(This is a Melo beat) Baby, welcome to the trenches You know we got corn for days for niggas that think they're sittin' o n fences Baby, welcome to the trenches How you rap 'bout nines and boxes? Yo, when you're baitly flippin' a quarter (How?) How you act like you got gang on ropes when we're baitly still on tha t corner? (Wow) You can't be knee deep in and roll round with an informer How you let homeboy rap 'bout trap and broski's broke? That's out of order How you rap 'bout nines and boxes? Yo, when you're baitly flippin' a quarter (How?) How you act like you got gang on ropes when we're baitly still on tha t corner? (Wow) You can't be knee deep in and roll round with an informer How you let homeboy rap 'bout trap and broski's broke? That's out of order Out of order, out of order Still need butter, not Flora (Flora) Me and bro mash hella work, shopping sprees, still bring my boarer (C hing) Just blew feds in the A3, thought I was baitly whippin' a Corsa She's naughty, swallow it all up now she's baby sittin' my daughter All this snow, I can make my wrist rain and buy somethin' that sounds like thunder (Boom) Sweet ones make it clear, they just want me in their bumper (Clearly) I don't even need their number (Nope) Still got a Samsung jumping My top Off-White, mum knows I do the exact same thing as my jumper (Get it?) The smoke's in broski's pouch, I ain't talkin' 'bout no Cali bud (Nop e) This LV drip make hoes wanna suck man like Capri Sun (Slurp, slurp, s lurp, slurp) Just robbed like half a box, that's eighteen Z's for the price of non Balmain top to wear like once Shotgun the same price as triple S's Still confused how Joe got NFA for a triple cheffin' (How?) Still confused how man think that they're gang when they ain't my bre Baby, welcome to the trenches I'm on 1Xtra, BBC are still tryna put man on BBC .12's that four and a half, I don't know nothin' 'bout BTC Send out a text from early morn, I can't just lay in my B-E-D In the trap with Young Adz and LB and I ain't even talking DBE

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quarter (How?)

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