

Splurgeboys
Alla dat, alla dat

Guns, money, jugs
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Joogin', joogin', joogin', joogin'
The pigs they be lookin'
5-0 on a nigga on the wing with a kettle cooking (Fuck the feds)
Got 'dem crack rocks in the alleyway, the traps gotta pay (course it does)
Money comin' in hella ways
Big guns, still got a trey
C Rose whippin' up some yay
Gang shit sippin' on some [?]
R6, yeah that's my little nigga
Yeah my little nigga do you broad day (R6)
Let's lurk, two L's up, get your bells up
What more can I say?

Big spinner
Long nose ting got me feelin' like a cowboy
Kway kway, with a hard pack
Tryna blend in like a white boy
.22 that's a light toy
2 bells in that 12
Double tap, do him two times
Trap hard 'til I'm dead up
I need hella rackets and food lines
Smashin' out FIFA, 25
Make a killin' that's every night
Huntin' knife on a lurk
Lurkin' 'round for a kill
Or a backpack with a 12
Best dash, duck and dive from these bells

Niggas ain't comin' round this side
Big WAPS on the corner
Big bike, four door, real pushbike
67 pens are bustin'
Look at my chest, look how it sits right
.44 keep it safe, in skengs we trust
We don't know about fist fights
I swear these bruddas ain't learning
.44 corn just burn him
These niggas ain't comin' round here
Won't go around there 'cause 67 lurking
Swear these bruddas ain't learning
.44 corn just burn him
These niggas ain't comin' round here
Won't go around there 'cause 67 lurking
These niggas ain't comin' round this side

Scales out, clingfilm and stones
If you're talking tickets, yeah we sold out shows
Bro got tickets, said he sold out snow
Young days outside was cold
Big heat for the cause
'Til we love the beef, too hot, too cold

I'll slide on you anytime for bro
That's big 40s and chunky stones
Feds on my case won't leave me alone
(I gotta run now)
Hoes on my case won't leave me alone
I'm smoking Cookie, backwards roach
I'm fly, you're high like a drone

Don't know about 'dem but I'm livin' my dream
I get racks from trap
'Cause I cut down bits and bobs of green
I get racks from rap
'Cause right now we're wrapping up the music scene, green Orange, blue notes
are pink, know it true say I love the queen
No mileage, my Loubs' are clean
Versace hoes at my Balmain jeans
She say you got sauce but no sauce like Liquez
67 gang, can't source like we
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