

The Hotspot

AM

Ghosty
Mally
Hotspot settings, uh
Free all the mandem
GD, my fucking brother
Crash, corn
Biggz the Engineer baby

This corn don't look too regular
These bells ain't got no jingle but it might TKO, no wrestler
Like how could you bring your cellular?
Like bro pattern up that movie but these shots don't need no editor
Shoulda seen when the rambo swung and it hit man's chest all perpendicular
On my life, it was so ridiculous, when I ducked that goose like Canada
And his step got bagged like idiots, why the fuck would you bring your camer
a?
Long nose hand ting is serious, should I rise this mop like janitor?
And my brodie's aim is hideous, get a mum and a son like Pamela
Sorry for the noise Ms Jackson, .44 corn come bigger than plankton
Gunshots round there is a anthem, man just know that it's one of the mandem
Coulda heard that corn in Croydon, Brixton, Wandsworth, Lewi or Camden
And I ain't gonna lie, one shot from the .9 had most of your guys all planki
ng
I ain't gonna talk 'bout the things we did or who's bredrin got put in a spl
iff
Nuff dead tings got put in a spliff, chip, riz or put in a cling
They wanna know who we had on the ropes, they don't wanna hear me chat about
goals
Talk about drugs, money and hoes, don't talk about change, power and hope
But if I rap 'bout love, I'm done, so let me just talk 'bout a rusty one
She get beat out like a fucking drum, I won't beat it if I ain't got gloves
Have you ever tried shut down parties and get snitched on by the local yardi
e?
Tryna lick man's Ed like Hardy, woulda thought that we crashed on aunties

Shoot down di car
Shoot down di bombaclaas car
Where di babylon dem?
Where di babylon!?
Bombaclaas

Now I'm tryna move in silence, tell me why the fuck am I hearing sirens?
See the whoosh come fat like bison, had a man's head back, lookin' all frigh
tening
And the gang's on violence, everyday is frying
Don't forget who I is, have your parents crying
Why you pressed like iron? Iron, jerk that pack, who's running that back? Th
is .32 corn might ruin your hat
Shoulda let that crash on a paigon flat but the feds came before I ever chan
ged the plan
Where's the corn they're putting in waps? I really don't know, it's getting
me mad
But for now, let me hold my peace, one day we'll meet and we'll see who's ba
d
And they love when I talk 'bout trap, 2016 had a line of crack
2013, had a .9 on me and I gave up weed 'cause it made me tapped
All now they can't pay me back so if I go low, they ain't saving man

Free bro, he's a maniac, straight gunshots tryna play with man
Long nights in the bando, box man with the backside of my rambo
Turn his peanut to a mango
He was curl up in a naan bread like a taco
Hit the left side of his Kangol
I want cherryyade not Tango
On a rage ting like I'm raggo
Shouts BT 'cause he got me
Or it's trap stack with a mad stack or a dotty
Tryna crash man like a lorry
Before stack money, used to stack money, he was chinging
Arms known for the fishing
Free BMA out the system, mister "turn a man to a victim"

(Woi oi)

Biggz the Engineer baby
Ghosty