

A9 Freestyle

A92

Yo Charlie, I like this one

If the jakes 'dem know that a man's on crud, that's calm
I couldn't give a toss but my marge's gonna hear this song
I don't really wanna talk 'bout the pain we've caused
Yeah, fake like taxi
Boy you know I bang for my bros
Like porn, when I let that buss
Remember that day when ...
Was fighting for his life on the block
That was done by us

If I get vexed like Hulk, trust me I'll bang for my Bruce, no Banner
We don't want wahala, me and my bros, we step with .34s like Tala
Yo, see him like Mata, open his matter, put him in the sky no NASA
Then it's back to the trap, flip these bags, move this food like Asda

Didn't know how to trap
So I asked big bro, what'd you know about that?
Bro, buss me a pack and I shot that fast
Now I'm sitting on a couple of bags
I did stroll to a trap and I mish and mash, yeah
You know man loves that cash
I get it gone like flash
So it's straight up cash when I'm out here shottin' these packs

If I shake this pure, aim right for your chest
This ain't a love story, no no, but you can get got like Juliet
We get round there again and again
That's round and round like a Pirouette
I roll with my dogs, no Dukey, get the job done like Johnny Test
Man I still make a big man hop that fence

Would [?] these packs, but the feds on him
But I guess he'll figure like Tommy
Put weight on scales when I'm stuck in the T
Now I got brown in the bowl like Bobby
Need me a rider
One that can hold this D and hang out the ride, like Bunny
Can't lie, they ain't never touched nobody
Best protect your chest like a Joni

In the field like Matić, Nike jacket, do it like Soulja, crank it
I got loud in jackets, pebs all packaged, do it for real, no acting
Work rate fantastic, real, not plastic
My side known for the crashing
Not 21 but I'm still a savage, the packs gone like magic

They wan' come step to a nigga like me, oh please
Then come to the D-town block, don't slip, don't slip
Like Stevie G, bro can't you see
Man I got P to the S, my G, I'm upfront like Icardi
Like, how can I beef these guys?
Just disappear like Houdini

Do it like Drake when I jump man, jump man
Make a man jump, let it beat like Dre

Say no words like Dave, just pull up and burn a boy
Make a man say 'ye'
Even since Rex got, got on his block
Them niggas don't slide from the B to the A
We slide from the A to the B on smoke
Tryna get 3K, like the KKK

Don't do it for the net
If we did it for the net then, we bring Kobe on a glide
I only trust my guys, my bros
My slime, have time for you man switch sides
If they slide round here, then it's back we slide
Clutch and brake, let's ride
I gotta' to pray to the Lord
Please blind their eyes, bare man tryna take my shine