

I ain't tryna fuck with no new niggas, you know like that  
Never had no help from no-one but my brothers, I don't owe man crap  
Trapping ain't dead until I'm dead, you know like that  
Left 7 missed calls on my plug's phone, I hope that he phones man back

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Gun smoke season  
When I see you on your block, best know you know you ain't leaving  
Riding dirty, see the feds then we skeetin'  
These niggas talking crud, but how is info leaking?  
(I'm busy making racks  
You know like that though, skeeting on the back road  
Niggas talking smoke, it's all chat though  
Watch them niggas run when the Mac blow  
We bussin' out the bando, screaming "Fuck feds, free Jango")  
Free the gang though, I'm still on the curb with my goons tryna mash dough  
(Skrilly's got the mash couple youngers with their rambos)  
Tryna act up that's a bullet in your mango  
(Where the fuck's the plug?, he needs to hit me with this am though)

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(Trap till I'm dead  
I'll spend grands on my mother  
Only fuck with the 6 I got love for my brothers  
All these shootings on the ends, I did that for my brothers  
I'll take a man's life for my brothers)  
Take a man's soul for my brothers  
When I was in the streets, you was in the bed covered (Wrapped up)  
Put your hand on my brah get smothered  
Skrilly in the cut, scary sight, mothers  
(You know like that he'll push your dome right back)  
Big dotty in the dirty rucksack  
(I'm still bleaching on the roads tryna make it through the trap)  
Spend a couple racks in Knightsbridge and make it all back

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