

## Rap Game Outro

Clavish

Oi, Little B, remember when them niggas tried to shoot at my car but them niggas missed  
Free all my on-it opps 'cause them niggas missed  
Rest in peace NB, 'cause that nigga's missed  
YB too, I ain't forgot you, I got you on my ink  
Rest in peace Rick, we weren't like that, but you showed me love  
Nothin' like them weirdo niggas, always switchin' up  
Rest in peace Kamari, I ain't seen you in a hundred months  
Before I rest in peace, I'm tryna give a hundred to my mum  
That's for all the times you ran up in my room and found some drugs  
And I had no excuse because I was tryna run it up  
The same niggas sayin' that it's war, I got them runnin' off  
Used to look up to you, dumbest thing I've ever done  
Dumbest thing I've ever did  
You ain't even sellin' bricks  
Really, I'm just sellin' packs, supporters wanna hear me rap  
Nanny used to lecture me often, "Stop sellin' crack"  
I was in the traphouse when I heard she's never comin' back  
Most my paigons shook on their block, tryna see what's good  
And we ain't even ridin', we're just passin' through the neighbourhood  
And I won't squash beef with them, even if they say I should  
And I ain't goin' broke again, furthermore, I never could  
My mum knows I've got beef, be careful when you're on street  
Fine in the bando, then I'm probably up on Ox Street  
How you switch up on me when we used to roll deep?  
My flicky does lean, come like I dipped it in some Codeine  
Got a show, but my niggas dead  
This ain't how it's supposed to be  
From the age of four, five, my nigga used to roll with me  
To house parties every week, my nigga used to roll with me  
To slidin' on them opp boys, my nigga used to roll with me  
Got a wetter on me, and a hitter that still rolls with me  
My manager a savage, better watch how you're approachin' me  
A rack for this jacket, servin' shots without a racket  
Couple stacks for this hand thing, know yourself before I slap it  
My auntie don't like when I rap about gang shit, trap shit, bad shit  
She thinks I'm not a bad kid  
Bando bandit, my outfit cost about six  
I never used to have six, I never used to have racks  
I never used to sell B, I never used to have crack  
I never used to have Christian Dior with a top to match  
I never used to have fake friends, well, nah, I did  
I never knew they were fake like frontal wigs  
Niggas doin' music, but they're rappin' shit they never did  
I'm always showin' prints, but I'm not cappin' when I rap my shit  
Don't know if this is where to say, but I wish I could trade my dead friends  
with certain niggas that are here today  
My bro finessed my other bro  
Now, they don't roll as friends  
I gotta go to the grave just to see my closest friend  
I write on my iPhone, I don't need a closest pen  
I got court tomorrow, pray that they don't send me to the closest penn'  
Got love for couple olders that I know, that's a shockin' fact  
None of them taught me how to cook coke or cock it back  
Used to hit shots out my yard like my mum comin' back  
Used to hit shots like there weren't such thing as the can  
Kiko told me, "Pattern up, you're movin' bait, you're movin' nuts"

He's younger than me, but I learnt so much from him, it's fucked  
Blood don't mean nothin', loyalty, that's what's really up  
Blood makes you related, but I feel like I'm his mother's son  
I hate when feds come in my drum, tryna search for guns  
I know I failed all of my exams, but I'm not that dumb  
Tell them that I'm not the one, not number two, I'm number one  
Number one