

# 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 jezzy  
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 akh  
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-nicorn  
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