

# Bine On 'Em

Digga D

Yo  
CGM shit, Cherish God More  
Chef \*\*\*\* 'Malis  
Consistency gets money  
Constantly goin' \*\*\*\*  
Christ guides me  
Know the fuckin' vibes  
Conspiracy gang members  
Point blank, bitch  
Yo  
Real shit  
Look

They put a bullet in my headrest, I guess that I'm blessed  
They think it's guzzle that I'm workin', puttin' powers to test  
Shit bangs, see the passenger get one in his chest  
I can't duck because I'm drivin' whilst they're binin', I'm stressed  
I took a left, the car crashed, but I ain't panic, I'm calm  
I thought they got me, but they never  
It's just glass in my arm  
Yo, who gave them confidence?  
I hope they know it's on for them  
Nigga, this the consequence of makin' niggas want revenge

Back to back, we're spinnin' opps  
Them boys ain't know what's happenin'  
Got a 400k in cash, they said I trap it in  
Four bruddas in two years, tell me how them boys are managin'  
Free by the guys in [?]  
Yo  
Got one of them on accident (Haha)

I been bullying that pussy for a while, that ain't my enemy (No)  
Can't talk about no violence in the streets  
They mention Te\*\*\*\*\* (Gyal)  
Niggas tryna test me, hope you're ready for that energy  
Trollin' with my ex, and now he's stretched in a-

I put bine on them so the feds don't want me free (Fuck the jakes)  
I put bine on them, free the guys in HMP (Shoot them niggas up)  
I put bine on them, now we's in the cemetery (Yeah)  
I put bine on them (Yo, shoot niggas up close and personal man, know the fuc  
kin' vibes)

My family's playin' dirty games  
Cool with guys that wanna send me to them pearly gates  
So if my youngin' shoots my cousin with his .38 (Pah)  
I'm on his side, I'll probably pay him for that certi aim  
We're tryna blow out brains  
Diss on Teeroose  
We been sprayin' up their block, the opps know  
Could be Rayners, could be Drayton, could be Stoke  
It could be Hayes, but it certainly ain't Gr\*\*\*

I put bine on them so the feds don't want me free  
I put bine on them, free the guys in HMP  
I put bine on them, now we's in the cemetery (Shoot them niggas up)

I put bine on them (I put bine on them)

Bang, headshot, chest shots  
Blow out your fuckin' brains on the mains  
You know the fuckin' vibes  
CGM, we're takin' lives  
Stay inside  
You get me?  
Fully rackered  
Yo, the feds, I'm just rappin'  
But really out here slappin', we ain't cappin'  
Ask the fuckin' opps  
Check the internet, man  
Ask festify  
Shootin' niggas, I make them testify  
Paow