

Street Select Freestyle (S1.E2)

AM

JayBenJay Productions
Ay, slow vibe for them
Mally

Sittin' in the trap with a dinner on my lap (Dinner on my lap)
Should be in the cab with a spinner in the bag (Spinner in the bag)
All them other girls are fake but she different with the swag (Different with the swag)
Baby too bad, I ain't even tryna cap (Tryna cap)
I was in the club tryna get a little dance (Get a little dance)
No you ain't a hoe if you shake a little arse (You ain't a hoe)
I'm just sittin' back proud, like, baby you a star (Mm-mmm)
Only thing I ask is just have a little glass (Just have a little glass)
She ain't on the pill so I'm nuttin' in her mouth (Du-du du-du)
Not the type to take her out, put nuttin' in her mouth
Just tryna hold it down, put sittin' in the house (Ugh)
Mummy ain't around so I'm nuttin' on the couch (Nuttin' on the couch)
Chattin' like a ten but you're sittin' like a four (Ugh)
I got sittin' for a queen (Hm?), nuttin' for a whore (Nuttin')
I ain't puttin' her in cuffs 'cause that's sittin' for the law (Cuffs)
Tryna slap it at bro, he was nuttin' but a bore
Lemme get the details, twenty for the resale
Uh, big buds and we eat well (Du-du, du-du)
Take mans grub and beat out the seashells (Du-du)
And when it comes to the fake shit, I repel (Repel)
Hand ting make him seize up like he's crippin' (Seize)
Not much force have your flesh just rippin' (Ching ching)
My two, really known for the dippin' (Ching ching)
Non-stop rides, first day, I was whipping (Whip)
Niggas talk shit cah they're suckin' on booty (Ugh)
You know your man's fake like the E's on his Gucci (Fake)
Rarely cook meals cah we take plenty (Take)
I be steppin' over there, told her "KMT"
You weren't there, I was down and under (Weren't there)
And now I'm in the seat like a power number (Seat)
And all these old tings, I can't phone them
They ain't really tryna Let It Go like Frozen (Let it go)
Hand ting in Cricklewood, sweet but a little hood (Du-du)
Shawty got a attitude like Justine Littlewood (Ugh)
Light with a little bujj, wrapped in tissue (Wrapped)
Got stars for the wars, may the force be with you (Be with you)
All this new shit weed tryna turn a nigga psycho
I was smokin' on time, got sucked like Lipo
Am-am had the orange hairs like Dexter
Now I'm dishin' out buds same colour as Milo (Mally)

Armoured up, and I'm chargin' up
Tryna war with us? You get clarted up
'Cause I'm armoured up, and I'm chargin' up
Tryna war with us? You get clarted up
Armoured up, and I'm chargin' up
Tryna war with us? You get clarted up
'Cause I'm armoured up, and I'm chargin' up
Tryna war with us? You get clarted up

Biggz, the engineer, baby
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