

Extra Sleeve

K-Trap

(M1OnTheBeat)

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Hate when it's fizzy, I'd rather discreet
Little man wanna know if he hits someone with the pole, can he take it home?
Playing for keeps
You play in the streets I tell him, "Don't do it"
I promise you'll lay in the streets
If I've got your whore on my phone
Then leave her alone, I promise she's laying with me
Bro got the ten and twenty stack on the floor
That's a mac with extra cheese
Bro let it (Bap, bap, bap), I swear he's got an extra sleeve
I hate when it [*click, click, click*], needs extra grease
Try get one on the way back home, made a extra scene

I'm at aunties, smelling like open bine
Hope she don't preach, run up on me, I'll open fire
Don't try it on me, bro came wearing the G17
Let me try it on me, got the drop and he's coming home
Yardman ting, I'll bleach
12 in this ugly betty, it's live and in reach
This one a competitor with this glee it's holding 15
I can sport this Day-Date, calm, I filled Lambeth with arms
Party with the star, I'm saving the last dance
Came a long way from a cricket bat (Huh)
Now the woosh holds 30 shots
That button on the side gotta flick it back
S-A-D means sad, that's gang, gonna do you bad
Bro tryna work the SK, SK, hold it and drag it back
Hundred bine for the summer
Bet Peewee's gonna say we need more
Made me a killing off dummy bricks
Had them screaming need raw
If they knew what we had in store
Remember when man done ... in store
Top floor views with a bag of whores
I ain't gotta brag no more

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They thought they would get it back in blood
They was dissing on gang
So instead they got their boy back in dust, (Mad ting, sad ting)
Bro let it, (Bap, bap, bap)
Forensics had to get him out the mud

We were old friends, is it out of hate or out of love?
Yeah, I'm at Wireless wearing in ears
That I've been over there, I've been there
I see bro slapping man's chest, Ric Flair
My young boys left that swimming
Forgot to tell them bring swimwear
Why fist fight when I binance lives?
I ain't gotta put on no resident gear
We don't beef he was sitting it out
His BM, I was dicking that down
She told me you don't check for the yute
But you still wanna rap about a million pounds
It's two G17s for the head back
The black blade doing jet black
Shaved that (Shh), left him with a wet back
And he still ain't get no get back

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