

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 fuckin' 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 Teerose
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