

100mph Freestyle X2

Clavish

The yard man told us "Watch and learn, whip it Properly"
No time for a stop and search, if I got it on me
My next bro got a zombie killer, tryna turn man zombie
Used to grab light from the Turks, even though I found them dodgy
Been trapped in the trap all week, I'm still with K and he know that he flip ped loads
Been burning bridges, nothing like the one in San Francisco
Hate flashing lights probably why I never went school prom or disco
Bro will tap that twice, make sure you leave some brain on the window
Put a hand on one of my slimes, of course I'm a hundred lurking
I know I'm a rapper, but if I see them man it's a hundred curtains
I was in OT two times, nearly got caught by the one time serving
Thank God that I didn't, 'cah it would have been a cold cell in servery
This war can't get watered
Why the fuck are you talking peace for?
Just got a new woosh, what the fuck do we need the receipt for?
On my lap U got me a pump, but this one ain't spitting out diesel
This foreign ain't got a clutch, my left foot's finna get pins and needles
I don't chat no girl 'bout street shit, but I don't wanna talk about star si gns
If she's real, she's real, she's not, it's cool lemme hit like twice then ar chive
I ain't got more friends than bisheads 'cah friends ain't there through the hard times
Like the time I went down to my last bill, had to hit country with Natnice
Miles away tryna make these packs fly, hoping that the bando pops
This phone won't give it a rest, now I'm in and out of the bando lots
The front doors on a hinge, I can't make sure that the bandos locked
Plus I'm on edge, pray the crib don't get boomed, I know that the bandos hot

My neighbors high off B
I don't even know why I sold him that
Rollin' time, man roll in black, still tryna turn them broke boys pack
Still tryna leave a paigon dead
Weren't even them that took my friend
Man better change his friendship group
Hang with themc then you're one of them
Let's not talk 'bout them, that's dead, and let's not talk about drip that's wet
My rambo got more drip than them, but then again it got its drip from them
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Joe tryna fling his flicky reckless, where your necklace is
Said she don't like hood niggas, but rates my timg 'cah I got elegance
I can name six opps that done got chinged and ain't done a thing like ever s ince
Feds think it was me on a bike with a thing, too bad they ain't got enough e vidence
When it's riding time, I'm riding, 'cah I'm all like that
Told bro "Don't aim for his legs, he don't even kick ball like that"
I know a few plugs I wouldn't rap
Got a new ting, better not jam
Got new beef, better not lack
Shawty wan' fuck, better give hat

Just blue Jakes, made it back crib
What a close call, gotta give thanks
Remember them days, broke as shit
Can't afford guns, gotta use shanks
This SUV must be scary; didn't pop doors, that nigga ran
Still A-Team, everybody know that, but gang say "C go studio, trap"
I'm with savages in the studio, akh, can't run up on me while I'm making a t
rack
Used to bop OT before the NSG track
A thousand pounds and I'm done with this pack
Ounce of dark
How much be the shoes on my feet
Got an ounce of dark in my bag
Got that ever got robbed for their tings, I'll be real, no point tryna holla
me back
Boring friday night, doing hand-to-hands
Coulda gone tapel prison, local CIDs just want me in a Circo van on the way
to prison, missin'