

Load Em Up

Giggs

Niggas think their kids are cool 'cause they're outta Pecks
I'll hang around their school like an alphabet
Smooth Gig he'll put a body in a casket
Man I'll flip out and draw quicker than an artist
I've got bars like a hustler
Stunt, hear the Mac-10 ring like a Nokia
Just tryna get rich living life's dreams
Still I'll let my shit rip like tight jeans

First bar's 5 out of 5
So I backed it like peng that's 5 out of 5
Now I'm back with the leng that's 10 out of 10
That's 5 plus 5
Load up the pump and you can lose five of your guys
See us on the move, five different rides
I'm from Woolly Road, Aylesbury, Burgess
In the middle of the Narm on the otherside
When it comes to family I swear that my mum'll ride
Nines, 38's and pumps will cause a homicide
And you say you're a shooter and you know that strap
So you know how it feels when the hammer go back
And the ruger go blap
And everybody in the perimeter under attack
That's some real life shit you can't lie about that
It's the boys from the Narm and the Gaza
And the Gaza and the Narm rolling 'round with a pump
That's the size of and arm
You ain't talking to my team

Load your pumps up
'Cause right now, our adrenalines are pumped up
Buck us in Burgess
'Cause right now we've got the urges
We love the sound of buck-buck
So grab your best melon turner
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You know I spit the naked truth
So when I say that I'll rob
You ain't gotta see me, 'cause you can hear the truth
So when I say I'll shoot
There's no point running
Fuck a bulletproff face 'cause it's your face I'll shoot
I've put bodies on the cutter so don't push me
I've got energy, but I don't run off batteries
That's why I've got toy soldiers running for me
I've got arsenals
So I've got niggas gunning for me
I've got five in the 38 for any nigga running his teeth
You're saying that you stand in war
When you pricks always run in the beef
I clench my fist up, and knock your teeth out

So you can't talk back
And after the pump's hit your legs b
I know you can't walk back
Pecknarm's where the real niggas walk
And I know you never thought that

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The streets is ours
The reason why you hear SN1 coming out the most recent cars
We ain't giving you no neeky bars
Keep it old school like hangers in TV's and VCRs
You're pissed, who's best
You're looking at a pistol vet
And I couldn't give a shit who's dead
I'm about to split two heads
And I ain't spitting crack no more
I'm spitting crystal meth
I'm a stain with the pump
I had switch the flavour of the month 'round to coke
I weren't staying on the punk
You can keep on hating if you want
But pull off any stunts
Then we can get to spraying on the cunt
Hollowman they find it hard to see me
And I'm the realest out these artists
That's why it's so hard for you to be me
Keep this shit thorough and discreetly
And I'ma set Grem free on you niggas like Aladdin did the genie