

## Take It There

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Same way I cut shapes in the rave  
I dip, dip, dip man's face  
Niggas know how we got down Daze  
Them scars had him looking like a slave  
I do it like my broski Skeng  
Fuck legs, all I wanted was a face  
No face, no case  
So-something go dead up today  
Whiz round, put a nigga in his place  
Doing drive-bys, hitting no one, bruh that's a waste  
Ten toes on the block with the gang hella times on the pave  
Make blood spill, not 'Gnac when I step on your pave  
More money, more problems were words from Biggie and Ma\$e  
[?] in my hand when I step, no case, no trace  
Skeng to your mouth like maud, like that's some paste  
With the smoke I'm smoking, chilling with the gang in the rave

Wanna take it there, we can take it there  
Skeng in the four door truck, opp block, take it there  
Bro's got both in O, you know he's gonna rake it there  
Most of the team in jail, still getting paid in there  
Niggas know how we got down days, how you gonna make it fair?  
Same way we got down Capo, you could never make it fair  
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Opp block take it there

My phone line's jumpy  
I gave a hooker the D's years back and she's still try'na bug me  
I can move grub on the ends but I love it in country  
I got serious hooters, they're way too dumpy  
Got a Chopper, some spinners and dumpies  
My sister's lovely  
She said "Do this music ting, man, lowe all the fuckery"  
I do road on some serious guys, man serious monkeys  
Feds at my mum's door, try'na do man some fuckery  
Cause I'll crash for my bro, don't judge me  
Trap, trap, trap  
My phone went slow, so I done footwork on the map  
My name ring bells, try me, catch bells in your back  
Allow my lil' bro like Maddox, big fat skeng and he's rusty, bang

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I came back from the trap  
My clothes and my socks are smelling all mad  
But I do it for the bands  
Skeng in the four door truck  
Try'na smoke them man

They say smoking kills but the mandem still do drills, it's mad  
Opp block, take it there  
Two skengs in an automatic, we ain't playing fair  
12 Gauge makes some mad noise, spins on my side like a cowboy  
The streets are cold and we're holding pose  
You can hold the smoke from this Nine boy  
Free the guys and fuck the pigs  
I'm in the trap house taking loads of risks  
I love my drillers, they take loads of risks  
The same way you'll blow for me, I'll blow for Scribz

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