

The Truth (Part 2)

Digga D

Take the Pyrex out the microwave, and put that straight in the sink (whip)
Copy them numbers, you can lose them all in a blink
Stab first, we don't think (ching)
Free my bros on the wing (free them)
Take the rock out the Pyrex, put it in pebs and wrap it in cling (trap trap)
Trap mash get bread, my Nokia rings
Most times I spend my profit on tings
Not gyal, the thing that gives niggas rings (RIP)
Thing on my ring, and dance on my jings
I rate J Hus but I don't lean and bop (no I don't)
Hand out the window, I lean and pop (bow)
10 plus 1 that's a demon spot (bow)
Who wants smoke with any of my niggas
Can't you see Huncho there with the dots (twelve gauge)
J Sav reach for the Remington
Clean up any estate with these mops
10 plus 1, bang on the 1 plus 8
10.5 28 on the flake
I lost 2 grams on the drive
Now I got 26 grams on the plate (shit then)
I say what I want and no one can stop me, everyone tells me I'm bait
I put all of my trust in guns, can't rely on the soul 'cah everyone's fake (trust me)
I'll take food of anyone's plate (anyone)
And I'll lurk on any estate (anywhere)
And I swear that you're my man's bredrin
Ching, hold that splash for your mate

Fans wan' know the truth
We don't lie in the booth
Got a double tap, in the duffel bag
Won't peb to back it and shoot
Get that drop you know I'm en route
Bring that dots, I only need 2
Slap that dots and the crowd had to
Everybody gonna catch that flu
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Look at that chocolate barbie (hello)
I swear that's Remz's aunty
She don't care if I'm beefing her nephew
She still let me slip that dick in her narni (get bun)
Finesse man's pack, if he comes with weed that's dead like RD (RD, RD)
Run man down 'till he runs out of breath and he might just die like Tarabi (Teewiz)
I be TT like Cardi, like, who want it with me (who)
I bought this dotty for 6-double-o, but you can hold corn for free (bow)
Point 1-2 in the 3-4 scores and the cats them calling me (brr, brr)
Last year I got nicked for the 15 inch that went from my hip to my knee (tha t's the rambo)

My eye keeps twitching, who the fuck keeps talking my name
My fingers inching, can't we go ride and light up the place
They have me on bail for a stabbing, tryna lock Digga D in the cage
But I got NFA shit evidence, so they had to drop that case

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