

# 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 and the gun  
I'll put em in a bin bag, I'm askin God for forgiveness even though I sin bad

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, cowabunga  
And put one in your chest and put you 6 feet under, in your under, armour, pop up like a farmer  
Shotgun in me palm yeah, nigga just forget 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 reluctancy, 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 with 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 bike 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

somehin' 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' 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