

## F.A.M.E

## Hooligan Hefs

I've got too many hitters  
Wanna fuck with my hitters  
Tryna earn their stripes for their clicker  
Thank god for my 9 millimeter  
Thank god for me and my brethrens  
Fuck the judge and the sentence  
My enemies turn to victims  
I've got the lord as my witness

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So yeah yeah yeah  
Fuck all my enemies yeah  
Fuck all my enemies yeah  
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Fuck off

That boy from the western won't hesitate to bang that western  
I pop first if there's tension before I pop that question  
We don't go to war like tekken  
Semi automatic got me overdressing  
Seven shots in a second reppin  
Put him in a box  
But I'm not meal preppin  
Try play with the don yeah  
You'll get done  
Before the rap game I still make funds  
You can't talk smoke  
[?] at your mums  
Go at all my streams I did it on my 1's  
Play the wrong card and you'll get got  
Send a word inside and you'll get chopped  
How about old mate got flopped in the pod  
Went clinic and never came back dog  
See my shooters shoot out of love  
No rats in the crew  
Dust them under the rug  
Yeah I make club bangers  
But don't get it twisted  
Cos I still let it bang in the club  
See I've been through hell with my brothers  
I back them all like they're my own blood  
Yeah I make club bangers  
But don't get it twisted  
Cos I still let it bang in the club

They don't wanna end up dead  
Playing this game  
With real hard hitters  
Talk form but never put in work

Still waiting for the day you bring your witness  
No opposition don't phase me  
Lets get down to the real talk  
Break this down for a real cause  
Credit where credits due  
Make them songs but stick to the truth  
If you're a rookie  
You're a rookie  
Got to work your way up them ranks  
How do these kids get a pass  
I don't even know who they are  
Still got hitters in the car  
And I still got hitters in the pod  
Calling shots in the yard  
All this talk on the net  
Pull out when they see me pull up  
They don't wanna go hard

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Wanna beef me  
Then the beef don't stop  
I don't bartend  
But I send them shots  
Don't talk about work  
Don't talk about Glocks  
Taskforce on me cos my iPhone hot  
Opps wanna put me in the box  
Cops want me in the wing like fox  
Most of my opps been touched  
You know whose really letting that pop  
Sick and tired of all these flops  
No ones safe when the thing gets cocked  
Talk about tools than we got that stock  
Have to put me down if you want this dosh  
They want smoke I send it send it  
Shots get busy  
And I leg it leg it  
This beef can't debt debt it  
Fuel to the fire I fed it fed it

If I go all the way  
Then theres no remorse  
With gang on myself bra  
Still stand tall  
Fuck the statistics  
Check the ballistics  
If you cunts really wanna talk about scores  
Fuck that I don't wanna talk no more  
Scream out gang  
And then cry in court

Never be a day when I don't show form  
And its fuck that side  
Till I'm coling them all  
Bra who wants smoke  
We want smoke  
When I hit that line  
They press decline  
Please lord strike me down  
If I ever rap about a drill that's not mine  
Fake cunts wanna talk about knocks  
Lil dogs never done a knock in their life  
Playing these cunts  
Tryna fact check me  
Lord knows that I say no lies  
Can't say much but how many times did the shop get shut  
When these little dogs wanna talk about us  
And who showed form  
When it come to the crunch  
We know who  
And they know who  
But cops come around  
I don't got no clue  
We know who  
And they know who but cops come around  
I don't got no clue

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