

Mad About Bars

DigDat

Take trips then we leave with luggage
These Pyrex buds in my hand weigh over a gram and they come like nuggets
I left all my tech in the night, got boomed and stood by the door to slug it
There's no way I'm getting bagged with nothin'
It's like why do you dress so thuggish
Bro just stepped in red sauce
This manbag looks like a chess board
Fur in the coat like pep boards
Do road, do pave, do street, do block, no you don't do non
Call them phone back when your food done
342 oh boss soon come
Tell 'em soon come 3420 tell em soon come

Score let's make it 1-0
My driver come like a goalie
Pass me the ting then we take it upfield
Little man, little man grippin' his pokey swing that twice
He'll make blood spill
Go and watch it spill like Snappo
Clips, clips got sent off the pitch
Shit my team needs to stop them tackles
Ya can't count all them bells in the basket
Green ones, red ones, fat like Apples (chunky)
M give 'em one out the barrel
Aim at your back, watch him drop off the saddle
Bun, bunny, it's bunny when I pull up
Get money, money love mula
Tryna get my hands on straps, brilliant waps, everyone full up
Different kinda Yak, all type of flavour, pots and that
Pots and pans make rocks it's lav
Drop it, stabbed, get gone this pack
When I was on the wing like Walcott caught ups
Gave headlocks and jabs
Still Air Max in blocks and flats
Order a limb but it's not cos I cramp

Tryna shoot in the centre
S on my right, teamwork, set piece
I'm still juggin', I'm still juggin', give boy a tester
The trap phone kick Jet Lee
Your babes weren't like this remember
The bitch turned bad when she met me
I can't tell you 'bout calls on the jail phone
Bro don't answer you'll lose 10p
Still got friends in the bin and I pray that they do get free
Bad one doin' nothin' but yuck this girls gonna bruise her knees
Everyday wake and trap get on mornin' grind
In the rave she gotta throw it back cos I don't wanna borin' one

I love peng tings like I ain't taking my black leather gloves with the white
Nike tick
That's, that's how we grip on steel
Still got the sauce on drip and spill
But fuck that judge, that B like
No he thought I wouldn't ride them years
S, S bringing back rocks from seaside
She would of thought he went Brighton pier

I'm like enjoying my grindin' gear
Like step for them boy try find them here
Straight drop bush come T T too
S got tools like B&Q
One shank, one nine like Costa
When I shoot hit heads like crossbar
2 man that's Hazard and Oscar
Oh I'm assistant attack like Drogba
Ful-Fully let go of the broom when I bust tell bro he'll slap it
Wanna make sure it goes through then press on your ting don't tap it
I still ride out in style, black bally, with a sign and formal
But if I don't get there in time then my cats gonna feel withdrawal
It's like everyting I dig they think they're wifey
Break this liz then put it on a scale, do it gentle, nicely
Skrr round them with the tint all low, now your picking up high speed, jump
out on side streets, see them I let mine squeeze
Big-big bottles Ciroc red berry
My hoodie on like A-Boogie pots of cookies, Ben and Jerry's
Bad thot just done me no shame now she's tryna link man's bro
Ready rock pack just came, chop it I ain't gotta whip that bowl
All my guys on the wing can go
They all leave free like tic tac toe
Now it won't fit in the bag, got it in but I don't think this ting can close

Stop runnin' where ya goin'
Kick him, trip man's toes
I thought that your head was hot when I took out my ting he froze
Chip and crow man twist and roll I really wanna dig this hoe
But I'm out grindin' all 'til late how else will I flip this load
So I got my slim fits buss down low
Buss down low and I'm servin' packs
Peng tings slip on the road, we're letting them go
We swerving back
Bad-bad boys yeah we're all bad boys
But who does really get splashy
Two light and dark for the kits
That's two black boys like batty
I just fell asleep with a spliff, woke up now it's tasting ashy
This thotty ain't leavin' the crib
No shake them hips then break this batty
No we don't even do them things
Rude boy you can't be doin' them tings
Just cut that rock on the side, chop 0.9
Just threw out the cling
Wait most of my guys them landed early
Still got a few in the bin
But I'm blacked out doin' Darth Vader
Swinging my Z K like a lightsaber
Grip 2 hands on the parcel, assemble the pack like Marvel
Boy anytime you step they're dashin'
My trainers reflect when it's flashin'
I can play in defence or attackin'
Bro how can you call that leng when you look at her breasts they're saggin'
Bust face then see swellin'
Back-back-back my bottle no cut to the face don't rave
Cos my blade won't get in
Stepped in here on a spud
Now my bredrin blud tell your mate stop beggin'