

Remember when I could save a little pinky
Now I count 10 bands and pinkies
Big waps, shotguns and .50's
.44 deadly, spin dat quickly
Jump out gang
Jump out gang we leave the opp block looking smoky and litty
We make racks and we crash
Fry up the place like we work in a chippy
My young niggas way too chingy
Or more time he makes phone line ringy
Bro just stepped out blingy, cold as fuck, too chilly
Smoke in dem cookies, thinking deep I need paper like Diddy

Man stepped out on violence, man came round on fuckree
Me, I got 5 for a big .45, can't lie the buss me
If I got back yet, I would've been mad, swear down trust me
Free 9Goddy, young trap boss who fucks up country
Real life stuff, no pokies
My main darg, dem go walkies
Go Tinsel Town with a .40
2 tings at a table was awkward
5.0 put Wes on in the jailhouse
My gosh, there still on the mandem
Chilling, also were oso active
Bare man been grabbed with cannons
My bro like Liquez got paper
Lines on, online like data
No Angolans like Craper
Slowz ain't on games like Sega
Yh I lay girls down like carpet
Your gyal wants to tastes mans [?]
Young boys couldn't fuck with R6
Stone Isl little bone takes target

The reasons they hate on we
Take a look at my life success
Can't you see I'm all in diamonds?
4 racks in my mouth I spent
If you wanna work with we
Your look at a next expense
Cos you still need dem bands
Don't care if you spend them on friends
674, Imma ride to the end
All for my brothers, I rise up the skeng
I do this for real, I don't fucking with 10
Still up on my block, I'm still up in the ends
Thanking the lord, I came out of the pen
Free all my brothers that got over 10

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4 doors and blickies
Jump out gang
Jump out gang, come round leave everything icky
You don't wanna be a big man running and getting hit, don't be silly
How many man got grabbed for waps?, The block hot like a chilly
Snoopz in the mains with a big bike, moving like he's Infilly
Money haffi make, I thank god that I'm busy
Making doe, im on 17 like a gilet
Tryna slap a dome, diamonds twerk like a bitch from Philly

I've seen your racks
I can spend dat and make dat back
New year, new plug
That means no more chilling with kats
It's been 6 years, I can finally say welcome home trap
Back, dem man did a bait face
When we turned up and got a you wacked
These days man glide with the stem
Nack dem did it with Max
Should be sitting down for a while
So I know I ain't chilling with racks
They want me on the wing all summer
There's no way I'm looking through flats
Bro put 20 on his wrist
It's so bait he's delivering packs

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