

100 Shotz

DigDat

Snap Capone!
My cocaine lookin' like powder
In the mix like Tiffany Calver
Might just do it on the back street (Slay Products)
Wet a nigga like a shower
The Day-Date yellow
Excuse me miss, arse lookin' like J-Lo
Head shot, give a boy halo
Snap, huncho, no Quavo
Made in the manor like Kano
Two cats in the side
Richard and Mike
Lick it on the main road
Snap is back
Strapped with double waps
Your homie gettin' tax
Loves gone like Michael Jack'
Big jacket, Michael Dap'

I can't how many pebs, got a mouth full
Anytime I walk through county council
Rusty peddle bike chain for my runners
You know who they're servin' it out to
Came through, another chain on my neck
But she looked at me crazy when I was low
You know I just came for head
But wanna talk feelings, I don't do those
You don't know 'bout bad days
I was banged up, little bars on my bed frame
Had me in hell
Ramadan, had my kettle and a flask
I was really tryna fast them days as well
I don't really wanna take his bitch
But I bet if I look she stops
And when I get dressed, put my knife on first
Then after I'm puttin' on socks

I came out of jail, hopped in a Phantom
My life expensive
Bitch, don't kill my vibe
Came through lookin' like Kendrick
Still try sell me a ten bit
Audi, Beamers and Benz's
Snap, I'm the king of the trenches
If I damage his face, can't mend it

Tell him, "don't be dumb, you don't wanna act silly"
Knife to your cheek, get his buck tricky
Nineteen, Glock 19, big handle, VV's lit like candles
And I can't even trust me a soul these days
When I don't know them boy's angle
When I was on the wing with my hair all picky
In sandles, single plaits gettin' tangled

It came with a scope
It came with a bone
I shoot like Wick

Hundred shots for 'em both
It came in whole
Flake in my bowl, I'm scrapin' the coke
She my favourite hoe
Met her in a rave, I ain't datin' it, no, no
It came with a scope
It came with a bone
I shoot like Wick
Hundred shots for 'em both
It came in whole
Flake in my bowl, I'm scrapin' the coke
She my favourite hoe
Met her in a rave, I ain't takin' her home

The coupe is black
But the seats same colour as mayo
My buj from Pakistan
My coke, I get it from Dayo
I don't fight with this chrome .45
Just left that boy KO'd
Pull up with two shooters in two blacked out Mondeo's

I don't want no fist fights, it ain't school days
Spill a man's juice like I dropped my Kool-Aid
Came up council flat, had to out this pack in the hallway
I need me a new Day-Date with a small face
And I still got a next court case
Ask mummy, I was gettin' it always
Grey wooly hat, black North Face

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