

Straight In

Aystar

Yo 2020, it's been a mad year already, you get me?
It's all mad, yo look, look

There's no hook for this one, I'm going straight in
And all these other rappers mixtape's can get thrown in the bin
Cause I'm back and I'm gunnin' for the win
In a fight, just know the right, it's comin' for the chin
If I back out the knife it usually gets grim
The devil takes control I'm tryna' hack a man's limb off
I'm the one that backed out the 9 and made your whole gang spin off
And nearly took your mans chin off

Rappers rappin' now them man have been washed
I'm watchin' the game gettin' faker while I'm sittin' makin' paper
I'm one of the last one's left, I've never been lost
That tracksuit you're wearin's never been washed
Hater I never been that, and fake I've never been that
I'm as real as they come, I'll put a hole in a nigga just pass the gloves an
d the gun
I'll put em in a bin bag, I'm askin God for forgiveness even though I sin ba
d

See this music tings hard it's not easy
But I make it look easy every track spittin' grease
I flip major P's on the road to success I keep a piece to put a hole in the
chest if need be
And if need be, man could pay a little younger to jump out the car, cowabung
a
And put one in your chest and put you 6 feet under, in your under, armour, p
op up like a farmer
Shotgun in me palm yeah, nigga just forgot that
Sound the alarm if you see me on your block in jet black
Then your gone, cause the aim's too precise, I slapped it
The me and shh dispersed like 2 mice on the beat
I'm too nice, that's why they wanna fuck with me
With a strap I'm too nice that's why the opps do not wanna fuck with me
There's bare reluctance, just in case I've got the fuckin' pump with me

Look I made so much dough last year I forgot to rap
So this is why I'm back to show you man who's really wack, and it's not me
Look bro, I've gotta be top 3, in England, when it comes to just slappin' on
a rap beat
And I slap on road check the rap sheet, look the flows mad
I don't even know where I'm fuckin' rhyming myself
I just know the fuckin' rhymes on the bars are top shelf so don't get hit wi
th the 12 or you'll be fast asleep

On a bike the feds ain't catchin' me, and they know it, and I know it
They see my bike and wanna try tow it so the chase I have to blow it and the
license, I'll have to show it
And I ain't lookin points you see how fast man was goin'?
I seen this one fed man like 5 different times, and every time he seen my bi
ke he tried to mow it
Hatin' cause I make pure P's and I'm a poet nah fuck that

So if I see a fed car duck that, even if I got nothin' on me
Cause that's just how I'm programmed, cause last time I thought I never had

somethin' on me ended with me fuckin' havin' somethin' on me
It's long G, I always forget, smoke weed so I gotta watch me walk when I step
Cause they might just see a big ball in me keks, that's bare draws now I'm lookin'
cookin' for a wall and a fence
Bare laws, I don't follow all of em hence, the fact that I stay strapped when I walk through the trench
Cause they might just be a little hawk or the wrench, and the 4.4 will have to put them all on a bench
You know the strap don't care if you're tall or you're hench
Just claps, and leaves you on the floor with a stench
Tissue all ripped and your organs all bent, and leaves your car door with a dent
I'm out