

Lightwork Freestyle

Aystar

I came up off the back blocks selling crack rocks
Couple of the boys sold weed cause swag's hot
There's me, arse cheeks full of pure B
Meeting fiends in mad spots like I give two fucks
I'm tryna get mad guap and flying O.T
Stayed in a punter's crib and now I've got mad spots
Switched up the spot, the next spot had fleas
So I jumped up like "Yo let's rock"
Now I'm doing up B&B's cause the punters want three-on-three
Snitches sing like PnB Rock
Plus the music ting's hot, I'm blowing up like TNT
B.R.B., I'm going to cut down this crop
And when it drops it's bare Rambos and hella Glocks
When I'm on the run it's bare roads and hella cops
When I wake up, bare sunshine and hella docks
Cause on the strip, gun crime and hella shots are getting popped
Man get head topped, get left dead stocked
Catch chest shots and leg shots and even catch neck shots
So you don't wanna be my next opp
Might just pop out the bush and leave you with a red top
Let lead pop, bring a nigga to a dead stop
A man showed me his crops, I said "That's a dead crop"
He's tryna grow some punch or some other dead weed
He reckons seven quid a box
I said "I wouldn't even pay one-twenty for an oz of that weed
About seven quid a box, you'll probably get about three"
I told him not to buy them cutties, he's stupid
He didn't listen, now he's growing shit weed
You know how many man I know who grow shit weed?
And when the weed done drops they be wanting mad P
Someone please school these guys
Who've been growing for two weeks
That they need to sell the weed for cheap
Sell the weed for cheap or need to change their profession
That's your fifth crop and I ain't even seen progression
Don't chat shit to me unless you wanna meet my two little mates
Who go by the names Smith and Wesson
This one yout said he wants to teach me a lesson
Till I backed out the big hand ting and started pressing
He gripped onto his gear stick and started stressing
Couldn't even put it into gear
Stalled the whole whip, shots flew through the rear
One slug missed, he nearly got clipped in his ear
I'll put shells in your headrest
And leave you lying down like you're tryna bench press
Little muppet, one punch will leave you dench less
And if you go gym the .45 will leave you hench less
This a real ting, it's not a Webley Tempest
While you're cropping and we're all up in your crib like ten pests
Yeah we're pests, we'll put man to rest
And when it comes to this raw rap shit G I'm the best
Beef is all long, I'll just come to your nest
And leave you in the ground like some cress
Might catch me in a big ting or see me blending in the S
But either which way if chase comes on it's getting left
The last chase got left cause feds thought I went left
I purchased this whip through a theft

The last kid that I cheffed, I left him in a bad mess
The last kid that got kweffed, obviously he got left
Why'd you think my nigga's out the country?
Can't come back because he put Dew to bed
Now he's Dubai living, who am I kidding?
They were moving like Sasuke with the Kun I shoved in him
Plus niggas don't wanna go to prison
Man are out there dodging extradition
Seeing more views than Floyd's and Logan Paul's exhibition
You don't wanna see the hittas on a mission
Cause niggas go missing
See me blacked out with the Smithon
All Canada Goose'd up with the kitchen, man will dip him