

8 Style II

DigDat

Maniac
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Boy-boy better know like Jammer
When it kicks, you ain't seein' no punches
Tryna fill up this MC Hammer
If you ain't got gloves, can't touch this
Get a pack, how you still ain't sold that?
Go send a text to all them fiends
I got buj, that's black like Kodak
He phoned for a Z and got twenty two G's
Me, I get gyal anywhere that we go
And the peng tings stop me for pics
And if you wanna come to my hotel
Tell 'em I'm there 'til six
I don't wanna be an MCM
But on Wednesday, she'll throw it back like Thursday
Blood all over his shirt ay
Tryna leave a paigon boy in the worst way
Bando, call that office
I put on my shoes, don't let shots ring
Shotty all half my size, bruck that pin it'll let off spring
We had light like Charlie
Flooded the ends, then we got other spots
And I got Bob like Marley
My cats don't sing but they all love a rock
Any time they come to the ends
We react fast like Denny and Renz
Told bro, "I need that Drum"
He said, "Just go there where I parked it"
And these teeth can't miss the jam
If I aim I'll hit that target
Hate Chantelle and Shanice
I always see them with my man
And if I get a drop, call bro boy
It might be force, I don't wanna excite man
If my young boy press that button
And buzz them flats for a two on two
M's tryna burn these brand new Air Max
Bro, what'd you do with the shoes?
Got brown like Nino in New Jack City
They say it taste good like Megan
This dot's too long like Nia
I might have to chop it, trust me ah cheffin'
I ain't hearin' that 'he say, she say'
Opps dem know I ain't a game like EA
Tryna fill it to the max like TK
Bro, these teeth ain't little like TJ
Pissed how we did it on camera
How you think we chinged him and watched that replay?
No JCB but I been on drills
Attack like Fifa Street, got skills
Ain't touchin' my Sprite if it don't come sealed
Pay racks for the lean but she's tryna pop pills
Bought two rings, could've copped me a German
And I don't miss shots like Sterling

I was waving my shank like Merlin
Turnin', turnin' when its inserting
Moncler on, my young ting needs spoiling
And I got a big batty ting in Croydon
Bring out the dots, needs oilin'
Friends turned pack, you don't wanna go join them
She wants Chanel on her earrings
But I got a bad one with a tongue piercing
My name Digs and I'm certi
Tryna bang goals like Rob Van Persie
Free S1, pray he gets early
My bro bangin' on govs at servery
Me and S like Wallace and Gromit
Might tour on your block, do travel agent
You don't wanna get cook like Thomas
Hate when you're trying to act nice
When I see you in the club with your friend
She can't even cook rice
But you're out tryna stunt in your uncle's Benz
Night-time smoking sess'
Rass it, can't take two when I pull it
Wake up, give a boy corn for breakfast
Call that one there the Nutra Bullet
You ain't been in the trap and heard that knocking
And banked it all 'cause you thought it's feds
Out late like foxes and I got cats that try short bread