

## Big Lesson

Ard Adz

Violate, you learn a big lesson  
Big shank, stuff it in my slim denim  
If it wasn't for my son akh, I would have shot every member in - (Shh)  
Touch the road with some big weapons  
Grab the botty or the fifth seventh  
Gliding with the botty trying to hit melons  
Riding for my brudda in a split second  
These brudda's get poked up, rub and die  
Me, I got poked but I'm loving life  
Motherfucker I'm gutter  
I'm praying to the world all you fuckers die  
I could rob jewels, that's dirty shine  
You can't be on the block when you're thirty-nine  
I hope my opps die thirty times  
Headshot, now you look circumcised  
[?] Where's your figures then?  
I used to gear up, clapping with my nigga - (Shh)  
Throw the box in the River Thames  
You got a big mouth but I've got a bigger skeng  
I'm in the back of the Benzo  
I'mma street fight, let Ryu and Ken know  
Dirty let the .45 tear off your Kenzo  
All knuckledusters clutching your temples

Fake thug  
No love  
You get the slug  
Time to ride we clutch those  
Touch road  
Chrome sitting but my nut's close  
The streets was our playground  
Forward ten years, new toys, same streets  
But niggas ain't playing games now  
Here's something bout Milly  
No sweets for the stick, they ain't coming out with me  
Close calls, I know all about sticky  
If the feds kick the door we've gotta fly the [?]  
So all you know is I still spit this nice  
I'm popping off like a twelfth gauge with twin pipes  
I'm popping off, man dropped everything in sight  
You the bitch type  
You faggots rock jeans that are skin-tight  
So tell a boy "Sekkale your skin"  
The kind of pump I came with you couldn't get in the gym  
Got nicked, never thought about telling a thing  
And when I never had baggies I used to sell it in cling  
Till I'm a rich nigga  
I'll be in the crop house, Latex and stiff scissors  
I need at least six figures  
Loose lips sink ships but I can bet my life bullets make them sink quicker  
So let's try reason as men  
I just beat this case, I don't need me again  
And you'll never see it coming cah the flick knife black  
It's small like this and it flick like that

Niggas stepping out of line  
Lived a life of crime before you ever hear me rhyme

Yeah I pull up on time if you're fucking with my shine  
Jugg knows how to hustle, yeah it's all about the grind  
I ain't with the play-play shit  
I'll spin your four-door like some Beyblade shit  
Done graveyard shifts  
Outside man's crib  
We've gotta make him think twice bout the life you live  
Fake J Jugg, I flip buj on them back roads  
With Judge in the whip full of them cracked bones  
Old school, was a rebel on a pedal  
New school, flashy whip, push the pedal to the metal  
Been up in the ends, lost a couple friends  
Them man are funny man, don't par with them  
Same niggas that were dissing the dead  
Tables turned now you're missing your friend  
Getting active in the ends, that's just how life goes  
No fear, still walk about my road  
Tell them don't dare try step on my toes  
Or we pull up on volts, serving man smoke  
Young nigga I was raised in the A  
Where we don't see a lot of sunny days  
Cold world but we still play the game  
I'mma beat up on the grind till they put me in the grave