

The Intro

Geko

Looking in the mirror, contemplating on the maddest thoughts
Sitting with the bruddas, conversating on the saddest talks
Missing our main man, funny as hell, gully as hell
I got a little life glory story to tell
Kids of the streets of Manny chilling with some snakes
So we cut them out, and started moving with eachother for the sake of being
family and winning
And gaining a rep, and taking a step
Ready to get many in and taking a breath
For the reason the money got us mobbing, robbing, harming the random man
Got us walking, rollin' hard in the streets as part of the mandem plan
Moving, mad cruising past putin fast if you try with the mandem fam
Zooming, past prove him, last moving, fast one love to the fandem man
Chilling while we gettin' high, realeasing all the stress and high
Promotely young, but for my age I'll tell you what the stress is like
Different day, same shit, I'm living up a messy life
In my bed, thinking what you know about them heavy nights
I remember after school my brudda got into some beef
So we went to his school, got us punching knocking out his teeth
Now my brudda moved, out the ends we miss him like no brother
Soon link, Back home I laughed to my brother
Never signed to a dodgy label
No devils cos I'm guided by the lovely angel
We'll never make contact back
So management, take your dirty contract back
Cos you got no name, your so lame, I'm so strange with cold pain
Flammable like propane, fly like its so plane, stuck up in this cold game,
happy when my bro came, stuck up in this cold rain, no regrets and no shame
Fire up with no flame, always up on both lanes
Family on my case, friends steppin' on my lace but
I just keep face, and tell them that its okay
You feel a little burnt, in your mouth, like its Colgate
You might keep it there in the jacket darg
So we keep it on a D-low or a (Matted car?)
So we tryna make our P grow ike we're stacking farms
And were making our P's blow if there attacking ours
Look, I tell your bitch come and climb with me
If you got the best food you get the money, Come dine with me
Days are getting shit I wish I could go back to primary
Back then, no beef, everyone was live with me
Arrival of the sickest yeah I'm puttin' it on G's
And I'm vital for these bitches and I got it in my sleeve
It's the title of the wicked, yeah I'm tryna be on P's
It's survival of the fittest, like my brudda Don Greaze
So let me go down on the beat
Resting is a myth now so when I'm dead I'll sleep
Promises and promises, I don't know which ones I should keep
The games like Halloween, it's always like Trick or Treat
Imma make it, I hope my bruddas make it too
They don't understand the levels that I'm tryna take it to
I told my haters keep on hating I'll be famous so face it,
allow me darg, all I'm tryna do is come and break it through
In the air, reaching for the goal like a slam dunk
I ain't gonna lie and say that I'm a killer
But I know couple bruddas that will leave blood, Tampon
Quiet on your own, but you're hyped when your man comes