

Track 10

Giggs

Hollowman I got the weapon to beef Gs
Drop one and let the second release squeeze
Top gun and niggas repping the streets
We block gangbangers from Peckham to E Street
Got my own straps I don't beg guns
Got the Tec ready for whenever death comes
And when his head spun all he saw was gully niggas jumping out
the whip busting off screaming red rum
Niggas mad hungry so niggas get bunned
Strip's dead niggas living off of bread crumbs
So we press guns
Slugs biting niggas in the night like a bed bug
Tiny Boost, Young Butch get the hood kicking
North we'll give you little bitch niggas good kicking
You know the hoods difference: niggas in your hood chicken
If one of them gets dropped I'm like good riddance
Time is money so niggas get the buj ticking
Never really had a dad, I was hood risen
Niggas living in this hood prison
We was most hated now every hood listen
Pecky gangbanger I ain't on the hood switching
Squeeze off and watch the head under his hood spinning
Niggas better look, listen
The real talk's got every other hood spitting
Ask Young Butch, and ask [?] how many lives that the gun took
I ask who said that, niggas gone shook
Now everybody's looking at me with a dumb look
Back out the same time you get your buns took
I know a lot of motherfuckers wan to bun [?]
Niggas ripping up the track not one hook