

Look
Don't fall like humpty, man get dumpy
Tell bro back that pumpy
This Friday funky, KitKat chunky
Beef play straight it's one key
Fry man, Kentucky, chip unlucky, man don't box like rocky
Just back that flicky, run man down and slap this stick like hockey
Spill juice on pepper, leave man curl up, somebody call 911
A92 stay winning the beef
You're nuts if you think that the niners won
Yo, say we don't slide to the B but
We slid to the B and your boy got bun
I pop corn at the 9, no popcorn, anything 9 get popped with corn

Might just lean out the ride and scream
Where the pagans like we be we be
Get round there, broad day on violence, man don't care like Jme
... got splashed 3 times by that's 123
Oh no I didn't ride for the, small boy got rushed to the A&E

If you fuck with the A92, stand up
Put one hand up in the air like Hitler
Bad Bs get gassed like ... more time when I double tap their insta
I got guys in the can like fizz
Cah they don try give 'em a ching like fizzler
... nearly got put in a spliff, pack, grave or put in a rizzla

Take them trips back and forth, sweep some heads like Willow Smith
Man I said we too much step on the
Pagans strip, shopped up like Morty and Rick
The hand ting cough cough like Corona, let it sneeze and call it sick
Don't know why I see some pagan yutes
In the strip, I'll make sure you're next

If I spin this coupe on a man
I'm making him run like Shaggy and Scoob
Scoobydoobydoo where are you?
We'll play hide and seek or tag, I choose you
Swing that rammy, aim for your head
I'm tryna see red, ain't talk about loubes
Buss down rollie
Make a man drip or make a man drown, I'm icy like cubes

If you want more, we get them drops
Ask your booboo, ask your pagan baby
Mr creme brulee lee
It's a big boy game in the field, 3-0, by, home and away-way
We get round there in broad day-day
Look at them run and they screaming out mayday

I pull up on them with bandana and
Know they go singing like Hannah Montana
I circle whenever the weather
You might need umbrella, ain't talking Rihanna
I don't really fight like Umaga, I back my katana and never surrender
I bake on black like a panther, I call it T'Challa, Wakanda forever
I'm tryna cop me a toy that can take a

Man's life, I ain't talking about Chucky the doll
So don't lack on my side
If you lack on my side, guarantee you gon fall
Walk with a thing on my hip for whenever
I buck into them, I ain't down for a brawl
I'm tryna see goals when I'm up in the field
If you ain't tryna score better pass me the ball

Man I ain't really mad about bars
But my bars come mad in the beat like this
Me I say pop this can, no Popcaan
Guess you can call that a yardie hit
Bad B she in love with my drip
And I like the way that I make her drip
But we can't stay silent-o, when I'm in the T, now she watch me whip
The went out the back like, but I scored ten
Spent 5 on a caine like that
I had to chop that, man it weren't to
If I ever get caught on the lack, oh snap, watch man turn Mr Miyagi
Baby just swing me the addy, man I get round there happy as Larry

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