

## 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 yo  
u 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 fruities  
Now brudda watch your man go  
Blade pushing fruities  
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