

Folknem

Digga D

(X10) CGM (Beam me up Scotty)
Double Tap (Supreme)
Savage, ZK, back to back, we back our straps
Man get whacked

Ayy, look, yo, are you listening?
Wet **** on his head, had to christen him
Twin got done times two, tryna triple him
Take a trip, if he trips, man's rippin' him
If he's **** I'ma catch him and cripple him
Sick of him runnin' the field, no dribblin'
You're finna get sent off 'cah I'm kickin' him
Bro he gon' need a send-off, start dippin' him
This light skin bitch here, she's flippin' it
Come to bad man and wan' talk 'bout lickin' it
Magnum, sippin' it, Rambo, grippin' it
He run off again, little chicken shit
Yo, I own all my guns, I ain't trippin' him
Bro grab a hold of his clothes, start swingin' him
But I'm Mortal, show 'em bout Kombat
Come back, swing my long shank and finish him
You got a problem, solve that
Aim for his egg, yo, crack it and yolk that
Yo, if he scrambles, fry him and smoke that
You're on the wing, better swing and assault that
Hold that, twenty-one days ain't nothing, you joke man
Yo, fam, you're better, no fear, no man
Can't see man that's ten years older
Joker, have your smoke out and turn Yohan
So fam, how can I rate them old men?
Still young but I been out from '010
Told them "Don't get comfy in Golborne"
They didn't listen, we caught 'em and showed 'em
I took their meshes and went off and sold them
Multiple splashes, you got left soaking
Pull up and smoke them, on folknem

If I shoot my shot and I score, then a hundred percent, man's hittin' it, diggin' it (Hittin' it)
Don't come to my block, it's scary, insidious, prince in the West, no William (Insidious)
Dead ting dead, she hideous, work rate high, tryna get to a million (A million)
Man down, man down, I'm billin' him
Get outta here 'fore my fingers starts fidgetin', flingin' it
Sick in my head, I'm psycho and there's no way I could sleep on a vio
Come to the wild get hit by the rhino, rhino, mercy the G like Stylo (Yow)
G like Herbo, G like Polo, I'll take that risk on my solo
Nah mad over no gyal but I'm loco
Bro bro, R-I-P Rose, free Jojo
My dargs dem mad, can't tame it
He ain't write back, all now, I don't blame him
Two machines, one new, one ancient
I'm aimin' to rub man out, try erase him
Try front page him, boots with laces
CBO, gotta mind what I'm sayin'
Invasion, if I know where you're stayin'

How you do drill rap but ain't use your stainless?

I beg man don't insult my intelligence, back then it was rusty Remingtons
Hit your skeleton, leave you wet like Wellingtons (Baow, baow)
In the T with B on the side, not a brown one from Bellingham (No)
We know their work rate is irrelevant
Nine out often their fingers celibate (Dickhead)
Man make corn fly like Emirates
See them legging it, still keep pressing it (Baow, baow)
My little bro keeps moving too wild, tryna leave him pronounced, make that d
efinite
Tap bro, I don't think they're getting it
Still ain't levelling, shotgun specialist
ZK, I'm the youngest president
I was fifteen, I had big man beggin' it
I'm petty, wing beef, ain't deading it
CR at my door like "Why you not settlin'?" (Ayy, fuck off)
Buck up, I'm wettin' him, if it's pre-
planned I'll definitely kettle him (Fucking savage)
Rev that ped with adrenaline, Sav on the back and he's definitely gettin' hi
m
Slip up, I'll sever him, pepper him, shave his head just like Mo Better did
That's one shot like he took some ketamine (Baow)

All you fake rap niggas are tarnished
CGM, we're the hardest
Big waps, yeah, we blast it