

In Spain

Bandokay

(I love Chris Rich)

I might drill on you man like get gone, get gone, man might pull up with a weapon

What you know 'bout changing clothes, more time cah my new white tee got red on

Opps get pull up and fled on, head gone, man get silly, get stepped on

Beg a man put bets on like I won't run in your yard with creps on In the kitchen man get cheffed on, on the side where the tings get pr ets on

Sweats on, yeah, them bruddas get leapt on, I'm in a bando, you shoul d see what I slept on

Like I got nuttin' left son, two right hooks then swing with a left o ne

Lightwork how your mandem get done, get spun, ain't got a sword then get one

Sweet one brucks her back like a gymnast, big back, grab that I up an d I hit that

Ching man, slice man up and then zig zag, sword in my hand like my na me was Sinbad

Double Lz, my heart's fully in it, two opps blocks and a dusty Ridgeb ack

Dip that, shotgun slaps, I won't miss that, which man really wanna ge ts their wig splat?

Gully too done I already said, like I won't throw a man in the med I know my YG's might jump off a ped, cock it, cock it, then aim for y our head

Stop it, stop it, now I want man dead, pop it, pop it, man's taking l ead

Want you know about baking bread cah everytime I see you got a shakin g leg

Gang do these drills all bait, free SJ, my fam, my mate

Gang taping estates, marathon race, add K's, get shanked in your face The shotgun's still long like Grace, one foot in the rave, got her sh akin' her waist

I was running him down like who wants a taste? Adrenalin got him pick ing up pace

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Stepped in the dance, all the leng ones watching, clocking a real bad
boy cut tru'
Guns and shanks get put into use so don't get your head back split in
to two
Spot me a opp then I'm off this moped, grown men still get chinged in
coupés
My paigons are poo, they lie in the booth, what can I say when you fu
ck with them yutes

I'm all in, I might let it bark in your face, walking, talking, so ba
d cah I really am bad
No gas, that's facts, shout OFB on the track, that's mad
Now they all wanna at me, looks at his friends like they ain't gonna
back me
Pow when I flip then dip real quick, more time get lost in a taxi

This bad B from Edmonton Green telling me she don't like the Edmonton
neeks
Yo, I ain't been Edmonton in weeks, that's a lie, I was there the oth
er day with my G's
In the car with some real OFB's, got Bully in the cut with Snoop and
B
I ride out in threes, let him be at peace, four door, lean out and ju
st squeeze, squeeze off