

My lifes in this four door truck
There's life in this four door truck
I know motorway trips and stuff, the cats need things and stuff
Drug money got us things and stuff
Filling up clips and stuff
In Skengs We Trust then clutch
Skengs on peds that's us

I put my life in this four door truck
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I got smoke in my hand, best run
Like I will smoke till the smoke is done
My young g's are so sav on the opp block tryna' smoke mans dad
Kings of the 6, yeah that's us man
Girls wanna fuck man and suck man
Give it a rest, I need more bands
Where are you though? Come link man
25 shots put a bitch boy right in his place, so I cheff man down for the gan
g
And I still got mad hate for the undies, cause they wanna took my friends
So I'm still breaking laws and I won't stop till their back on the ends
Joints on joints on the ride, My nigga still firing skengs
Four door whip got bait, so we had to ride on peds
Any opp nigga that lacks, yeah he's gonna hold this led
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Had me a 44 and a shotgun
[?] but I hit a opp one
67K but they ain't drop none
They ain't been round since my bro dropped one
I ain't going home till the whole box done
36 zd's turn it all into funds
Whip that skeng out the coat
Best breeze when you hear that drum
Smoke ting kicking off like Bruce Lee

Put six shots in a opp, six shots from his head to his knees
Skid around with K and CD
Or I'm with gang in the seven seater
Feel the shots smoke off like shisha
My bros in jail, getting paid in the cells, smoking a bird while he got his
feet up (Free Marrow)
In Skengs We Trust (Skeng)
Soon start war with the feds, need skengs that will take down a bus (all of
that, all of that)
When I do road with bros, street sweepers like Gus (woosh woosh)
Bitches be acting like bumps, trying to bake off with us
But we just beat and cut

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