

Friday

DigDat

I know they didn't take me serious, when I said I'm in this game ten albums deep, no less

Ghosty

On God, I'm just warming

How can they let us go from being one of the hottest in the streets to one of the hottest in the game

And it all started from the 8

DigDat

(I can hit that block with ten shots but I think I might make more off deals

Got my raincoat on with this Rambo incase I ain't got no sword or shields

Can't bring her to the yard, she's catty and that one had no bra
Fur on my coat's from Canada)

Had me in court so my head looked pickier, swear I was banking my TEC with Nivea

Sword on my hip, swing it like Jedi, all VV's, no SI's

S just done up a G pack and I know two young boys that'll work it

Had to put my trap on EE, back then my Lyca couldn't get service

Friday I should've went Jummah, head out my window, doing all nighters

Woke up, I was on the yard doing pull ups in sliders, me and them lifers

With my big box TV, no controller, I couldn't even swap that channel
T'ump off your lip with my fist, now he's pissed cah he gotta wash it off with a flannel

Free all my friends that I lost in battle

Weren't no fist fights, sticks, don't grapple, swinging my arms in chapel

Hundred bands at eighteen, never went mainstream, my teacher's baffled

Hair down, head band, eyebrows, turn up, came with her eyelash done up

He tried run in his Forces, tripped, then we bored him, tearing up North Face

Kick down doors in the morning, catch man eating his Corn flakes

I can hit that block with ten shots but I think I might make more off deals

Got my raincoat on with this Rambo incase I ain't got no sword or shields

In my young days, double tap flickys, try put them right in fully
When I had two twin blades like Boondocks, name one Riley or Huey
This pretty little thing so ratchet, peng one belt and her bag come matching

And she used to act brand new but wanna fuck now so a lot just changed

See me with a watch and chain, flush them packs and block that drain
How many times did I hop that train?

In the trap, took naps like Pampers, she ain't from Catford, qway like Ashford

Clip in my AP, twist this backwards, mad how we came from Aquas

Hiding my face from cameras, when I should've went and prayed at masjid

Can't bring her to the yard, she's catty and that one had no bra
Flavours come from Cali, fur on my coat's from Canada

You know I didn't beat that case, I can't shout out my barrister
Know that my Buj runs black on foil, I'm burning it light and it comes back oil

She was like "Digs, how you feelin'?", I might go and put a bag on my bugs

Spray this O pot teethin', then test this wap in the woods
And if it runs black, it's good, liquorice papers, wraps of Buj
Different razors, get that cooked

Do a 3-5-0 like my Yeezy, done with the scale, just took that pack off

Now I'm at the sink, press down on the hand wash, tryna rinse all this sand off

The Voice of the Streets