

SN1

Giggs

(Spare)
(Spare, Spare, Spare)
You listening?
Spare No-1 (No-1)
Nothing (Nothing)
Haha (Ahh)
Everyone (Tramp)
(Let's get this started)
Raise your glasses
You know who you're fucking with right now
See right now?

Spare No (One)
Spare No (One)

Niggas don't know shit about pitching
'Cause I'm on the road with a slip ting
Not a maybe, butter or if ting
I'm getting like a quarter of a brick in
Fam are you listening
I break shit down on a quick ting
I just recently came in the game, I slipped in
Heads don't even wanna know about your ting
Know about his ting
They only wanna know about Giggs ting
See me and think about whistling
I don't even give a fuck about you (You)
Fuck what you do (Do)
Coke's not stopping me through (Through)
If you didn't slip on the herb, we're helping you too
Spare No the unstoppable crew (Yeah)
Once niggas know my first verse, they wanna listen it through
Ryan Giggs, who they listening to
When they roll in, a spliff in the room
We [?] load in, and whip up with food
When we roll with a stick on the move

Spare No (One)
Spare No (One)

With me so deep
On the beat so deep
It's a beat so deep in the seas oceans
So, emotions flow deep
So deep I would need oxygen for three whole weeks

I love writing
I begin writing
From a sweet child when, I be sleep miming
Pac and Biggie rhyming, I will be smiling
Praying, please God I wanna be like him
I want to be like them
I grown up streets went crazy
I can really be like them, what a grade for
It can get answered
It's what I asked for, so I can't be crying
Now [?]
Seen many beefs, seen many come
Seen many leave
Drink Hennessy, with plenty weed

Spare No (One)
Spare No (One, Kyze, listen)
Spare No (One)

Let me murder this quick, and murder this hit
You heard of this kid, described as gifted
SN1, we're spurts and verses
And we're putting our work so expect some worship (Yep)
Four years ago, Giggs said I was worth it
Won it seven days, so Uptons flirted (Yeah)
Fresh on the ride by, lines were lurking
And Giggs went jail, but Joe and I kept working
Two years later he was back on his toes
Two years on still attacking the roads
Now it's all about dough, stacks and flows
Straps and clothes, niggas better clap the sauce
Niggas get laid out boy (Boy) that's the roads
If I get laid out, put some [?], put a zoobie on my grave
That's packed with the chrome
So before I go hell, my last smell is the smoke

Spare No (One)
Spare No (One, Look)
Spare No (One)

I'm Joe (Joe)
Grind (Grind)
Niggas love when I say that
Three here niggas say look
You know that means you know you're gonna hear that crack
I told Boom to put a leaded on the beat
'Cause when I step up in the booth, blud you know I'm gonna burn on that track (Liar)
I know niggas gonna burn this track (Track)
And learn this track (Track)
'Cause niggas love J-O-E (Grind)
They say that I'm H-O-T
Plus I'm nice on any fucking BPM

But I'm too nice in the P-E-N (Yeah)
I'm Unit 10 laying down hard bars (Bars)
And Big Lee, OTP, Dare Devil, IMK
They're all superstars
Most niggas couldn't write lines like ours (Nah)
With bare lines to move the end that's lies (Lies)
Got a big name on the roads, so you never hear real niggas asking "who's the
m guys"
Most niggas couldn't write lines like ours (Nah)
With bare lines to move the end that's lies (Lies)
Got a big name on the roads, so you never hear real niggas asking "who's the
m guys"