They don't wanna start it off If a man come round then we're barking off Locking all them parties off Tell Radio 1, think imma bring on Charlie Sloth When badman walk across Let's see if one of them man can palm us off When badman walk across Let's see if one of them man can palm us off Real niggas putting in work There's no one else taking my glory, they can check my story I was making my O for surely Nobody would've ever done the murders for me You can run round playing a gangster But my West side niggas ain't into banter When I'm coming I ain't coming to shank you Got my face wrapped up in my Alexander On a hot boy bus parade Said a bad man ting, might get you sprayed I walks up to the niggas I paid When I'm taking a risk I'm importing the highest grade Won't stop till the money's made We won't stop till the money's made I've got a man on a plane, we ain't playing no games And that nigga ain't shit for days, it's nothing like shotting haze Ain't come for Treys, I want it after the final phase Touch man, I ain't come to graze I'll make a young buck take the praise Boys are sick and for the swagger them niggas are sick Bandana wrapped round the clip Don't act as if I go down on my chick Wanna lick her nips, when I come down I only nick

On my ones, I will buss my gun
Man won't take that talk, man will make that bark
Man will send man corn till man's dead and gone
And gone, and gone
On my ones, I will buss my gun
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Man will send man corn till man's dead and gone
And gone, and gone

Ride out, nine out Flying round with that pipe out Riding out, we don't lie down We just light rounds on these hype clowns If you diss my niggas, wiggas Run up with the spinners, hit him Done him then we're missing, skidding Asking why we did it Busy-usy-usy to the cemetery Four fizzy spinning, hitting all my enemies Talk different, I've got niggas man can send for me But we don't watch colour, for my brudda man will dead the beef White boys, Asians, black boys with no patience I know riders that caught cases And took life birds and don't say shit Ain't shit, basics, rat-tat on you pagans

No chit-chat for you haters That MAC claps, it ain't racist

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