

Blackbox Cypher

Dave

Brother would you ride for me?
And if I died today
Would you put some shells in a nine and go and ride for me?
Brother would you ride for me?
Cause brother I would ride for you
I'd load up a nine for you or sit and do life for you
Brother would you look after my wifey, If I touched the cells
Or would you go behind my back, betray me and fuck my girl
Brother would you smile when I'm up and let me share it with you or would you
take it in my sleep
Brother here's the Issue
I never came from a broken home, the system came and broke my home
And now my bro's are sitting in cells like chromosomes
I hope the dough don't tear us apart, but I know the roads
I know my bro's got love for me, I love them back, I know the code
Would you chat to my mum and see is she's...
Listen man
Look lemme go back
Little tingz, little tingz
It's just a warm up

Yo
Listen
Dave
Look
Real stuff
Look

Tried and tested
My lifestyle's reckless
In and out, I'm stressed
Shit
I write till my head spins
Living in a squalor for a while, this isn't nice bruv
Scales, sizer, visits with lifers
I don't care bout your lifes bruv
Your packs or your likers
I've been licking out squares and missing every fucking time bruv
Lifestyle stressful
Yeah sometimes I cry
My mum makes that face and bruv I see it in her eyes and I breakdown
But you ain't ever had a breakdown
Driving to Cookham Wood in a whip and it breaks down
And you're stressing in the visit cause your brother's running late now
You ain't never felt numb and seen your older brother's face in a paper
And you're looking at your mum and she's lifeless
I had to phone Juss
Real shit, on my mums
All the phone calls I made for the funds
I was never on my ones
I had the realest from the jump
Are you fucking mad!
Bare niggas change and man I used to rate
Stuck in the same place
Selling draws or eighths
I put four on your place
If you war with my mates

I put p's in your back, put corn on your plate
Cat D, Cat P, Cat A
I'ts a myth bruv
I lived this
Cookham, Elmley, Feltham, Swinford, Wandsworth, Tempside, Highdown, Brixton,
Ford
My brothers getting bored
My mother still poor
My money feel short
All the Prada that I bought
A quick fix, I'm distraught
Dying in designer, I need slow money quick
I should've bought a nine bar and fed the whole fucking strip
But I didn't
I was concerned with all these bitches tryna tweet me
Girls never made me a penny
I swear brother it's killing me
And now they wanna talk like all these girls are getting into me
I fuck her three times cause she ain't never seen a trilogy (trilla g)
I'm from a land where niggas lick and trap
And all the flyest niggas probably got the thinnest stack
And all the broke niggas still broke
Taking pics with racks to them ears, them niggas actually queer
And yeah niggas do die
So I'll run if they back the strap
Hand in hand
My moneys in cards like match attax
How I [?]
I'm fucking confused
I'm struggling to keep up with man who got nothing to lose
I can't shank man and go jail
I got way too much potential
But I'm facing niggas that will that'll sccrrrrrr up in a rental
Cause they wanna go jail
They need ratings
No future
It's frustrating
So how I draw hate
Bruv I'm fucking confused
My brother still writing to me
I dropped tears on that letter
PS G do what ever ma say
You got something to lose
But nothing to prove
And that's the realest rap that I ever fucking wrote
I can demonstrate broke
I need digits in my world
I had bailiffs waiting like I was picking up my girl
No talking in the station, real niggas never tell
Nah
Them niggas onto us
Them pussies follow us
[?] brown disciples
Bragging bout who buys [?]
I hate it
I hate my own name shit
Cause when it comes on, I never like what David (Dave did)
Still I put the base in balls like [?]
Niggas call me Blackbox like an oldschool game cube
Back for the cypher
40k on my Blackbox
Feeling like a hero, in my collage I was hancock
But I'm cool

I don't need all the views
Just a few real niggas and my brothers out them fucking prisons
Them dickheads don't believe me
This rap scene needs me
My teachers weren't surprised, they said this music ting was easy
From when I spoke about my dad and Ms [?] used to cry
I put my soul in my rhymes, I never do this for the hype
Listen
Mandem

Been trying make you see what I can
It's talking to the death, describing colour to a blind man
I was putting hundreds in my cupboard, It was light man
Man forget I'm 16, brother I'm still nice fam
I was talking grands from a yungen
Had plans from a yungen
Screaming RIP Gran from a yungen
I never had a penny for a patty or a dumpling
I was chasing catties, chasing pattis for a dump in
I was just a brace face, Dave never had a name for him
We had a skatty little spinner and it never had a name to it
Now everybody's got rambos and jangos
Blade pushing fruitys
Now brudda watch your man go
Blade pushing fruitys
Now brudda watch your man go
Gloves for them spinners, that was tango
I was 15, I never banged goals
I banged visits like lawyers
My brother said see ya and I wanted a tom like soya
My teacher was a MILF, said that [?] was getting milked like soya
In between sticks like Neuer
Sitting in a cell, In a piccolo for the mula
I used to go ham like mula
I used to go ham like Goku's son
And now my brothers in the can with the ob1
Both my brothers missing, I'm the only son
Sometimes I sit and think that I'm the chosen one
Wizzing on the M1
Fuck you and your dead gun
Most my niggas shooting like all your niggas can get some