

# Plugged In Freestyle

Clavish

Fumez The Engineer, we really here, man  
We really live with it  
Free the guys, throw them 6s up, you feel me?  
Whoosh, gang shit  
1622 shit  
(Sebz Beats, baby)  
You know, 2022 up the fucking smoke  
Gang shit, fuck the opps, they know where we are  
Ay go on, ay go on F  
Fuck, 31, man  
Free the guys, you're joking  
You know  
Tell them broke boys-  
Grrr, bow  
Oi

Couple of pebs can get you lined  
My shot don't care, he just wanna get high  
I'm in D-I-O-R like "Yo, which ones I'm tryna get fly?"  
Talk is cheap, but the wap ain't cheaper  
Keep talking, you gonna get bined  
They say "Keep enemies close"  
My paigon block two seconds away from mine  
She think she got a soft spot for the shooter  
But her guy shot no guys, ain't shot no pies  
I really hopped out and wet that down in the mornin' time  
Remember when bro got stabbed? It was minor  
But the guys are more than live  
That Honda Civic was meant for trappin'  
Suttin' got shot by a .45  
I don't know about you, all I need is a Gillet blade  
I'll dice that down into fractions  
L got a bird for a county line  
But birds still fly from the landin'  
Talk on the net, all that you want  
But everyone knows you ain't on badness  
Rest up NB, say what you want  
But everyone knows he was a Tappers  
All black CC trainers, gotta watch out for the CC cameras  
I wanna know who's who  
Lil' Dimmers on hittin' up yutes at random  
'018 when we kidnapped, what's his name?  
Shoulda held little man for ransom  
Anything I rap about is factual  
She don't wanna hold this wap? She's cancelled  
New recruit got one in the back  
Then tripped up, so I bored him more  
Yeah, I seen me a few  
But I was with broski, first time I saw .44  
Got the drop, \*\*\*\* tryna bury his friend  
Gang turned up to the funeral  
Tryna make her hold a couple of skengs  
I ain't tryna make that a booty call  
If rap don't work, both my managers know what time it is  
Cheffed A1, don't like that kid  
Tried get Jojo in his face, excited kid  
I was in jail, all purpose on mackerel watchin' my wife and kids

Tryna do music, but you can ask the guys whenever I ride, it's lit  
Type my name on Instagram  
I can show you man how to drip with ease  
'017, I was unhygienic  
Ain't comin' back with my kitchen clean  
Got makeup on my LV tee  
Now, I'm not in the mood, KMT  
Tired of screamin' "Free the guys"  
But free up the guys in HMP  
Free 31, prolly think this LV bag's for drip  
Inside, got a loaded wap  
Cheffed up a couple of man for the love of the gang  
They ain't even owe me back  
Supporters pull up, but if I feel like you're not no fan  
I'ma pop up my shank  
Now, you gotta give me some reassurance  
Safety first, I'ma pop it back  
No caps, still screamin' out "Free big homie"  
You know they gotta free big homie  
Came out of jail, tryna buy him a burner  
He don't wanna treat himself to a Rollie  
All the local smokers know me  
If you wanna get high, just phone me  
Really and truly, I don't wanna see them  
'Cah if I do then I might see Collie  
Why you rap 'bout the T so much?  
We all know you ain't put no snow in the 'Rex  
Why you rap like you got you an M?  
We all know you ain't put no body to bed  
Run off with my man's ting, that's awkward  
You prob' won't trust me again  
Said to myself that I need me a hundred  
First time that I touched me a ten  
Same thing when I touched me a hundred  
Still bring five years in the function  
American tings double tap my 'Gram  
I'm poppin' up, 'When you comin' to London?'  
Them man talk 'bout the traphouse way too much  
Still look like they need some fundin'  
I was in Pentonville, no soc'  
Choppin' up onions, rollin' dumplings  
Did it in public, in front of the witness  
They only come 'round for the litness  
Used to give out pics all day  
Now, I don't go day without takin' pictures  
The window's gotta be tinted, why?  
Opps got me on their hitlist  
And cops got me on their wish list  
Give them a time and place, it's Christmas  
M try show me my girl's Insta  
I told him "I already gave her the business"  
Crash try put him to bed, but I missed it  
That's no leg shot, gang, and I miss him  
I ain't never been not sure  
I'll do that bait on the mains for one of my siblings  
I don't know nothin' 'bout typin', dissin'  
See you in person, now, he need stitches

(Fumez The Engineer)