

Started Freestyle

AJ Tracey

Looney in the cut, that's a scary sight
Oi, Started From The Bottom Part 2 yeah
Listen, oi, look

They're boying off the teachers
Taking orders from the leaders
And I'm something like them high-school cleaners
Cah I'm cleaning up this scene and blowing ratings off the meters
Birds on my lane
I don't go by a name
I just float with the flame
Tryna earn for the game
Trapped out for the chain
A younger with the [?]
He's letting off the fizzy for Lizzy
You know the dealy
There's birds in the trizz-ap
Birds on the [?]
If I point my finger
A hitter will end the aim the fizz-ap
Most you bruddas shiz-it
You bruddas ain't with it
And all my team are catching snitches
Like we're playing Quidditch
[?] that's the truey man, me, I like Armarni
Henny for the bruddas and the girls get Bacardi
I'm focused on the paper, you bruddas catting for 'nani
I'll just text her ucky and drop a nut in the party
I'm tryna move the green, in the whip the plate is 13
And I might get the paper dirty but I'm moving real clean
And I don't tell the girl a dream
I just rags a hoe and keep my real feelings for a queen

Yo, I do know how the block works
Hot shells in your top, that's a hot shirt
And you know us bruddas got work
We're moving work, you can call it clockwork
You ain't seen the sawn off
Danny had to show me how to break a man's door off
Kinda madders round here but it's all good
I don't know a nice brudda, fam we're all hood
And recently some bruddas thinking that they're evil
I'll see these man on road but they ain't looking like my equal
You on your toes, you ain't breezing in your cars
All you bruddas need to hold up with the greaze in your bars
Blueberry cheese or the haze what I move
I've got mula for days, putting girls in the shoes
That's probably why your baby mumma dig me
She got a yout' but says she want my brudda's pitney
AJ genes, gold bird looking oceanned off
Big back jazzy fam, all potioned off
I said Looney's in the cut
Roll up on your man and all your goonies getting touched
I'm on that real ish, you ain't on real ish
Man'll peal wigs if you front like you deal bricks
And I drink hard, that's a ocean wave
She's on molly with the lean, that's a potion babe

And I ain't [?] with the skeng
I'll be sitting in the cut, filling bags with the leng
I'm the trees man, [?]