

Main Road

Digga D

Main road
Any-fuckin'-where
Cameras gonna do nothin'
Yo

Side road (Side road)
High road (High road)
Back road (Back road)
Main road (Yeah)
Front line where we bored up ****
Hundred more places, I can say loads (Yeah, yeah)
But estates is the best place
No camera, chef that up and buss case
Shout Luga Vellz, the ammy smells
We got 'em down, we got 'em down

Side road (Side road)
High road (High road)
Back road (Back road)
Main road (Yeah)
Front line where we bored up ****
Hundred more places, I can say loads (Yeah, yeah)
But estates is the best place
No camera, chef that up and buss case
Shout Luga Vellz, the ammy smells
We got 'em down, we got 'em down

The feds had me livin' in fear
The reason I ain't chinged somethin' in over a year
Took a train from Paddington, grub, had bare
I just seen two pussio jakes tryna stare
Cheese that grub, clutch that gear
They won't let man go if this shit goes pear
My circle's small, just robbed us a square
And we broke that package with care
I can't relax in this condition
With all this flakin' hair
The bar I got come lookin' like Cher
In cunch, who the fuck's this Br'er?
I ain't swingin' no punch, I'm swingin' my spare
Not revealin' my nank till I get up near
But he turned to a dasher, oh dear!
I'll swing my splasher and ruin the clothes that he wear
He came 'round wavin' his fryer in the air
We're beefin', chickens, I swear
I'll fillet, it'll still get chingy right there
Load the nine, teeth gold, didn't come from Claire
Online cheek over 420, it's rare
I don't know who they think that they fuckin' scare
**** in Morley, run up, his skin got tan up
That's why they hate this jareer

Side road (Side road)
High road (High road)
Back road (Back road)
Main road (Yeah)
Front line where we bored up ****

Hundred more places, I can say loads (Yeah, yeah)
But estates is the best place
No camera, chef that up and buss case
Shout Luga Vellz, the ammy smells
We got 'em down, we got 'em down

Side road (Side road)
High road (High road)
Back road (Back road)
Main road (Yeah)
Front line where we bored up ****
Hundred more places, I can say loads (Yeah, yeah)
But estates is the best place
No camera, chef that up and buss case
Shout Luga Vellz, the ammy smells
We got 'em down, we got 'em down

Old school days, I was sellin' bare weed
Used to see 220 from a Z (A zed)
I'd put a 2 with a Q with a Benz and a nina flake
And I see 63 (Whip that flake)
I just shot four O's tonight, whipped and blagged it (Huh?)
I said it's TT (I lied)
I never had me a ped, didn't save no bev
But still man rid a CC (My bird)
Everyone put in their seats, slow, put it in Eco
Hope them pussies don't pree us (Get low, get low)
Gettin' up close, but they run when they see us
If we get bagged, then it's "free us!" (Free the guys!)
Each tryna keep his pace
Tryna stay focused when we hop out the Ford (The dinger)
I was just with bro-bro JoJo in Belmarsh
Got a L plate cah he scored (My nigga)
Meanwhile, the way H is, keep catchin' a M
You woulda thought it was a sport (Patt' that)
I'm still smokin' ****
Can't say his name
But you know it's a corpse
Call a half-O box a Fiat
'Cause it's 500 without the stalks (Yeah?)
Bought a hundred few too autos
'Cause the shorts didn't fit in the Skorps

Side road (Side road)
High road (High road)
Back road (Back road)
Main road (Yeah)
Front line where we bored up ****
Hundred more places, I can say loads (Yeah, yeah)
But estates is the best place
No camera, chef that up and buss case
Shout Luga Vellz, the ammy smells
We got 'em down, we got 'em down

Side road (Side road)
High road (High road)
Back road (Back road)
Main road (Yeah)
Front line where we bored up ****
Hundred more places, I can say loads (Yeah, yeah)
But estates is the best place
No camera, chef that up and buss case
Shout Luga Vellz, the ammy smells

We got 'em down, we got 'em down

Side road, high road

Back road, main road

Front line where we bored up ****