

Double Tap

Fredo

Ay, yo Broadday
Yo, yo wagwan
My fucking nigga, ay tell 'em sittin' man
Yo, free the fucking guys
Real fucking strikers, real criminals
[?] fucking ZK's innit
You know me fam
Free the guys, free the opps so they can drop
Woosh
Woosh, trust me

Can't get to the 4's, it's calm
'Cah bro PG and Lil Dotz from Zart
Now shells flying out like Mario Kart
Roll up broad day, tryna bun mans clart
Come by next day like jus' me this time
Two hands on the twelve at midnight
Drench my zombie, wet my samurai sword and bored up shh with my flick knife
Ain't tryna insight, jus' tryna show you my insight
Come outside, might tear up your inside
Buck into them it's on sight, see red 'til I see red don't think twice
If you wan' fly blue we'll turn that purple
Swing and ching ain't into the verbal
Don't wanna see AM like Özil
Rusty one could've got down a Nazi
It's been around since Winston Churchill
If SWavey rev up the German, there's no way you could jump that hurdle
Opps get spot from far, then hit by the car, jump out get close and personal
Don't fuck with rats but I grip two swords like Raph from the Ninja Turtles

Double tap, then double back
Opps get popped like bubble wrap
Broadday and Blitz that's double waps
I like money and guns and bubble backs
I can't wait 'til gang got another pack
I can't wait 'til gang got another plaque
I can't wait for a cheque had to hit the trap
And that's a hole why you puddle that?
Double tap, then double back
Opps get popped like bubble wrap
Mix up the food man double that
I like money and guns and bubble back
I can't wait 'til gang got another pack
Can't wait 'til gang got another plaque
Can't wait for no cheque had to hit the trap
And that girls a hoe how you cuddle that?

New strap mans not [?]
More tools then Bob the builder
Free up the guys, they locked the field up
My white girl flies, I shot Matilda
How much packs got made with ease?
Spilled his hands we baked his beam
Got all drugs from ABC
This is PG to AGB
PG yeah we're active fam
Them man bang on Snap' and 'Gram

This ain't weed I'm bagging grams
But still I get my packs in 'Dam
And we're the ones that pack your gang
Shootin' shit up back to back
Lil bro wan' chat then pack your bags
Cling from razors, plastic bags
They're hooked on the end of the pipe
My work starts at the end of the night
How you leaving your friend on a glide?
He come to my ends for the end of his life
Introduce man to the end of my knife
It's up to God if the brudda survives
I'll take your food, but never advice
I wanted the whole thing, never a slice

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