

Mlonthebeat
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If it ain't 'bout these racks
Don't call if you don't want air time (These racks)
Grind get gwop in my spare time
I can put money on your head like a hairline (On his head)
Black boy, but my diamonds white
And these stones glow in the dark (Ching)
Reach for my chain, lift it, let go, blast
I slap my hood up
And slap this chrome at your heart (Slap it)
Rip up jeans and ruin the drip
When the black blade falls apart (Ching)
Why the opps washed up like plates
We got a new dinger, no plates (Skrr)
Wind me up, I just wind that window (Wind it down)
And just leave your whole block in tape (What you doin'?)
Took one pull of my spliff
Now I'm tellin' Shanté wine her waist (Ayy, come)
I'm way to gone to be running from jakes
I pray I survive this chase
Best of both these worlds for the cats
Grab that's global serve that local
Whip that and watch that snowfall
How many grams have I weighed in total? (Gone)
All them trips on the train
Pray I don't get stopped by the exit (Look)
Took so many yutes to Cunch
And even girls could have grabbed, ain't sexist (Nah)
Like wizz gotta whole lot of laces
But this one's peng with the frontal (Peng)
Roll with six in this fours
I was doing six for forty bundles (Yo)
Fendi coat when it's raining
All this ice on my jumper's frozen (Ice)
Pattern my wrist is golden
Make your gal wanna buss that open (She buss it)
Anytime we fucked, she sucked that
A hundred in my Gucci rucksack (Hundred)
Cut through the city with a thot from Insta'
Don't tell your friend that we done that
Spent five years stuck in the bin
Judge really want me locked 'til I'm old and grey
Now I got brown ones, too much lighties
But this one named Skye, she's grey (Uh)
And my yardie back's amazing
She buss for the gang and we call her Grace
Call **** and I ain't gotta ask
'Cause I know he got his knife on ready to shave (Shave that)
Rub them bells, now this one's ready to blaze (Boy)
Shot my spliff it's ready to blaze
Dialing with his devilish ways (Evil)
You can die in seconds, twenty different ways
Drawing me out 'til he's dead in the grave (Dead)
Flicks on-road tryna curb and kicks man's head on the pave (Kick it)
See me with kweng in the rave

Don't get kweng in your face (Kweng)
You ever touch chest with your blade (Never)
And she only fucks with rappers
And I only fuck bitches with braids (With the plaits)
I'm in the blue SVR, I need more space
Tell 'em clear out the lanes (Ski, ski, ski, ski, ski)