

In the slumz me and a million
Lost trial how you bein serious
Bell zeeks any gem inferious
Who's Bis he might be mysterious
All my guy be ferious
Zero to a million
Gods only one afeared of them
These parts feel like a billion

Blue lights, already free TY_heffy
Latz house mama like some quessy
Look round all my guys in trackies
Don't run on your marks get ready hand steady the mash ain't cleggy
Jakes leggy there's way too many canteen days ready brek and shreddies
Bark and attack
Markin a man
Mad when she arching her back
With gorillas tarzaan is back
Bros in March with the waps
Every years like a start in a lap
Still chat to the tuggz in flat
With his with 2 face Kenny Arkham lung

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These parts how much days have gone by
I don't know feeling like I got high
Need a Mitsubishi hondai with three in the back and two makes 5
And I have the turtles on eye
With the turtle launch on my guy
If you wanna save your one you best dive
But you ride on us your too lie
Your too lie, lie liar
In Harlem with spartan attire
The brown ones are the jarns I admire
Bro done dirt burnt clothes in the fire, fire, fire, fire fireman
Wash, rinse dry a man dry rum parker Spider-Man
Home coming for the samurai and the iron man
I am slumz frying
Robben, muller, Bayern
My guys ride time with styern
And I wrote this Groyce on tryin
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