

Ay, ay, fuckin' oath
Ay, fuckin' oath
Ay, ay, ay

I'm still rackin' Polo and Tommy
Still fuck your ho with no dommy
Still droppin' O's off in Commies
Still rep the Gong, people round here they know I ain't from here
Still 201 til the death for my donnies
Still got the bricks even tho I ain't on it
Still rep the squad like they wanted
Never forget where I come from, I promise
Mangerton, 2-5-double-0
Who dialed up the phone?
Blue lights, triple 0
People line up and go
Pilin' fits on the road
Havin' fits on the road
Havin' kids and leave 'em rogue
Soup kitchen for the rows
Thirteen, watch 'em blow
Sellin' sticks tryna blow
Sixteen, I got some blow
Sellin' bricks on the low
Brother told me keep it low
I was tryna sleep with hoes
Cops got me with a load
Done jail never told
Come back writin' raps
Fuck, this trappin's gettin' old
But these packets gettin' sold
I've been stackin' for a home
Fuck your album goin' gold
Sometimes I lose control
But this rappin's in my soul
But this trappin's in my genes
Keep pushin', never fold
Box slasher in my jeans
Piece in the Louis V
I've been tryna keep the peace
But these people tryna beef
I got my beef with police
Too many Z's in a bag, but I still don't ever get to sleep

I gotta go see a man 'bout a dog
If I don't step on the sand, then you'll drop
Lil Sknow be makin' his bands offa rock
Ran outta foil so we ran to the shop
Ran outta foil, we ran to the servo
Late night, everything else shut
Ran from the plug but he ain't say a word tho
Ran up on him and I said "What's up?"

Trappin' ain't dead, I got bricks for sale
Two phones in my pocket, I've been in the hail
Got cha bitch givin' top coz I paid for nails
I don't know how to stop, I got chips for mail

Bitches that flip, they don't needa be ticked
They fiend for my dick like they needed a pip
Eatin' my bricks while I'm heatin' her mix
Lil Sknow bust a nut, then I'm freezin' her tits
I remember cold days eatin' frozen bread
Tryna get on all day just to hold my head
I don't wanna get baked if you're smokin' death
If you wanna get paid you can owe me debt
I don't know about names, they go over head
Just another cold case over stolen threads
Sold regrets for bets, now I'm stoned again
Holdin' gems, I don't know how to hold a pen
What the fuck's up?
Middle fingers up, cunt
Packin' a bag in the lobby, it's full of drugs but
Smashin' my lungs full of buds and stackin' up funds
Mate's got cash in a safe he hasn't touched once
201, cunt
My mate's got cash in a safe he hasn't touched once

201, cunt!

I gotta go see a man 'bout a dog
If I don't step on the sand, then you'll drop
Huskii be makin' his bands offa rock
Ran outta foil, we ran to the shop
Ran outta foil so we ran to the servo
Late night, everything else shut
Ran from the plug but he ain't say a word tho
Ran up on him and I said "What's up?"

WHAT'S UP!?