

67 that's nothing but violence
Banged corn on all of the opps, now we're warring the Trident
Feds had me in the bush with the box, phone rang had to fling it on silent
I took a little loss that day, KMT I'm still out here grinding
Everywhere I go gang go, you know that there's a whole load of smoke
Got ounces, ninas, basically LD's sitting on a whole load of cro
Used to ride with the Mac on my bro, like come we just woosh him and go
Now we sit in the ride with the chopper, but that there's a whole different
pole
That there's a whole different corn
Live corn might lick of your arm, now a nigga wish that he weren't born
Don got licked in face, now he talks to the feds, how you know what you saw?
Got skengs on the block but there's never enough so you know we need more
SJ got five for the 4, that's two years and a bit more
The whole block's on obbo
We do what we can everyday, the feds might grab us tomorrow
The opps can't chill on their block everyday cause they might catch a hollow
I had my mash but I hit my man with a skeng that I borrowed
I fed my man a hollow

It's been trap season
My niggas make the skengs dem crash like 'give me a reason'
The opps dem talk to the feds, why the fuck are they cheating
Way too much leaking
67 don't talk to the feds, we don't do no speaking
Pull up, crash, dash, on your back left bleeding
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I rock with the 6, get dropped for a 6
On your side like a pitch, leave holes in your bruh like he was a ditch
Do the most to get rich, slang Bobby or Whitney cause yeah that's my bitch
Old yardie man snitched, had my dons in the can that shit was a stitch
Karma's a bitch, told Conz I can't go jail but I landed in nick
Lord knows I was pissed, but I linked up with Skeng and he showed me the cli
p
New day, same shit, make p's on the strip
Make p's or we flip, 7 bags for a box break it down into bits
M that's my bro, them opp niggas know 25's in that pole
Give a round of applause, watch niggas drop I ain't clapping at shows
Woosh woosh then we go, get smoked like the loud that I roll up and blow
Fuck tryna be low, tryna branch out the hood like Chief from the Glo
All I wanted was dough now I'm getting it normal, fast money or slow
Conversate with the bro what the future gon' hold I be burning on cro
Make a boy hot like a 12 from the hollow tip shells that me and them load
That spinner be chrome, if I got two shells I'm hitting your dome

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I put my life on the line for the gang
674 that's my gang
Real talk I'll shoot any man
If I hear that they're onto the gang
Take trips to the Brix with the scam
And I'm loading up 6 in the scream
Yeah boy, cause I do it, cause I can
That gun go click clack bang
Bang. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
Nah, my gun it won't jam
I'm high off the gas and I'm high off the am
I'm smoking some loud with the gun in my hand
Yeah, with my gun in my hand, I'm really insane so they know about man
So let a nigga try me, and see wagwarn with my gun in my hand
Can't wait till the day, that they let loose all my killers in the can
I hope to God, that my niggas on remand that day soon land
Big smile on my face, with this paigon's blood that I've got on my hands
So don't ever slip, I've got man around here and them man are all mad
So don't ever flex, I've got man around here and them man will all grab
So don't act bad, I've got youngins 'round here them youngins so sav
I said don't act bad, I've got youngins 'round here them youngins will stab

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Niggas don't wanna get shot, they're scared (cowards, gems)
67k what where? 67k what where? (where they at, gems)
Pull up, crash dash, free Smokey Jack
Free the conspiracy gang
6 shots in that spin, suttin like greedy man'll go mad
Headshots of course, opp nigga lack get his forehead whacked
Then it's back to the trap
I'm talking racks, rocks of crack
And dark is wrapped
Fuck the feds they took my bands, it's time to make that back
I've got shooters around, that itch, when a new skeng lands
Might pull up in a van, with a whole heap of man
Like let's go ham
Said they ain't never seen me in the field, the other day they ran

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