

S-R-B separation confirmed

Coming up on, uh, staging, the burnout of these twin solid rocket boosters at 2 minutes 5 seconds

Yo, hand on heart, dem boy dere gems  
Flick of the, flick of the wrist, it might blind you again  
Roll and smoke, we did it again  
Juice, man, spill, man, spill it again (Yeah)  
Step with bros, man, ain't leavin' the hood without skengs (Nah)  
Fuck a bodyguard, man got firearms  
Get close that's you and your friend (That's you and your bro)  
Bro hook the waps real life  
Jay ain't tryna go back to the pen (Nah)  
My nigga Jay fresh home  
He got his trap phone to a men  
Upsuh in Chantelle's house  
Baggin' up packs of the leng (Packs of the long)  
Playin' upfront, never retire like Pele and dem (Pele and dem)  
Had beefs from young  
Big bro cop that from young do kweng (Kweng, went)  
You don't know about waps, rudeboy  
I can talk about MACs and Stens  
Opp block with M, wid that M, tryna whoosh that 10 (Whoosh, whoosh)  
Tryna slap mans head back go home and pretend  
Free my young boy Kizz (My young boy Kizz)  
He got half than a 10 (Half than a 10)  
God forbid that I land on the wing, never again (Never again)  
Last time man step, normal settings, suttin' got drenched

One stick, one for the aim  
Money I gained, work everyday (Guap)  
Cookie bud that I smoke's insane, loud expensive strain  
War ready, got waps on deck  
This hand ting holds like 8, it's cray  
Still love me a dotty, slide on 2  
Roll up and peb your estate  
But I'm workin', and I stay workin'  
Man, I got racks for days (Racks)  
'Cause I'm certain I'll be makin' a million (Million)  
All this money won't make me change (Never)  
Still on the block with waps and trucks with the diamonds came (Blin', brr)  
I heard they won the Olympics, too much 18K's

Can't do it bait face on a cam no more but truss me, my young g's will  
I still handle the wap kinda aight  
And my knife work wonderful (Wonderful)  
Feds went and booted up my door  
For a bootin', I can sleep comfortable  
It was like 6AM in the station and I'm face to face with a constable  
I was on basic, writing letters  
Cah love money and love weapons  
Still gon' handle the shank with tekkerz  
Jump out, get some touched in seconds  
Tracksuit, LV sliders, and my Rambo when I run my errands (Simple)  
And you can hear me from the top of the road when I start my engine (Brrrum)  
Say sticks and stones may break my bones but I can't let feds take my phone  
Count like a minimum seven

That's if they inspect like Sherlock Holmes  
But shawty wouldn't wanna know no more if she ever knew I was serving stones  
Me and bro done a works  
Trident didn't have a clue cah I burnt my clothes

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