

Traumatised

Clavish

Uh, if boy'dem pull up, know I'm cutting first
I was upset when bro got first blood 'cause I tried cuttin' first
This white girl more than average, make my number jerk
These dotty pellets spread, that's worse than a fuckin' germ
Erm, what's gonna help me live my bestest life?
Money up, bestest times
Them times, bro was still alive
I know he's gone, but he's still that guy
I've seen man get shot and stabbed, never left me traumatized
Real niggas turnin' fake left me more surprised
I'll air out man for Jung, he'll do the same for me, I love that guy
Bando settings with some digi' scales and number nine
If we put our phone on flight mode, we'll be done by nine
Music pays, it's kind of aight
I still want a shot of Miley Cy'
Huh, got Miley Cyrus, opp shots know my name
Not my real one, if they did, I prob' would've caught a case
I'm the hood's hottest topic, might end up on Hall Of Fame
Can't get my shank mixed up with bro's, me and him don't bore the same
I'm way too fly, even when I don't pack my bags, I'm board the plane
Dip game nine, don't believe me? Go ask what's his face
CCTV don't mean shit if you mask up properly, ayy
That's cap, got members with me put you in check if you don't move properly, ayy
I got a savage with me, turn shit ugly like some morning face
Big homie aim for chest and up, no feet like Tory Lanez
A paigon estate just got taped, no cap, I'm all to blame
Got haters 'round me, the more I better myself, the more they hate
No paigon ho can't look in my direction, walk my way
No opp boy cancelled plans that vid' still got recorded, ayy
Streets is fake, rap game worse, I don't even wanna participate
Me and Kodak Black alike, I don't even rap, I illustrate
Have you ever rode on the opps?
Scared face showin', "Please, don't shoot me"
I ain't taking check, better check your tone when you're chatting to me
Scrolling through Instagram, this one's the baddest cutie
But, if she ain't got more than ten put down, she can't be bad and boogie
Got TT cats, don't screw me
Can't say the same 'cause your ting meady
I made more money in jail than your boyfriend made on road, I ain't tryna be cheeky
Too much cats, I ain't tryna be greedy
Too much waps, I ain't tryna be swinging arms
Baby mum, don't leave me, so, scoring points is easy for me
Sometimes I wonder how much the yutes I beef wanna be me
All these bad bitches wanna beat me
Snakes dressed up as friends, wanna pree me
No cappin' man, believe me
Grew up in stolen cars

When we go on glides, we turn the headlights off so they know wagwan
Wagwan