

Westwood Crib Session Freestyle (2019)

Bandokay

Yo, it's Tim Westwood TV, we're back up in the Crib Session and doing it real heavy for the streets
Shout out to all of the Farm, #OFB
SJ, Bandokay, Double Lz
All of OFB up in the building, shout out to the Sinners, Headie One and Abz, let's go
Project X
Ghosty

Just circled once, can't circle once so we circle back two times
All it takes is one gang sign for me to pop up and blow out your mind
You ain't moving in disguise, tell bro "turn right", tryna do him at traffic lights
Two opps in a day by surprise, no knives, so I swing my arms with my guys
This bad B keeps telling me lies, she reminds me of A1FromThe9
My aunties want to see me shine, don't want me in the 9 tryna air this bine
Tell Lerkz I'll do it any time, my family, my bro, my slime
And if we got Tuggzy in ends, then I got him to 'cause that's bro from time
Broadwater Farm, on the line with the spin ting spinning like Thorpe Park rides
Late night glides, 4 doors or bikes, just tryna make this beat like Sykes
OFB don't do it for the stripes, cock it, lean back, is that an opp in sight?
She wanna be with Bando for the night, whoosh, why's this girl so hyped?

Me and SJ in the back of the ride, we're going on a glide, tryna drive on Drive
Well, ask 'bout me, I'm a violent guy, who's them yutes? Bro, spin that ride
Tried leave one in his headie, no lie, within one week, five opps got diced
But shout out Bando, that's my guy, we're bad boys, no Marcus and Mike
Lil Jojo got bored up twice, you don't wanna see Jib with his pirate knife
On the opp block really be searching for deals, tryna bore him like I bored up Snipes
And that's no caps, no lies, 8 millimeters of Rambo knives
In N22 we raised the crimes, gang jump out and wave our knives

I'm in the 9 tryna fish, no prawn and if you don't run, get filled with corn
T-shirts get torn, this shotgun's sawn, chop it the same size as Shawn
Look, Bando from morning to morn', bad B back come big like Swarmz
Civilians all beeping their horns for spinning this coupe for a brown skin jawn
OFB's on form, Niners respawn and most of them mans been bored
Them points get scored, Swifty got floored, Lampost got sent to the lord
I ride out in bruck down Fords tryna crash off corn or swing my sword
Bad B come thick like Steff, in London my cats called Bando jawn

Hold one in the head but it's nothing like unicorns
And the way DV got bored up then survived, what a fucking miracle
L'z OFB, I'm a local criminal, jump out gang, Xin Zhao, get physical
Got down shh, keep it to a minimal, bake with him, get baked with him
Man slap at crowds, I ain't doing individuals
He too quick, buss lefts and rights, I remember that time on a one hour glide
That was me on the ride with this 6 plus 9, in the two two's on the back of the bike
I've done fell in love with glides, I pulled a pack top, tell me if I'm lying

Man, drop it, drop it then bang, slap, clap it then when they die

Get sent south side, no Bagel, fuck a Bagel, slap corn at your Mac D's
These dumb little opp boys can't at me, try Gun Lean and get shot from the back seat

Tion Wayne gun leans but don't back beef, SJ, I'll buss man up, I'm a bad breed

Reverse it, corn get crashy, Toyon dashed off, he's a athlete

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Adrenaline rush when you buck into my gang, fry man, I'll swing my sword with my right hand

I know all these opp boys don't like man, it's like man I got all these bad B's tryna line man

In a bando, me and Bando dice gang, dice back, send him back where the line back

I dare any opp boys try man, knife man and swing mans head where these guys hang

Feds tryna link OFB to these bootings, these opps ain't losing

Selection of guns, mans choosing, choosing, it's a hand ting, mans choosing
Gang jump out, that's way more than a bruising

Lord forgive me and they keep it moving, add a K on the gang, little man don't lose it

OFB's got too much skengs

When we circle round on the opp block, don't bring phones, just waps instead
We ain't leaving angles bent, too many back doors popped on them

Trip up, drop, oh damn, you're stressed

Free Bradz, free Ingz, OYY keeps taking my friends

OYY keeps taking my friends

OFB, we don't window shop, bro caught him a opp and tried turn him off

In this X3, man's swerving off, free Boogie Bando, he got birded off

Whenever we get a burner loss, we just cop a next one and go burst it off

Lil bro's telling me he got his earnings wrong, we just took him OT, now his

trapline's gone
Lil PY got smoked, no bong and I'm tryna smoke man with this tre, no Songz
SJ, I've been a real bad boy from young and when I had my Rambo I wasn't all
owed in prom
This bad B in the nizz with phones, she keeps telling me she wants the Niner
s gone
Bando's telling her she can ride along and if Lz in the cut, this ride gets
long
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long
Like, everyone's trapping and everyone's banging, I think I might just stop
rapping
These Nine boys just jumped on a track, K-M-T, who gassed these faggots?
They ain't done no blammings or splashings, what are they rapping?
SJ, I ain't on no chattings, man been verified, blue ticks, old fashioned
And if I start talking 'bout these drills they'll fold up and this song migh
t get taken down
And if you've been touched, please own up, king on your block, let me take t
hat crown
Mans seen armed Jakes at the exit, I asked broski "will we make it out?"
Oh shit, oh shit, I just see a opp, let me take him out
RIP Lampost, didn't make it out, ouch
She tryna send man down south, when they stay up north, they get saved like
"how?"
Them boy are like Mickey Mouse, they just want attention from kids, some clo
wns
Post pics like "drip or drown", let me drown mans drip, where's your drip go
ne now?

Wap in the ride of course it got tested, fuck off dots ain't getting neglect
ed
Get him jump up rides and we chef him, wet him dig him up and then bend it
Cock it and kweff him, mummy on my case cah the whips got tinted
They know we done it of course I'm pretending, bro hopped out tryna feed man
pellets
But let me not chat too loose, I'm on the opp block tryna fry mans melon
Skeng on the peds while broski's revving, hand on my heart I'll beat this we
apon
Man done numerous work with these leathers, that's me and S with two fat che
ffers
They're soft like Kevin, I'm up to mischief like Dennis the Menace

I'm on the opp block just 2 of my mates, Lerky-Lerky and my mate SJ
Hope we get back safe bro, don't buck jakes, I told bro-
bro put your foot on the brakes
We're just tryna tape a next mans estate, tryna add that K, go kway and bake
I see bro-bro whipping up cake-
Shank on man, might circle the 2's but their block come dead like Lampz
[?] fuck off Ramz, did a drop then dash, no way man's swinging my hands
Free all my guys in the can, I can't wait 'till all of my bros soon land
This bad B come Nizz, she thinks she's bad but she ain't standard so this gi
rl can't hang
Wait, let me get something straight

Do you really want to buck into S with his 17 inch, he'll rip man's face
You can get bored like him on the mains if you try run from me and not get a way
Made man run for his life, got lucky
I'm in N9 with ... where these guys got [?], teeth in this mash gon' beat
On the Avs with [?] but it's calm cause they still get filled with sweets
All these mash-ines ain't [?], see an opp on the glide get smoked for free
Peak, now let's watch a pussio leak, jump out and see Toyon skeet
Oppblock walky tours, and if you see an opp, bore him

I tell bro that we're going on the glide tonight, grip a shank and don't make excuses
I roll with drillers and trappers, I can't hang 'round bare niggas that's useless
They say that they got teeth for their wap but everyone knows that their wap is toothless
Ride to the Nizz your clueless, crash straight back like nigga you stupid
Grip your tools and use it, I ain't the one to be lying in music
You got ideas in your head but that light won't work when I burst your fuses
All my bros are ruthless and all of my opps are losing
I don't understand how my opps give chat like all of that shits confusing

Start of the year got nicked for a M, no comment officer, all the way to the end
Lil Jojo better cover his lense, chopper-chopper, he's hit someone's Benz
The boy Creepz just surfing for gems, didn't find 'em and so we circled again
You ain't scored on the O, can you tell me when? Slide on my block and you're getting ten
This bad b needs to line up the opps and if she's with them, she can hold this flem
This is real shit, no need to pretend, long live neeks, that count was ments
Ments, that didn't make no sense, T bust up his face when he hopped that fence
Black blade swing with all of my strength, swing with all of my strength

Aged 15 when I stepped with the botty, chinged him three times, should've said sorry
Get real close tryna push it in properly, G check him when gang too bossy, get real close tryna push it in properly

This south ting just come down north but she's going down south, will this south ting naughty?
In the dance, got my Rams all bleached up, left the function with my shank all saucy
Get sent down south, no Morley, I'm on this Vespa with this rusty.40
Ayy, naughty, naughty, no one call me and no Snapchat for the porkies
This X3 kicks off like a tank, put your foot on the gas, let's do this neatly
See the way man poked up DV? Ran after, no claps, that's meedy
Fore Street gets taped off easy, the way I pull up blacked out, you can't see me
Reaper I beg you stop these wheelies, opps at Mac D's, let's do this speedy
Move low, not bait, bro changed his plates, broad day, let it rip on the mains
Before we leave this place, make sure it gets taped, take risks on the glide, fuck Jakes
X3, bare space, two boots, let's play, tryna red card man, no games
I see the boys in plain, don't press no brakes or baits so we mount that pavement'

Loose is known for doing the banging, banging, SinSquad pull up, they panic
Fore Street Mac D's, I heard you dashing, O'Sav caught up and gave you a spl

ashing

You don't wanna buck Bully with his chopper, he left [?] with his ear all flapping

The way YS dropped his thug, should've seen the way that Drilla splashed him Suttin' got tanned in the 9, my mum's like "oh no, what happened?"

I said "you're late on news, the gang's just done a quadruple stabbing"

I bored DV in his face, like, come and taste this splashing

Any block that thinks they're bad, come Park Lane, we'll show you 'bout badness

I'm on the opp block tryna add them K's, I'm beefing olders, I don't beef my age

Verbal, what a silly mistake, fuck's sake, DV's on all of our blades

Them man lie, don't come to the Lane, I'm beefing guys that hide on my mains If you buck into gang, start doing up race

I'm holding my Rambo steady, pushing it in, I hope it don't break

I heard their gang's suicidal, lemme just blam your face

But don't get bored like F, stressed, now all of them are upset

They came to the block with a one pop, shot it in the air then dash from my friends

The same day F lost his ear, he must have gone and lost what he said

Free Joobz, he dips till it bends, or it's Jigga J with a skeng

And E1 said he's not involved on TFL, he almost got drenched

You're not a bad boy, no need to pretend, Tugga dips then cleans off his lens

Catch K's, add K's, that's normal, I put it on my life that I'll ride for gang

OFB ain't nuttin' like a friend ting, it's more like a family, I'll rise and tan

There's not a day that they rid on the Nizz and we ain't rid back

Got things in the Adidas pouch, there's always one thing that I doubt

They're gonna ride back when their friends get bored up, Lil' Jojo ain't rid 'till now

Fuck, mans really beefing clowns, they're staying at home when we circle around

We skid round, opp boys hit ground, opps get got, man I think I lost count

Lowe all the chat man, who you tryna please? On the opp block with my five times three

SJ shanked two yutes at the scene, windows smashed, of course it was Creepz

On the wing niggas know about me, first day I come out I chased that neek

I guess it's a life of a savage, cheff that yute, pray no one sees

This.380 kicks off corn, there's some small bells but you still go missin'

My whole squad's on drilling, juice been spilling, I'm on the N9 just chilling

Caught me an opp, pop-

pop, I'll drill him, I'm a loose screw, everyday man's sinning

Shawty wan' dig him, my hotline's ringing, you know it's money over women

Can't do me like Dillon, my Rambo's twinning, I'll swing my blade tryna kill him

My aunties tell my mum I'm a villain but I'm a good yute, I just want me a million

This shotgun ain't got no safety, double tap that, lean out and I drill him

Bake off on a road called Willan

L22 got his forehead shot, you can't tell me about scoring on opps

I got down Snipes, fucking shot, should've seen the way that pussio dropped

Then again, these yutes are not bad, Kermit hopped out the ride with the dots

Shh got slapped in he's back at Tops, shh got killed for repping that block

Just bucked Turner, where did he go? He jumped that fence, like I really don

't know

Big A got cheffed in a Polo, Little Jojo needs to jump off roads
Two different times when he got soaked, ... screamed that he's not involved
DV got bored up then ran, collapse, I want dead with O

Them man are some real life Puss In Boots, on the opp block, just grip and s
hoot

Hold on bro, spin this coupé, do up jump out gang, stick man then move
In the old days where the fuck were you? Grip my Rambo, go dance in the 2
Them man couldn't dance in the 2, get your head back chopped like do on food
Man's seen you in vids with my opps, so now you're a opp, lil nigga don't pa
nic

What happened that day with Turner, man don't know but I heard he vanished
These 9 yutes take vids on my block, like four in the morning, who are you c
atching?

The same yute got put on my blade and he take videos on my block just chatti
ng

Try Gun Lean and get cheffed in your shoulder, both shoulders so you can't G
un Lean

In the back of the [?] one, six, seven girls on me, no Monkey
Sweet one looking all

Step and slide, do up hide and seek

Like, why them boy hide from me?

Do up Usain Bolt cah that boy got speed, sweep, dip, rip, skeet
Take in everything I speak, it's the life I live and this life is peak
Double Lz my bro from knee, I'll slide for him and he'll slide for me
I'm in a G wagon with my flick knife tryna dip guys if I spot me an opper
Any time, any day, it gets cracking, broad daylight tryna do him up proper
I'm tryna M one on the beat but they turn ghosty any time that we pop up
I'm a long lost soul on the northside cah in northside it's my friends they
lock up

This bad B's gonna make me sick, why? She don't wanna hold this dick
If this girl's tryna move bare salty, gyal get removed off my contact list
This opp thot's tryna go on boujee, tryna tell me about wife and kids
Ayy, miss, miss, excuse me miss, I think you might have lost your lips

If I duppied your friend on the back road, would you come back and avenge yo
ur G?

Push in my shank if you're repping the green, free Boogie B, he does it like
me

He jumps out the ride, ching man then skeet, I don't like veg but I do up th
e green

If you're loose on the road, get left at the scene, Big A got bored in the p
assenger seat

Two got bun in a week

Four got shanked up once, are you crazy? I cut from the scene and I could no
t breathe

Skengs on peds or in tinted Jeeps, lack on the road, get cheffed up, peak
Double tap dottys and pray that he bleeds, I was only 15 when I got down you
r G

I beg a man try talk 'bout me

We was in this car going 'round, might drive 'round town, just me and my mat
e

SJ, I'm known to do bootings bait, no basement [?], saying my name
This bad B on the Nizz from kway, no case but she came off a Bandokay
I was peddle bike riding all day, gotta shot [?] but I just bucked jakes
Yo, I'm tryna pack man off these bootings, shootings and all of the opps sta
y losing
Selection of guns, man choosing, choose it, it's a hand ting, man choosing
Gang jump out, that's way more than a bruising, you can't link me to these s

hootings

They see me and they keep it moving, add K on the gang, little man don't lose it

My broski wan' spill some juice, let's hit the opp block, tell him "would you too?"

Let's do it in twos, drill from coupés, Bandokay a loose screw

Blacked out on the 9 with Dukes, bro looking alike, don't know who's who

This sweet ones tryna go on rude, now she's up in my DM's going all cute

Civilians get out the way, you don't wanna get hit with this fuck off gauge

Run man down broad day with the shaves, ching man's clart then smile on my mains

Bad B brucks her back and give brain, hold up, wait, shh got shaved

It was TPL when we taped that day, done jump out gang tryna blow man's brains

Humongous Rambo, long like Grace, he got cheffed up and he got shaved

They never rid back, like what can I say? You ain't chinged a opp, don't talk on my name

Got the big 12 gauge in the 09 plate, bro Boogie B had your block on shake

Hospital beds when shh got shaved, I'll bore man's face for Bandokay

If you talk that talk, better walk that walk 'cause that's how we stay

In the park with waps, so don't come here to play

Got dottys, got MACs, got tre's, got dingers that are 19 plates

Opp block and we're cruising real late or we're in the traphouse skates on fakes

Early morning, catch corn, no flake, remember when my peddle bike had no brakes

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Now it's firm cars like we having a race, copy the drip, is it copy and paste

Who give a shit? I was low on my face, serving up peng in this maze

Gelato, I ain't smoking on Haze

Bro's too tapped, he keeps on squeezing, sneezing, this is the shotgun season

Get back gang where the dotty's revealing, S slapped it, jumped out and beat it

Gang 'dem crash, no Flight of the Phoenix, two in the dots for five of these eediats

Shh got cheffed up and then left bleeding, lack on the road, that's normal procedures

Shh got shh, now girls don't rate us, rise that wap, man slide and crash

Weren't on your block when I came with the lighter, circled for time, didn't find no fags

Creeper's chinger come longer than my arms, swing that cheffs get-

Fuck all the chingings, I ride with waps and it's 10 o'clock news if the ting don't jam

Why them man love pushing their friends?

Creeps just circled, he ain't seen no gems, so we just circled again

On the other side linking barbies, she don't know I got beef in the ends

Frogz put in more work with his wetter but he's still out firing skengs

Four door whizz or 3-0 ped, tell my young boy, "move correct"

Free flow in the vibe, lil bro, he got hammers on deck

Nowadays we drill from rides and burn them dingers and wreck
I'm on FaceTime to my broski, don't know no shitty tech

In a dance with a.32, no Wretch but I ain't dancing, I came here to protect
Any opp boys pull up, they're stressed cah you see my lifestyle, you got shot or cheffed

In the ends better show him respect and if you don't, you get put on the bench

Splash man down, I don't care if you're hench, my blade got length, let's put it to the test