

I couldn't give a fuck what the judge said
I'm still out pushing work screaming fuck feds
And that long nose spinner got enough lead
Nigga mind where you step or get drop dead
25 in the M and that's a death threat
Scream 67k and that's enough said to get dead
Yes I'm mad Liquez and I'm corrupted
I got and cold heart and a hot head
I won't think twice I just go get
I do the mad ting I won't regret
I back my shotty I never see dead
Just remember that and I mean it

Original member man can't call me no prospect
Me and bro always does this
I see him get hit with an object
I don't give a dam I'll bang that mash broad day in public
Like what's all the banter for real let man no what's the subject
Man bounce with the gauge yeah I try move sick with it
When the boss comes in I get a pack and I'm flipping it
Ram man snap we some pyrex boys they just keep whipping it
Don't lack get a mash move sick with it
Tr's got packs in Lowes Took O.T with bros
LD puts amm on the road gun plays fires of poles
Dim Dimma dat nigga moves low
ASAP's kway in O
Free Mloose dats bro
I hope dat my bros land road
Its real life the opps snaked my bros and they locked all the guys
Yeah you better think twice
Cah we still on the 6's and we still with the pipes
Yeah they're wet like wipes
They say they got theirs and they know I got mines
You can try roll a dice
But the luck ain't there and the skengs my type

Fuck feds they got my niggas stressin'
I fly cunch with a pack and flip it
I'm lurking with a ramsey catch a opp and fish him
Muthafucka I don't lack I don't do slipping
Bro got a gun habit always finger itching
I'm after a head shot when that spin spin hear crasheen
Niggas better duck dive and dasheen
I move loads of work with my trap team
Crack rocks and bad b
Scribz came in with a box that smelt like a dead fox
Fuck my mans girl that bitch gives dead top
I give hookah leg then I leg off

Whip that skeng out the coat like Shirley
Feds keep locking my bredrins up but we still tryna do man dirty
Got a box from the plug but this ones peng like Birdie
Wiseman said that I got to move low cah the fed try bird me tryna give me the thirty
But I still put boxes of amm pon road deez feds can't tell me nothin'
Smoke man for my bros dats normal dey ain't gotta ask me nothin'
Try leave man hashtag dead up and live life normal

Dem niggas try run up on me joke ting hit him with a stick like a pool ball
I pick up the skeng den I ride then I think about the jail stuff later
Out here on a low serving food like a waiter

In my 4 door I do the dash
Skeng in the 4 door truck tryna push man forehead back
M 10 holes like 20 bells and it kicks of mad
Watch him buckle and slip when them little crash through his back little she
lls crash through his back
I fly O.T with packs
On the M1 smoking the ammi spliff with that head so fat
I rass down spliffs like a rastaman but I'm a young black Af
Trap trap man got light and dark in the cling fling wrap, in the cling wrap
Big bells in dat dots
No jingle bells when I bop
On the M1 I got 63 grams in the car man a get that gone
I hit Staines yeah I take mans grub
Take mans car den I take mans gwop
I was outside lurking round like a fox
Niggas talking like niggas ain't been shot
Niggas talking like niggas ain't been robbed
Dip man down tryna rest mans opps