

Underdog

Ard Adz

You ever billed a spliff on a plane or let it rip on the mains?
I got the pigs on my case, they wanna spit on my face
I know they sick of my face, I know they been on my case
And anytime they nicked me, had to give me a chase
I still kick it with Faze, my gun kick with the bass
My brudda ate his bird until he's sick of the taste
I had to live with the pain, I know Ricky and Maze
The feds are overworking, want my hittas erased
Dirty where you been? Akh I've been in the cave
If we ain't digging you then start digging a grave
They just copy and paste, I been delivering caine
When I was mad broke I had to figure a way
I had 'em running like Bolt or at a similar pace
We had a similar day, we live a similar way
Four kettles put away, that's a crib and a safe
Hit the strip and I stayed, I hit the strip and it paid

My hustlers hustling under obbs
My strugglers and they're feeling under loved
We them lower class underdogs
Run when we come or you bout to feel the thunder shot
I'm just one man under God
I'm the lower class underdog
And I do it for my underdogs
Run when we come or you bout to feel the thunder shot

In '08, the last time I had a fun summer
My own mama wonder why her son's gutter
Don dada, I got more than one chopper
I let it clap and turn your Range into a non-runner
I had to hustle under observation
And I got it cracking when I'm on probation
They say I'm underrated, that's an understatement
I let this gun bang, it's even on surveillance
He only lost his life cah he's so courageous
They say they love the flow becah it's so contagious
They never paid attention, now I'm overtaking
He was under hustling and over gaming
My younger keep asking "What's the operation?"
He wan' drop a opp or make the doc operate 'em
My younger skipped school becah he occupied
He keep banging for the A and that's his occupation

My hustlers hustling under obbs
My strugglers and they're feeling under loved
We them lower class underdogs
Run when we come or you bout to feel the thunder shot
I'm just one man under God
I'm the lower class underdog
And I do it for my underdogs
Run when we come or you bout to feel the thunder shot

The feds know my face, got my DNA and prints as well
Buss my gun first and then I learned that off of Wigavell
Buss your gun and run when you see me like Stickz Bilal
If you wanna war, throw your gun away and bring the shell
I'm ready when the trouble come, pagans love to huddle up

My money haffi double up, I haffi turn my hustle up
Bitches wanna cuddle us, it's comfy in this stumbler
Never let this underdog catch you with his muzzle off