

Lean Wit It

Abra Cadabra

Sho, sho, sho you know
AB in the building, 7 shit
O way or no way, get right or get left or get stretched
Free the drillers 10 times, you know
OFB shit
AJ made this
Yeah, right now it's an Fs up or get your chest up
Wear your vest cuz
You know, gang

Four opp blocks, went purging, lurking, spin it and burst him
Who that's chilling on the opp block district?
Come like the opps ain't learning
He ain't who he says he is in his tracks, lil prick, cah I know him in person
He can tweak on the net till we catch him and hurt him
Burn him, close them curtains
Pull up, squeeze on it, lean with it, don't get seen with it, you likkle idiot
More time we don't take time when it's on top
Stepping out daytime or the evening
How you lean into nine mili sweets at them?
Back in the block in my uncles reaching it
Told him, "I don't bang no guns on this evening"

He said that we got too much rappers and not enough slappers
He's a little liar
Pants on fire, like he never got shot out, he's a tire
Chest shot, make it leak like juice on the opp block
When they get chopped like fruit, aim for your head, try split it to two
Then I'm doing date night, just me and my boo
Pretty pon any side, she look good, she a Ghana tings, yes
Said her ex-man was a pum plex, stretch out man like who's next
You know how we run this bombaclat
Why you think she wan ride me and done my dance
Promises she a army man, done the talk, grab the gyal and lean

Lean wit your wap (Sho, sho)
Lean wit your gyal (Sho, sho)
Gyal lean wit your man (Sho, sho)
Lean wit the gang
Just lean wit it (Gang, gang)
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)
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Lean wit your gyal (Gang, gang)
Gyal lean wit your man (Gang, gang)
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Just lean wit it (Bop, bop)
Lean wit it (Bop, bop)
Lean wit it (Gang, gang)
Lean wit it (Sho, sho, sho)

Gangland, gangland
We got hammers like West Ham
Catch man, you don't wanna see the gang vex man

Pull up in two-litre dingers and press that
Bad man from the Farm estate in jet black, sight me an opp and kweff that
It could be a good yute or a bad boy from opp block
Lord knows I can't left that
If I hop out the ride and (Bop, bop), dodge that corn when I fling that
Rise the mash upwards like Simba, gunshot make you fall down like timber
Waps on the block, grab that, fill it up, opp block, no satnav, hit him up
What's that that I see? Opp boy, hit him up, bare nine milimetres in the cab
, fill 'em up

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H1K made this