

SRB separation confirmed coming up on staging the burn out of these twin solid rocket boosters at two minutes five seconds

I'm rollin' up
Amnesia fold it up
Just got a text as I woken up
I'm afraid that kids got broken up
I need bands, pockets swollen up
I get money off the roads and shows and stuff
I got drillers drillin
We loading up
Let's lurk anytime
Mans rolling up
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Free jigga j my nigga my bro pulling up
More way trips smoking up
All the way to the trap ting loaded up
Street surviving it - beef, forks, knives in it
Barbecue, mans grillin it
Next days on the ends we denying it
Mans way to lurky I've done too much miles on these streets
Put blood on these streets
Brought hammers to the beef
Made bangers on beats
Now fans find a way they can stream it
Smashed the scene this year man still dominating this beef
Enough DJs spin mans hits, but we spin this forty's
We corned the beef trying leave the street with jokey
The opps are way to talky
Too much Porky's
I don't eat pork and I hate them Porky's (fuck the feds)

I get bans on this dirty street
I got lazy and dirty too
Spit above these ducky fens
Track season back roads in the t-house, trap in jeans
Big guns and big bills
When we take it there to the other side they dashin
Distributing a serving
You know I need all them dashin of block with the 12
2 girls they're crashing
Every man what you plus bill
That shit makes me happy
I need hell bans on world trappy
Britain was show up standing
Cold came in, looking snow white
Whip it, then on road side

I ain't rich it, I need more pipes
Grey grey get a more clays
Money get em, still pulled up on the back roads
So it's still frights

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Member my old school days push back in
With a 32 spin have 5 in it
Em here's that with them light in it
And a little prick inside of it
See this music ting, mans nice in it
Gotta shoutout Scribz, he's writin' it
We got burners, we ain't scared
So any little problem mans rising it
Rise it up for some gang shit
How many times we gotta go through (how many)
We got waps ready for war, I gotta sweet too so I keep me trough
M a trap a rose the realest of man anywhere don't do it (my bro)
Life slap that coon right ruined

Just put upon wrack that person (smoke)
Had talk when I see him in person
Where from a week to a crack boy
Now I'm just whipping excursions (whippin whippin)
That's some real shit

Gang them rolling up (rolling up)
Long wacks and big waps, mans rolling up
No talking they know it's us (us)
I was in a trap no carnies baking off like a toys r us
To jump out bang bang bang in a rage tough
They can't blame us
Six seven be my family they contain us (can't lock us up)
Had it hard from day one
Money coming money coming in money make a nigga dangerous
Real trap rap bitch you know a nigga ain't famous
Man a lurk man a lurk, big guns they were stainless
Peng ebony big back
Shake it girl, it's outrageous (come on)
Long force to kick that switch the up
Man ain't't shaving
Tool on my way spoil em in my hand more time when I'm raising

We're still rolling up
Big hand guns got pose em up
New Park on rolling up try come and you can no smoke it us
The eyes and my teethes and my neck come a risk they cold as fuck
My diamonds looking like war
Got me looking no frozen up
And if they have drug money
I phone bro to hold them up
Still country the six on my way to the brix
Four door still rolling up (skuuuurr) they face or not
When we ride and the opps they will know it's us (them man know)
Seem bans for music now all them waps just woke me up
Six seven now here we posted up

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