

Active

Bad Boy Chiller Crew

Active, no stop when I'm active
Active, redline when I maxed it
Active, till I'm laid in my casket live life real drastic, yo
Active, leather gloves on like a bandit
Greenlight dropped and I scranned him
Police wanna bandit
But I'm too fast for the mandem
I never get caught red handed

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Yo boys from the BG coming from the west side
Five guys, blue lights in an S5
X5 to the left side, take right
Driving erratic in my bus for the red lights
We don't stop for them boys in blue
I drive fast like I got a fucking point to prove
Round here's man where the pigs don't like us
We be on the block with grips and lighters
Push that don't turn the key
When I die I'ma burn like third degree
I'm a sinner, bad boy chiller bottom winner
Pull up in a digger like killers
Yo police don't want it
Pigs ain't on it
Really wanna see what's under the bonnet
Big M4 straight off the mid
I drive fast like I ain't got a fuck to give

And I ain't gonna lie shit crazy
Bradford town what raised me
Coming from Bradford blame us
Shooting down flake on pavements
Weekends stuck in stations
Few boys locked up in the pen like
Till my boys home soon like takes time
Used to kick bone and break thighs
Till I made an S-line straight red line
Yo bro pushed out I don't churn it
Hit one nick lets burn it
Yo pull up in a big boy German
Watch out Yj's lurking
Fuck pigs I'ma sprung back
I'm bad that I'm brits and gloves back
Put make her bum shake jump back
To the bad boys till I stood man

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Big 44. with the wrong bar
Graft with a plain car
SD and BBCC far from strangers you know who we are
Us man are active kick down doors
If you're smelling them plants
Life's kind of changing, now we got banks
But based on my mum I wanna say thanks
Raised not single handed
Worked three jobs so my clothes was branded
But I grew up as a rebel yo backstreet bandit
Turned 16 and my older passed me a phone like graft it
But I'm not gonna lie, yeah I flapped it
Fucked up the phone yeah I wacked it
But to say I was a kid, I smashed it
But now I do music I please my fans till I'm laid in a casket
Shams I'm a real charva not plastic
Keep it sweet n sour like a tangtastic
Had some turns in my life drastic
But I'm stood here smiling
West drops rep
When I walked exclusive creps
I was sat in my cell with about 5 tech
Now I'm on stoods getting reloads
Offered the decks but get why these try it
And we're blowing those feds, ten toes smoking
And if it looks too big then I'm not going over
Shams going straight through fences
I'll rip into miles even do lengths not going back there
I wanna see my life unveil, yo

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