

P110, Trendsetter, USG
You know who it is
Listen, Yo

No way out the system, I think its time to live with it
I'm a big man with the strap, nah I ain't a kid with it
So you won't see meCheddar bobbin up my shit with it
You see me on the strip with the shit, With the extra clip with it
Listen, I'm ready to get it popping
You know me G, don't give a Fuck about nothing
If it's beef, then its beef, it is what it is
I'll just run up to your whip with the 5th and let it spit, Bang!
Start popping up your shit
Running up with 9 mils, take the lock off, let it lick
Treat the shit like champagne and let it pop off like a lid
I don't care if you're a dad, I'll let the Glock off at your kid, listen
Listen, it's best you switch it up
You'll be surprised how these little things be lifting niggas up
I'm talking 5 inch barrel, .45 Calibre
11 in the clip, I'm aiming at you, it's a massacre
Look, I'm getting back at ya
Look, I'm about to slap at ya
I'm in your mums house, holding you hostage, with a strap to you
Think its all talk until I actually clap at you
And now you're on the floor from a slug, the shit splattered you
Listen, no strap, I'm still attacking you
I'll shank a nigga up or punch him up, I ain't just slapping you
Look, if you're my boy and it's beef, of course I'm backing you
But most man ain't backing you, they'll watch man just batter you
None of that where I'm from, you ain't backing me? Then fuck off
Cause' I'm the first there with the ting ready to bust off
If it's beef, not no more, I'm my own man
Can't influence me to do shit, I've got my own plan
I'm cold, snow fam
Got flows, you know fam
Ain't skep' and em's boy but trust me g I'm a flow dan
I'll be rolling with the blade ready to poke man
So pick your times right before you even try provoke man
I'm a slimy cunt, I will size you up
Pick a weapon of choice
And leave you with a snidey lump on the side of your face
For when you wake up, take your J cup
And leave your mate tryna fix your face with make-up
You'll be chilling grazed up, while' I'll be chilling raised up
Off this J cup, I sold it to my mate, look
Now there's a big smile on my face look
Yeah I'm made up, trust me crime pays up
What? So it's a war ting?
Don't talk shit to me cause' you've been out all night snorting
You're twisted and gassed, so I'ma lowe you till the morning
Cause' if I check a guy, I'm leaving niggas in the walk-in
Fuck a warning, I'm giving man a caution
And you only get one before I leave a nigga scorching
So best you be cautious who you walk with
And who you talk with and who you be eating beef and pork with
Cause' niggas talk shit, run back and talk shit
And certain man don't talk it

They'll just leave man all stiff, get me drift
I know a couple killers from the bits
Most of them have turned snitch
Some of them got rich and then dipped
Some are still about on the strip but they don't brag
So hardly no one knows, it's a myth
And that's how they'll keep it
You want beef? They'll beat it
They ain't clapping from far, they're running up to make you eat it
I'm from Liverpool where it's all happening
Where niggas pack big .45's and they be clapping em
And when it's beef niggas roll out in robbed cars
Or on a crosser, middle fucking finger to the sarge
Don't chase me, you won't catch this CR red rocket
I'm on the back of it with that 9 in my pocket
Look I've cocked it so don't get too close
Or I'll be forced to spin around and whip it out and let it pop
Tell the driver keep driving, don't even think about stopping
No time to get nicked, wash it down and get rid
Lay low for couple weeks and then we're back on the strip
Pen to paper, then we're back with a couple vids
Say it's beef, wait there, I'll be back with couple kids
Couple fifths, couple sticks, leave a man in couple bits
I'm like don't piss me off
Cause' when I hit the strip I ain't coming back until I've let the suttin' lick
This is my Fire In The Booth without Charlie
Cause' if I spat this on his show, you would see the shit blow
But you can't swear so it gets blurred
You'll probably listen to the shit and probably couldn't hear a word
It's nice though cause' you know my flows like Nitro
So I hit Charlie with suttin' different, suttin' ice cold
Yeah that Ice In The Booth, that run up with the shank shit and start...

I'm out on the roads 24's, getting gwop in
Ain't looking for beef but if it's beef I'll get it popping
Phone JP and tell him bring the bag round with the Glock in
Phone M and tell him send the car round with the jock in
Watch me straight hop in, the Glock gets to cocking
I get to dumping, your boys get the coffin
Up blood once these big slugs get to bussing
Cause' the windows roll down and then pop and then we're dussing
Simple, straps got big teeth like a pit-bull
And if it touches you, you end up in the hospital
Look, you man are little
I'm big up in this game, you man are kidult
Hood? You've never been that
So stop talking shit look and fix up
Before the strap claps and fucks your shit up
I see you driving past, you're getting lit up
The 9 hits your car side door or fuck your hip up
.45 hit your car, it's probably good to rip the shit up
Money-money-money, it's like that's what it's about
I'm the kid who's got the O's of ched when mans a shouting drought
Don't think you can come round and fuck with mans shit
Cause' J be like pass the fifth, let me put it in his mouth
Itching to let it pop, I be like focus on the gwop
And when I blow you know we're nice, we won't be dealing with no box
Snitches on the street who blatant talk to the plod
And man are still chilling with them like it's normal but it's not
But fuck it, if I get the chance, I get to suttin'
Bally'd up, foggy night, slap it, hit man in the stomach
I've got no love for snitches, no love for bitches

And man who associate with both of them are victims
And even dodgy women be deceiving, don't forgive them
If they rat you out because you wan' shag but won't get with them
Trust kid they're different, they don't move like us
Cause' they tell you that they love you but it's not love it's lust, trust
What? You wanna get smacked up?
I can be on my own, you'll have to still call for backup
I'm backing out shanks and you're getting stabbed up
Once I phone slap stuff, no charges when the mac bucks
You get me cause' bare shells on your mat look
Man stood outside, rinsed and bounced like a mattress
You man are actors, you've never let shit clap
Me I've really clapped it, been shooting all erratic
Plod coming to me door looking for semi-automatics
Obviously I've got it on me
What, you think I'm doing shootings then running back to my mums g
That's how you know these fucking dumb feds are clumsy
They be waiting for a tip off, an address to go and kick off
While' I be in the sit off with the petty, wiping shit of
Want beef then piss off, cause' I'm about my P's
But I'll still back it out and let it clap and you'll get writ off
Listen you know who it is, Aystar, USG, I ain't new to this
Think I'm gonna argue with these dumb stupid kids
Or argue with a gyal over some stupid shit
Obviously you don't know me then but you thought you did
Now you're talking big, okay
Umbrella, walking stick, leather coat, you already know what's popping
The big shotty, when I see that nigga best be hop in the shop
Or a ken or suttin' cause' when the burner bangs
I'm running at your whip banging off, looking to murder man
Aystar I'm on the block, I ain't scared of man
See me everywhere, don't give a fuck what you heard of man
Oh what you heard of me? What, you want a word with me?
Move carefully or end up with a 3rd degree burn off the .32
One in your knee from the .32 semi's leaving you in A&E, check it