

You know me, I'm low-key but I'm hands on
Ask the gang, I get about with it, bang on
Broad day, handle hanging outta the man bag
Youngest Sav had to tell me, "Chill bro, you madman"
I get the drop, I'm flying round there in two seconds
If I miss the first shot, I'm flying back round for seconds
I'm at your back door, I'm tryna bend it like Beckham
Youngest Sav's with me and we're both strapped with weapons
Both strapped with weapons
Me and Stizzy, we're just stepping
Y Sav's on the back so summat's getting peppered
Little T is the stig so feds are getting left quick
Roll round with the strally in his Tech fit
He rolls round with the strally in his Tech fit
No phone, he's strapped on a bike that's electric
I ain't talking 'bout milkshakes, he's coming to your nest quick
Catch you slipping while you're chilling, watching Netflix
Free the bros, yeah we do it for the cause
This four-door kicks back like a horse
Summertime, we was trapping in them shorts
And broski got nicked, had him locked in the court
Been active from young, licking shots of that raw
We don't lack, if it's beef, put the trap on pause
Done a drilling in the day and then they snapped off my door
Fuck the feds, they want me in a cage, banging on them doors
Free the bros that are banging on them doors
I'm tryna catch my man, I don't wanna shoot the ken
I'm tryna ride round there and catch him standing on his porch
If he dies, I'm going cemetery and pissing on his corpse
If I hit him in the back, he's on the floor on all fours
If my bro gets a gaff, he's doing crops on all floors
If you really want the smoke rude boy, it's all yours
I'm backing out the scorps and tryna hit some niggas jaws
I'm active on the strip, two-fours, man I'm getting it in
And if he's stepping on the strip then I'm bedding the kid
I got this Retta on my hip when I'm stepping on strips
'Cause you can get swept at your kids
Man will pull a fast one, kweff at your whip
Or get chased by the feds and have to get off the strip
And if I catch him broad day then I'm letting it rip
Boss the price is twenty-five if you're copping a brick
I'm still active on strips
Niggas think we ain't active on strips
Until I pop up on a Ron and let it mangle your whip
Seen Y Sav rolling up, he said he's strapped with the stick
He's with Little T and T's strapped with a stick
I said, "Rah that's mad bro, I'm strapped with a stick"
Now there's three of us strapped riding round so don't slip
If I'm lying then I'm flying, if I'm lying then I'm dying
And I'm obviously not dead bro so don't chat shit