

SRB seperation 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 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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