

M.A.R.K

Bandokay

(Ayy, Lucid, turn that shit up)
Turn that shit all the f*ckin' way up man
Only way is up anyway man, yo

Throw my hat to my side and my gun in my boxers
I feel like the man, I do, I do
Say a prayer to God, forgive me for the things I do
Three pistols outside, had to talk my shit, say a thing or two
I'm in love with money
I love mummy even when Bands ain't in the mood

He ain't bad, it's straight cap, go let the tray clap
Run with your friends or defend it
Sh-shoot then we're seen, won't lend it
G-lock attachments extended
Yo, there's a war in the ends, we're firing skengs
Hashtag, lacking is ended
I never pretended, swing 'round your block
Buy, buy, forget the friendship
I love money and it loves me too
With all this money, I can buy a new drum
Tryna cop me a yard
Take my girl to the shard and watch the view
Bro, cut, slide out with the dots
Give him the, he didn't know what to do
Lil G's charged up, left him scarred up
Bro got masked up and he, shot the yout
We don't sell guns, we buy and fire them
L ain't a liar, need some killers, I hire them
Air out the flames like firemen
Lil' bro by my side, got more than five of them
Put all my trust in the O
My opps are wet, put them in the dryer then
Collars are chavs, so go on then, try it then
'Bout to drop my mixtape, go buy it then
I lost Mark, that's M.A.R.K
The king from the start
I lost Smegs
So much stress to my head
I felt all the pain to my heart
Put my heart on my sleeve and it rained in the dark
Shoot with skill, you can train in the park
I'll aim at your clart
Hashtag play with a star
Don't play with marns

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The Rolls-Royce got lights in the top
I'm the GOAT, so I'm comin' back right for my spot
I don't like people that say my mind's evil

I don't like shit, let alone, like all my opps
I can strike all the dots
Swing it and fight for my block
Lil' bro tryna slide with the Glock
Izzpots in jail, he loves knifin' a lot
The internet typin' a lot (Bands)
I know my opps must hate that back in the day all of them were fans
You're a lucky, lil' boy, if my machine jams
You better get low if my machine slams
Smooth with it, head top, I'm shootin' it
Walk with it, back street gang
Bro bro's drivin', I'm in the passy man
Straight slappy gang
Yo, put my life on the line, I just walk in it
Shit's unfortunate, I got a voice, so I talk with it
Givin' my sisters hugs
I tell 'em it's love, can never get bored of it
Justice for M, I'm sortin' it, literally all of it
Coke in the club, got everyone sortin' it
Shotty too long, so we shorten it (Ying that)
Everyone's rubbed, bro corner them
RIPs and 3's when you come from the hood though
Broadwater estate, me, I was with SJ
History, may I still ask if it's good though
We used to get down, everyone get down
Leave with a blacked out, three-door Punto
Pull up to man, wah gwan, are you good, bro?
Fly at the next man's hood show (Brr, boi, boi, boi)

I love money, money