

Ace & Mitch

DigDat

(M1OnTheBeat)

(Rah, it's BKay you know)

The line says best of both
On a glide, can't bring them phones
If you take off someone's cranium
Nobody has to know

No GPS for a CPS
So this iPhone stays at home
Red shirt if we get a man chest
Or pull that back tryna aim at skulls

Heard that don's got the belly
Do him like Tommy and Sin said do him
My bro some roll like shottas
I don't know Max, Wayne or Biggs
Hoe my packin' my bands
She's one in a million but I can't date it
Bro just got a box like Creed
Now he's with Tom in his Ford tryna rake it

Black blade in blue jeans
Opps at the party, after, shave it
Shave it, hop out the car and chase him
Know that my knife work five star ratin'
I just got a connect for you know
Gave it to bro like here's the next move
He got stained but ain't got a clue though
Scratchin' his head, still tryna guess who

Told bro 'do up his' chest
Cah he didn't wanna keep his mate in check
Stop them snakes from rollin'
Dot-dot long like ladders and legs
Bad boy, don't take no meds
Still tryna crack them boy like eggs
Get blown if you're sittin' on the fence
Corn get fling or we're chingin' up heads
The cats, they talk in riddles
I can never hear what Simon said
I told Katie, "don't fiddle"
I always know when she unwraps pebs

Won't ever see me go kway
Got a young boy workin' me with the reload
My niggas get paid in full
I don't know Ace, Mitch or Rico
My buj runs black and brown like Nino
Find them shots like Nemo
Ten toes or we do it on bikes like Deebo
My chain cost me a whole brick
Whole kilo, bad one feedin' my ego

Had a fat boy runnin', that's a walker
Always smelt like salt and vinegar
Thought he was dead when the boy got lifted

Friend looked weak when they tried come pick him up
Had my driver doin' the mad ting
Can't stop, got light and Banton
Can't rise if I rise this hand ting
Sad ting, bro still calls from the landin'
S did assisted tacklin'
Done scored and play as a captains

Drug test, I failed it twice
YOI tryna search my trousers
But how many sales did I make on bikes?
Come like I worked in Halfords
And I just run out of dark
Gotta lie to Scott, Franklin and Marshall
When I reload, gonna bring that parcel
My trap phone kick like Arsenal
Got my knife out, aim at jaws
Make man scuba dive
Think Jack will like this batch
Leave that crack 'til it super dries
Two shanks up goin' on rides
It's fun, not fair
Bro put one in his blood stream
Feds tryna spot if I was there

Kway back trappin' with T now
Nike Air 1's, it was never no Fila
Told my young boy 'rise that heater'
Earn that badge just like Blue Peter
Feds done a clean and sweep up
Scream 'free bro' 'til bro gets freed up
Skeet if you see man creep up
Peak cah you might get shot, not beat up
Hungry so I'm whippin' up grub
Best of the best, no pub
First team up front when corn get dump
No, Bookey can't be sub
Man handled that metal
No Hansel and Gretel when that boy got cooked up (Got it)