  
What's the decision?  
Wet up a man, should have saw his feet  
Woulda thought he was Crippin'  
I go the juice, but I ate the [?] (yeah, yeah), yeah  
Hot [?] young boy, I might drive the in the [?]  
Manbag, big jackets, if you really want to see that thingy  
Three drills, three days, real life  
Hands down the gang-dem get drillly

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