

Fuego, fuego

I get told to dumb down my raps all the time  
What you know about MACs on the ride?  
I beat the corn off the map, no lie  
Shooting crack on crack consign  
Go to war with the MAC on the ride  
Clip extended, hoping you die  
I see a man, that's an eye for an eye (Eye)  
Shoot him down, boom, bye-bye  
Let it go, bring him close to the sky (Uh)  
I ain't afraid of death, no lie (No lie)  
Would have thought I would never die (What?)  
Aggy's sick with the stick, he's the guy (What?)  
EPP extended the guy  
Soon have to free most of the guys  
Real niggas get back to the life (Trust)  
Fake niggas be paying the price (Woo)  
Pretend they road to the kwengers online (Woo)  
Jail house gets fed up of lies  
Freedom, freedom is a must  
In the Lord, you know I trust  
I want the game back, I'm feeling disgust  
Ain't had sex in long, I'm bust  
What you know about days on the bus? (What?)  
Going court every day like I'm touring (Touring)  
Listening to what the witness saw (I wanna hear that)  
Description, never hit that door  
I don't tolerate it, lad, they're snitches  
I love the thumb 'cause the finger it itches  
Touch the skin, got the ting taking pictures  
Really 'bout this life, I really live it  
NM, no manners with it  
Blow bands, man, blow that spinach

Skrirt, skeet  
Ridin' wit a bitch that hurt me  
Bad juju, she curse me  
Saucy bitch so flirty  
RIP to the shooter, cried in the booth, shit hurt me  
Four dark days in the hood, I lied, we killed that nigga, shit merky  
You don't wanna talk 'bout the dark times where I had to shoot mine, shit was thirsty  
Pullin' out sticks, hit that shit with that boom-boom, leave you with thirty  
Uh, mob with guys, real hood ties  
Star with the David's, cook up the pies  
Rollin' with the mandem, had to throw a tantrum  
Hit her with the dance moves, she said, "How could you?"  
Woop-woop-woop, feds on my ass  
Runnin' from my past, pants fall off my ass  
Used to fuck a bad bitch, little black singer with a whole lot of demons and  
some bodies from her past  
I'm GoldLink  
Fuck what you thought, now I'm what you think  
Used to be canceled, now I just shake  
Rappin' like Wayne, Sorry 4 The Wait  
Four five shots, dumpin' bodies in the lake

Hold up, ooh (Yeah)  
Keep that tool  
I don't follow rules  
Break the rules  
I don't give a fuck 'bout you  
Break my fuckin' back on, uh

Back Pack's my bro, get with it  
Stock sticks get hold up, innit?  
And what you know about days on the lane?  
F-I, move mad like Wayne  
Old school Acre Lane campaign (What?)  
Shootouts, but we ain't broad day  
Buck Pane in Tooting Broadway  
Bringing hella wax with me on the way (Trust)  
Soon land, bring me back to the game  
Monopoly's got me insane  
Tryna make them deals off the 'caine  
Overseas, got me living like I'm nice  
But only for a week, then I'm back  
On the streets where we sling that crack  
Addiction bring the fiend to the trap  
TT of raw is mad  
Pebble down and bank that pack  
I beat the case, they brang me back  
Eleven year, that's mad, that's mad  
Looked at the judge, smiled like I'm mad  
My nigga Jibs, he rolling back to back  
Don't think blacks will pet to back the wap  
'Cause it's that and free my nigga Stacks  
D-I, my co-defendant back

Ooh