

Little pussies I'm back (deya)  
The feds saw everywhere I lurked and they crossed A Town off the map  
They knew about the numerous stabbings and how them niggas got whacked  
And I still lurk on Wano Road like when I used to sleep in them flats  
Man I'm still 'ere wicked and bad  
How the fuck could you claim that we beef, every time that you seen me you r  
an  
Got a young G that's bigger than me and he's got that thing and he's rolling  
with man  
Three man down, one.44 banged, that was Jumpout Gang  
Got pengtings throwing up 6 and they're fucking with me so they're fucking w  
ith gang

Niggas ain't did shit on my block  
Tell them little niggas fall back, probably mad cause his sister a thot  
Free M Skeng my driller, he used to rock mean with the dots  
Went through spinners and MACs, then God blessed the Gs with the mop  
They know, I know, feds know anytime 6 stepped out was on volks  
Anytime Scribz does road, something is getting chased wet down or smoked  
Man it's been two years and they still couldn't touch my throne  
First time I shot me a opp, few inches under the dome  
Undies still follow the kid  
I still put them O's on the strip  
Straight after Wiz caught a body  
I put a hole in a prick  
Let God be my witness  
Them niggas roll with a snitch  
Supplying the prison with herbs  
Now my niggas controlling the wing

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M.A, C Rose, my bros  
We was outside shelling down crowds like LD shutting down shows  
But shouts LD my blood, he's a music boy I do road  
M.A got player of the year when my nigga there scored that goal  
Have you ever shut down a whole strip  
And come back 20 minutes later waving and smiling and everyone's pissed (17)  
Our opps dem ain't on piss cah Jumpout Gang that's the shit that we did  
We're violent, wicked and bad  
And we're sporting the wickedest tings  
.44 flats are dangerous, I've seen how it rips oout your skin  
So you're onto the 6, you know we keep smoking on the strip  
All before Wiz caught his body, we was just wetting up pricks  
Let God be my witness, I do not roll with no snitch  
Supplying the prison with herbs, now my niggas controlling the wing

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And I still lurk on Wano Road like when I used to sleep in them flats  
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How the fuck could you claim that we beef every time that you seen me you ran  
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