

Daily Duppy (2021)

Abra Cadabra

(Sh, sh)

(Gotcha)

Sho, sho, you know, AB in the building

Seven shit, O way or no way

Get right, get left, or get stretched (Mhm)

Free the drillers ten times, you know

You know how it goes, already

F's up, or get your chest up

Wear your vest, cuz (Blah), oh

(Sho, gang)

Turnin' over a new leaf

I've been gettin' itchy

'Cah I ain't been in these streets

I've been rappin' for my family

Say my people gotta eat

But lately, all I see is pussies talkin' shit on Instagram

And sendin' out tweets (Some nerds)

If there weren't a way out

I'd grab my strap, and get to schemin' (Sho)

Phone my nigga Kush like "How you feelin'?"

Come we stop somebody's breathin' (Tell him)

Real block demons, pull up on your block (Bop, bop)

The opps know how we forward in the evening, no cap (Grr, bop)

In my rap, all I'm spittin' is facts (Gang)

Don't even smoke dead opps no more

I'm bigger than that (Nah)

I'm gettin' older plus I realised

I'm realer than that (Sho)

Put some gunshots in their bredrins

And go laugh with the gang (Grr, grr)

That's if they push me

I'm chillin', I'm a rapper, now

Big cash stackin', now (Sho)

Brothers that will kill for me

Get slapped if you're actin' wild (Bo)

Cash money really turned me to a boss

I love the nigga that I am, now

I was broke on my block (Gang)

They couldn't play with my name, they know

I've been in the streets, knee deep

Couple niggas tucked their tails when the beef got peak (Sho)

Not me, I grab my shank, or the heat

I put my heart on my sleeve

I went to war for my G's (Gang)

How you a boss when you don't bring your brothers nuttin' but jokes, sentences and caskets? (Nothin' but fuckry)

Bare obbo and cartridge (You know)

Told my people, man will rise and bark it (Bo, bo)

I'm a target, and I know this 'cah I made it that (Gang)

I ain't tryna change it, fam (Gang)

What? Put one in the head, and come blaze it, fam

Them niggas know we blaze them back

Niggas gettin' shot, and they blamin' man

Pretend on the net all you want

But niggas know we ain't playin' akh (Ha)

Steppas dem de 'bout

Big waps de' bout (Sho)
2 litre dingers get rev out (Skrr, skrrah)
Better run when it gets to a stop
Ambulance won't come for time, leave you spread out (Bow)
I seen it all, and done it all
No rap cap, I'm a bad man
The only thing I ain't done in the streets is Pac-Man
Feel like I was supposed to
I've really come close to, facts
Minimum three when I shank man
I'm a gangster, not a drilller
Forever, free my nigga Kash
We was drillin' together
We was bad way before we got our bread up (Sho, no problem, no problem)
I got faith that our days will get better
They said that they love me (Gang, gang)
They say they love me, but I don't know (They said they love me, but they never)
Times that they left me, all alone
Had to pick up myself, and just keep going (Had to pick up myself)
Please don't waste my time (Nah)
If you tell me that you're with me, that's a no
Remember in this world, we was born alone (All alone)
Why you think I put my trust up in this smoke?

Sho, sho, you know, AB in the building
Seven shit, O way or no way
Get right, get left, or get stretched
Free the drillers ten times, you know
F's up, or get your chest up
Wear your vest, cuz

(Get, grr)
If I bang this wap on Camden
I might not make it back to shorty
When I'm on this glide, everything's on break
On a mission to wake up a man's estate
Grr, generally on violence (Gang)
Send corn at your rarted (Sho)
Ask Lz when I see my target
I don't itch, I just cross it (Bow)
Are you really that yute that you claim in the lyrics that you spit?
I don't think so (Nah)
Machine, man strangle it
Tryin' to hit him like bro did, chest shot, bingo
Baby said she wanna hold this wap
But will she take the wrap? I don't think so
Is he a 10 plus 12, or 3x3?
Line him, and let 6 go (Gang)
In the streets, man get respect
Knives man inject, don't get your shit kweff
Gun shot settings when I flex my index
Drillin', keeps silent, don't drill to impress
He keeps chattin' about spin-spin tings
But all now he ain't made no barrels spin
Yeah, we crashed his bredrin, and this shit got take
When we robbed that prick
And we didn't leave shit left
Rondos, rondos, man make rondos
And still get drops, and drill that pronto
I had no shank, so I hit him with a combo
We left that wounded, movin' slow-mo
Better have your wap tucked in, fully locked and loaded

Tryin' to slide here is a no-no
'Nuff semi autos filled with bine
We put holes in a prick like POLO (Sho)
Watch your head back, watch your neck back
Watch your chest, and get a vest, and go protect that
If I aim there, this Beretta gon' burn you down
You won't get up
I stepped so much time that the G's won't let man
Most of my G's went jail, we had the shortage of steppers
You know AB stepped up
Hospital ting with the flick of my wrist
If I twitch my finger, know yourself
The gyal wan' fuck, control your girl (You know)
I made too many man bleed in the streets
Hope when I die, I won't go to Hell
If I hit him with four from this hand ting
Check his life points, that's an O for health
Creepin' on an opp block, overstealth
Them man only get triggered on the net
Me, I used to get triggered, and go for a spin
Turn that whip, reverse and skid
I swear that's him
Me, I might hop out the ride, and beat it
Or I might slap from the window, standard ting
Hopped out all black on a Phantom ting (Sho)
Beat with it, and bang that strizz
I ain't never been an actor (Nah)
I'm logged in, ask the streets 'bout my past
That's my 2-step factor (Gang)
You can say what you want
Man, the kid by the opps know "Buck AB, he get mashed up" (No cap)
I see 'nuff funny yutes on the fence wanna act up (You know)
You don't wanna see two full clips in a ride
Drivin' like it's NASCAR
Headshots, send him to the sky like NASA (Gang)
Let me see an opp trigger in my hand
Bullet him, [?] pulling it
Hangs with the opps too much, bullet him
Last time, we allowed him, but he's really pushin' it
Lil' bro swings in the figure of eight
Me, I stab full stops, when I start shubbin' him
We don't think he's dead till he starts lookin' it
You can have this corn, we got bags full of it (Gang)
Wack that, ITC, slap man on ITV (Sho)
Last opp that I crashed went hospital
I ain't even shook when the guy sees me
Free Kash, and free Jugg, that's my G-G's
Now the mandem expensive like Fiji
Come from big hand tings, and laser beam
Now, I say one word and I make her [?] (You know)
Yeah, I rap about the drills that I done
When I swung that shank, I clap that mash
Bare man tell you good times that they had
But they won't tell you when them good times went bad
No cap, I can tell you about times that I lack
Big 40. cal corn gettin' crashed on my back
But I still didn't fold, next day, I was back on the block with gang
Tryna step and crash
And I got this scar on my neck
'Cah when it's crunch time, I never fold (Nah)
Real life, I hold my own (You know)
Lil' bro said "Bro, let me hold this wap"
I said "No, I hold my own" (Nah)

Do it yourself, mentality
Could be a tragedy, could be a casualty
Stay in your crib when I rise this pole
Pressure, man's givin' the opps them pressure
Three bootings in two days, that's pressure
Dishin' out corn like the kindest gesture
Likkle man, don't think your god, you ain't dead, cuz
Man know the Farm Block pepper
Still tryna red man's top like ketchup
Beat gunshot, make the Trident fed up
Any opp block man step, get kweff up

You know the fucking vibe, already (Grr, bop)
O way, no way
F's up, and get a rassclart chest up
OFB, BWF
F and B, you know
Star gang, sho
(Quincy Tellem)