

Ayy, ayy  
(Free Clips)  
Ayy, ayy  
(Free S)  
Ayy, ayy  
(Free Scars)  
Ayy

My buj runs black like Chyna  
I ain't got the light like Tyga  
Whip that, use no bicarb  
I'll make my man swim, no lifeguard  
I was so low, tryna stain me a nine bar  
Now I've got more green than Hyde Park  
They hate on DigDat  
First time I grip that I was eleven  
DSQ for my denim  
Shank on my waist, won't bend like Beckham  
I wanna do his and hers  
But I can't find me a bae  
I'm flying away  
Like Trap, got paper plans  
Fuck them bitches, I gotta get gwop first  
TSG tryna put us in vans  
If I get nicked, won't converse  
Don't say it's here where you got served  
Feds might stomp the yard  
And if I get nicked, won't snitch  
So I doubt they'll drop that charge  
Monday, my ting from Dubai  
And I got one in South, she's brown (Hmm, peng)  
I'm out in the town  
My young boy fly it, he's flying back 'round  
And Shankz got best of both  
On the M way, let him get shit sold  
He's tryna make 'caine turn rock  
So he might not roll if I get a big show  
But broski went O too, put on his sim, made like three  
(Ayy, ayy)  
I got my ex so I'm vex all the time  
I don't ring back when she's tex'ing my line  
Caught a Section 18 with a fifteen inch  
Left that road lock arff  
Bro had it out but the ting did jam  
Lucky that corn didn't pop off  
Feds at my yard in boots  
'Cause I had super drugs  
Now I need some links  
I'm not sure, who's got grub?  
And I got a Rolex like Wiley  
When the cats bell fast, I'm doublin'  
Bro, these teeth ain't tiny  
If we slap one, it's disturbing London  
And she's still out with her ex  
But when we sex, she says she's mine  
Two watches, I don't know which one tells that time  
Remember outside, I was rolling with stones

Tryna beat all this rock  
Answer my phone like, "wagwan miss"  
I really wanna beat this thot  
When I walk past, they flick their weave  
Man do jobs like Steve  
Deliver O's, break that prof', we just eat  
Got soft in the pot, just boil it  
Grease that dots and oil it  
I got slapped with thirteen years  
I was thirteen, read that on my toilet  
I don't rate them olders  
Hate on me 'cause I'm young and I get it  
Mad how I dicked her down  
Then I gave her back to her man like, "tek it"  
Got hoes tellin' hoes they're mine  
Then someone's lying, it can't be true  
(She's lying)

Out late with men in black  
Made us wanna be bad boys too  
Sent her shop for rizla  
Make sure you get two packs and juice  
Just got a location, bro I can't wait 'til I find this yute  
Long stick in the whip like Django  
Now I'm on the sat nav finding routes  
Shankz got rock, he don't sell herbo  
Seven G's, he'll do three hundred  
I was in OT, never done F  
But I still had to work these numbers  
And my next door was a Kit-Kat  
Telling me I'm too loud like carni  
He said, just whisper  
Cah you might get caught with the smarties  
I ain't got a wifey, she just bops  
Comes 'round and teeths this lingo  
Do it up in a microwave, soft  
And make sure you open the windows  
That man looked like a fed  
And I served him, 'til this day, I wonder  
Now I'm giving them busy signal  
If I get shots on unknown number  
Cats on my line get cold feet  
So my young boy got shots in his sock  
Bro got it in a pot, watch it sizzla  
He's tryna get this pack solid as a rock  
Get a invitation, no graduation, can't be stop  
Bro just wanna pop corn, told them, don't get your party shot  
My man ain't been on nuttin'  
And he's been like that from a youngen