# Olympics



S-R-B separation confirmed
Coming up on, uh, staging, the burnout of these twin solid rocket boosters a
t 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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