

# Servo

Huskii

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!?