

Blackbox Freestyle

Dave

Walkin' down my road and I don't even know my ends now
Everybody's shanked up, everybody's got a skeng now
And man are tryna' kotch with a jazzy
Talkin' bout their cock and a semi
They move rocks n' are ready
See, every boy's a trapper till the shit hits the fan
And then the shit hits the wall, your flushing bits with the raw
And every girls a trap queen, till they kickin' the door
And now you're in the station telling stories like Roald Dahl
Your man are in a holdin' cell, hoping that you hold out
My ends is all fucked now, gotta' nigga tryn'a cut now
I've been to the end of that road
Bruv I've been to them graveyards
I've been to the pen for my bro's
And bruv I've seen what a skeng does to mugs in the south
Like I've seen a shank leave a nigga's guts hangin' out
Seeing big straps, make a whip crash no whiplash
Big money, make a big man look like a kid ahh
You ain't really from here
Armani's clean, the vision's never cloudy
So know, what I'm moncler, you're trapping for designer
I'm in and out of santander
On a madness doing recon for a line up
4-1-9 that's word to my Nigerian uncle up in lagos
No favors for the paper
Bring all your guys you could lose that war
You bring a burner to the beef, I'll make you use that corn
You bring a turner to the madness, you could lose that corn
Man that's the nigga's have you missin' that's some u-unicorn
School they never rated, girls call me a money man
The yutes call me a paigon
But I've never been a witness like Jehovah
So I couldn't tell you my involvement
From sticks to revolvers
I've never been no victim to them olders
So I can't disclose what the holder gets you
Have to ask my older friends
Never been a witness like Jehovah
So I couldn't tell you my involvement, from sticks to revolvers
I've never been no victim to them olders
So I can't disclose what the holder gets you
Have to ask my older friends
For half dark, half light
Get it for a calm price
Hangin' out the pass seat, like heath ledger in the dark knight
What the fuck is a one on one, fighting fuckin' punch to punch
I'll boot you in your face bruv
I won't ever watch my darg fight
The fuck, you gonna tell me that you love me
Gave my boys my square, they still tried to bump me
That was way back, I had to switch the game up
Now I got springs in my 110, and springs in that...

They gave my brother 18 for a fucking murder
A knife crime, the lifetime, the whole sentence he servin'
Now in my chest, my brother knows it's burning
Them visits had me crying, had me whelping

Had me taking pills to help it
Lookin' thinking who am I?
Truss you never knew this guy
Grandma died, had my mother strict 'n' talkin' suicide
Truss me I don't say that shit
Why? I never rate these kids
My mum was on a madness
You ain't never seen no pain like this
I know you niggas feel this
Brother puttin' on a brave face for this visit
But I know my brother feels it
And my brother don't reveal it, nah
My brother don't reveal it
Take a life, for my mother, my brother, don't wanna steal it
But, this tracks got me on a rage
My brothers stressed out, I man can see it in his face
And man can see it in his eyes, he's holding back the tears
That judge movin' like a mion, holdin' back them years
They done my brother dirty
Doin' hard time, he didn't even do the dirties
But I can't say much, cause' certain man are snitches
And certain man are bitches, and certain girls are witches
And wale was a witness
Put their shanks in my brothers back, how's that fair?
Gave skells 16, and bruv he wasn't even there
Case was all banter, until junior got cancer
And mum's got sick, and tales got told
And then the paint wore off, and true colors got shown
And certain man go free, and all the real nigga's don't
So, shout out lewis, and shout out Serge
Now I'm rolling with an 'arghh' that will get man 'arghh'
What? Like wale, I'm a get you down
A couple man they wanna get you, I'm a get you first
I'm a get you last, and I'm a get you well
And show you snitching motherfuckers
Just why you don't tell
So how the fuck you gonna tell me that you hate me?
When I was dead broke, they still bumped me on my AC's
I've never had doe, them niggas laughed, they wouldn't rate me
Now the trainers on my feet, are like minimum like 380
What? Cause' I'm prada boy now, I'm money boy now
I'm piano boy now, I'm Mr duck a man down
Mr fuckin' stop asking, how I get my p's in
Askin' for a bringin, none of you brought me in
Brother fuck a fake friend, why you fuckin' ridin' for?
Got a couple people that I'd die for
Ride out, Lights out
My brothers pullin' strings from up in hide down
To get you skied before the sky down, look at the sky now