

The Cold Room - S1 - E6

A92

(Elevate, this mix sounds mad)
(Ay, Tweeko mixed this, you know, it sounds cold)

I just passed that to bro and he moved that, used that
Put an opp boy in this 2Pac
Make bread so the gang still stack, no lack
No cap get bun in my pack
Dressed in black like Jack, gets shots like Yak
Beef gang get one in your back
Keylo too sav, we're the getback gang
Pop gun, make him dance then bang

They say that I'm famous, diamond making
Tryna put M's in my mummy's savings
Flicks and paigons, ain't no brazin'
***** got yucked and left on the pavement
They're lucky I ain't no producer
Cause on the streets man's got most business
Leave a hole in your bone like a donor
Then I go buss in your girl no blazin'

Been a fortnight and the opps ain't rid back
Storm on the block tryna find more
2 dot dots, no ratio
Bruck-down dingers, reverse that, put him in the boot
Fling mine in my back strap, in a back strap
If my back straps I'm gonna aim and shoot
Send man to the doctors with stuff pains
If you don't duck when the toy goes boom

If you don't duck when the toy goes boom
Haha, you know I don't play by the rules
015' in the field with a rambo
Mummy didn't know I was playing with tools
016' I was life in a bando
Elastic bands and rock with fuel
I don't wanna hear that the opps got guns
Cause really and truly the bullet goes to you
On your marks, get set, and I won't come last
One wrong move and I let that blast
Alhamdulillah to my Muslim paigons
You can get chinged while you're on your fast
Went OT with a four and a half
Young G made back like four and a half
Can't slide to my block, cause we're tearing guts
And we're going on glides fully unmasked

Countless rides with my latex on
Usain Bolt when I see a boy run
Do a Tiger Woods, put a hole in one
Fuck Snapchat, come crash back, bare talk
Bare talk on my niggas, it's cool
Ain't slid back, go road for your goon
And wagwan for them ***** yutes
Seen em live in the flesh and that kid gon' mute
Uh, ***** got yinged like twice
Big ***** could've lost his life

No way, no way can they talk on my guys
Bro's out tryna switch off lights
And he's on the next block tryna build his line
No time for them stupid nines
See the opp boys talk, get smoked by the nine
Do it for the gang and do it for my guys

There's inches on the block, no Tintin
On the opp block where the gang keep touring
Spill that, see how his juice keeps pouring
Attempted K, have your madre mourning
Yo, back out the smoke and light up the strip
Black pumpy, put him in the air like Jordan
Juice man's back, Calypso
And tell him to battle with my Ramsey, no Gordon
Turn a man handicapped, no cap
Wanna cap man's wig cause my two's get handy
Glide round there on wheels, no handy
I got two legs like Champions League
Live a sweet life and it's sweet like candy
Fill up the mash with sweets, no candy
Sweet one, check out my K, no candy
I ain't tryna beat that loud, I beat

She rude and dead, can't fuck with me
Real bad boy, don't run up on me
My bro got caught at a messy scene
Still say no words like Mr. Bean
I been outside with my 92 team
Pop them doors, better move your seat
Drilled and banged, done that on repeat
Jump out gang, let the guns them beat

I done drills in a four-door whip
Tryna off man's wig like a black girl coming on smoke
Bring a man's insides out when I ying that
Turn a man inside out getting poked
I really move weight in the street
See an opp in the street lift him up in the air no joke
Sleep on the gang till we pull up at main man
Sleep on a hospital bed stay woke

Made man run out the block like chicken
Me, I'm well-known for the main road drillings
I still take that risk for my siblings
I don't even cook, but I roll with my kitchen
Finger-twitching, the opps I'm billin'
The thing goes bow three times, good riddance
I never chose this life, this life chose me
So I pray to the Lord, man's sinning