

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 "Sekkle 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