

Final Flash

AJ Tracey

I'm on the block with the goons
Clientele on the Nokia
Saying "can I come soon?"
I'll be there in two
I'm in the crib with a yat
She's saying "look what I got for ya"
I want women and cash
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I'm onstage with the mandem
I'm backstage with an uckers
I'll grab the heater off the mandem
And start move loose with it just like uckers
I'm VIP with the gang
I'm outside with a groupie
They got love for the gang
So I let 'em come back to the crib like a groupie
AJT, I live in this movie
Man's got dresses, diamonds and rubies
Pagans tell their mates that they beef me
But when they see my grill, they just screw me
But they spud me
Dem man are scared, they heard we get ugly
Two man deep, with tints and that pumpy
Never been a victim, tings ah get dumpy
Yeah, yeah, it gets dirty
Dirty, bao-bao-bao, dirty
Opps dem really wanna see me get thirty
But my young niggas are honoured to get dirty
I'm certi', verified certi'
So they had to give me that tick pon Twitter
My EP, that's a timeless classic
Your EP just got dashed in the litter
Got stepped on like coco, peaker
Your flow's weak but your bredrins weaker
I'll never play your trash on my phone
Let alone from my brand new KRK speaker
In this UK ting, I'm a young leader
You're a leech, mosquito and feeder
If you're big man like 30
And you ain't going nowhere, then you won't get a feature

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Man said "Spirit Bomb" sounds like trap
Told man I'll spit on anything that I like
I do dancehall, reggae or grime
And I'm still chilling in the trap with the press
Big up Merky ACE cuh Mad Max that
This is his flow, I ain't even rhyming
I'm just spitting an eight bar on beat
It don't even matter if you've got enough timing
Mash bare tings and give them all sliming
I like doggy but dem gyal ah like riding
If you've got a party and you invite man
Better know that my whole gang dem slide in
I do shows like ten man deep
I ain't talking 'bout sex when I say we've got pipes in
We've got hoes in and we're gonna toe dem
If you beef man, my bars, you best quote them
I've got power like Goten
I've got bars to leave your wig open
I chill in yards with rich white girls
Who love the black yout so I flow like token
Or I flow like Chris, cuh
Everybody hates me but my life's cris
Cris like RiRi, cris like the champagne
AJ from the Lane's on a next campaign
West 10, yeah, that's the damn lane
Bruk up the wifey, give the girl back pain
And she's told me that you got food on the low
And you're moist so you know I hit that stain
In the manor, late night, doing footwork
Clientele looking like zombies
Tryna' get the power-ups like COD
But the shots taking longer, got me here donkeys

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