

Fancy

Bandokay

Era The Kid
Free the gang, free the O
Brrr, bap

Yo
I just cheffed up him, I'm on the way back laughing
Me and O'Sav been two strike half him, clart him
Back the ting and then bark him
Reaper push the ped and go darg him

Get caught on the glide, I ain't tryna hear please
Jheez, cock it, jump out and squeeze
This bad B, loves me and the G's
But I love Elizabeth and she's married to me

Fuck putting D in dope
I put S in smoke and I penetrate coats
Call me Tom, I call Turna "Jerry"
The hand-ting jammed near the 22 zone

Yo
I'm in the Nizz with this rusty dots, it's long like Grace and big like Asha
nti
You don't wanna see S when he's angry
I'm angry too cah that's man's family
I'm on the moped, this knife's not a Stanley
Going on the glide, what block do we fancy?
We're some violent tugs, we're anti-anti
All of our blades are lanky

Trip up, trip up, drop and get poked
Woah, I backed my shank on your bro
When the OFB's lurk in a tinted ride, just know that gang got smoke
Suttin' got bun on the mains, ain't shedding no light, fuck that, gotta shou
t big bro
They don't want me to start on the 9, they're tired, gang done cheffed up lo
ads

I'm in the booth so the hoes get blocked
It's a long night when I grab this dots
When I rise up we're gonna tape off Tops
And when it's light out, we gotta escape from cops
This Samurai come long like me and if you ain't tryna run, you get chopped i
n three
This bad B come bad, she's sweet, be my ROD and hold a mash for me

Jump out gang and rise up that dots
Wait, who's them yutes in that block?
Big bro's done with couping up opps
The man ran when they saw this squad

I'm dishing out bare smoke, no cancer
Jump out gang out this van, no Banter
Tryna leave man red like Santa
Clamper, retire my man like Lampard

Yo

Me and bro got corn for the haters
They say I'm famous, I'm so bad and dangerous
I'm in the T house making papers
Chop some grub, let's smoke some flavours

Press the nine three times, I ain't calling feds
And if you don't run, get blammed in your head
I'm swinging my shank, aim straight for your chest
I'm back to the trap, trap, mash, get bread

You best protect your chest, yes, have your vest
Just buck armed feds, tell bro turn left
Talk on the net but live in the flesh
Gang, gang, get up closer and rip out flesh

What about when four got shaved?
Gang went two opp blocks in a day
Add a K on my block, get put front page
He left his bae and didn't feel no way