

Air Force

DigDat

I was on the roads tryna double up, home now I wanna see my p's just triple
Had to run a boy down in my Air Force, pissed, cah now they got a crease in
the middle

Are you sure this corn will fit this wap, bro bro these teeth ain't little
See a hottie with the biggest back, B, I'm not sure if 'dem jeans fit you
Ayo it's Dotty on the beat
Ay CZR you did a mazza still

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Excuse me miss, where you from? My name's Digs—ask what I'm on
I just got back from a stretch, they didn't miss me when I was gone
Now I'm tryna not miss these sales, I get pissed when the ringtone stops
What you know about sitting in jail, and you feel like the pillow's giving you spots?

Whoever said that it's live are liars

White Serco, black car tyres

Bag of high fences and barb wires

My shank, sharp like a guillotine

Long like limousine knife work cray, cray, rudeboy I do you up differently

Hood on my head past twelve, now they can't see his face too visually

See the green and red on my belts, so you know that it came from Italy

Sun's out, Air Force 1's out, had to run a boy over the grass

They stay on their marks, get set, go and just blow so fast (where you going?)

She's like coca-cola, golden can't you see her glow from far

This slate got meet up late, putting it all into stones of dark (chop it)

Just bring it up front like Rooney, S move like Diego Costa

Told her my life's like a movie, you ain't gotta go cinema

I can't bring home these groupies, plus her boyfriend knows who we are

Said he's on me you're kidding, you don't wanna end up on the hit list

S got his Rambo's twinnin', steppin' with mine so we're calling them triplet s (three of 'dem)

And everything I dig these days, just wanna know DigDat's business

Let me chop and weigh this O, got bisaads ordering bundles not one tick better pay as you go

This buj just runs black liquid, stick handle wood it's vintage

And I don't wanna pick up the food but I might sound rude if he don't give pictures

My phone just came encrypted, want me in a case but it just got lifted

Hit a three on two times two, that's ten-man serving 'em one-by-one (line it)

Hop out 'dem four-by-four on three-man, got two, one try run

(Hop out the four by fours on three-man, got two, one try run)

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Whole of your head turn cheerio, bally on my face like Rey Mysterio
This bally's on inside-out, outside in my AJ, I'm sporty
See bro with his DayDate 40 still getting cash get paid they call me
Big guns like AK40's (big ones)

Get the white out no ticks, bad B why your eyebrows so thick?
Flip one my favourite tool, you ain't getting that back gotta leave it all i
n him
Just squeeze one hand in my glove XL but the index still won't fit in
Baby girl, shake it well, let me see you do more Quinton
Tryna make them do more sprinting
Come a long way from sitting in my cell, that was twenty-
three bang up on Sunday
Got a warhead zoobie of cookies so why would I bill that frontways?
You got a man and you're saying these things, bro, I don't think she cares
Come link me I still have my thingy, you can't say I weren't prepared
In my blue Dior or DSquared2 like the slim fits low, I don't know about flar
es (Tighter)
Just squeeze both sides of the pot like when it goes pop you can smell these
flavours
Love chip in my box, not a lot
This ammi made a man curl up like Quavers
Skid-skrr laters leaving your friend at the scene, outrageous
90's baby, lighties hate me, still take a next mans boo (tek' her)
I just came to the ting were neked
Now I got a pellet let's step back tru'