

## Mad About Bars - S4-E20 P1

K-Trap

Man rise that skeng  
Man they raising fists  
When I roll up and smoke  
I ain't sparking spliffs  
Fired up like matchsticks  
Get your whole block lit  
I'm on the pitch, no practice  
I'm on the field, no kit  
Talked it up on the net  
I'm try'na do man live  
Still camp same road  
My man got knifed  
They do it for the social  
Getting hurt for likes  
Dotty feel too extra  
Try'na do man nice

Aye, aye, up and down that opp block man's swerving  
Man we slid through I'm on their block I'm lurking  
Man brought toast cah I'm on beef like gherkin  
How they talk bare but never put no work in  
Move grams, no fuss  
Local with the drugs  
No respect for the dinners  
Stepped all on that grub  
No kisses or hugs  
Drive by's that's us  
Hanging out the window  
Passenger side I'm scrubs  
Passenger side, man lean out  
Set backs and I rebound  
Doing trap in that T-house  
They talk trap but they ain't seen pounds  
I talk trap and I see dough  
36 let em all go  
Serve food like Waitrose  
24s man ain't closed  
Running from feds with the dots had to chuck it  
Run through bands, I don't know bout a budget  
If the price is way too high you need to cut it  
And the raw peng shots can't cope had to cut it

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Grip heat, that's normal  
I ain't had cold feet  
Man splash, no snorkel  
Dip shallow or deep  
My dirt rate awful  
Girls think I'm sweet  
Still man do up formal  
You need a man like me  
Turn bread into toast, buttered up no jam  
Guys getting turned over, like the Croydon tram  
Lil bro's too chingy

I wouldn't do it for a friend  
But I did it for the fam  
No CBT  
Still doing up rider  
I'm comfy on my block  
I all slide in my sliders  
Splash, like I'll drown him  
Crash like a driver  
Get done then I'm off  
I'm feeling Blac Chyna  
This dotty holds 2, and it's looking huge  
I jugg non-stop, 'til my stack look huge  
I've never liked pets  
Still serve kittens food  
Ring, trap from the AM  
Make grands by noon

I'm so low but bait, corn up any estate  
There ain't no food in this tray, just 6 live corns in dis tray  
I'm the man that give the okays  
[?] okay get a boy blazed  
No case if I do it no face  
Like how many risks did I take?  
Like how many times did I grab the broom and didn't go sweep my room?  
Stuff that right in the duffle, and told bro let's spill some juice  
That's all rap  
Nothing but facts, you rap but your CV's blank  
Them man wan' diss and ain't on piss just out on the block like tramps  
9 man in the can it's awful wap so I don't wanna hear bout smoke  
Stepped in with the ting that was bigger than Liquez but I ain't gotta talk  
they know  
They think I'm 6 cause they see me with bros  
From early that's bro  
Bro phoned said the pack needs a re-up  
Get the cling and we fill it with stones  
And throw it to the boys over them sides  
With the 4s lemme fill it with stones  
Bro said til you think 'til it can't 'fit nothing at all, I said you know  
Tape off roads when I step on smoke  
They're talking loads just tell a man watch their lines  
I can never tweak on the net, I just get the job done offline  
44s in the whiz and I'm sorta things  
Bonfire night when that 40 rings  
Hundred pounds and the trapline blings  
Send my young boy upsuh, then I wrap packs in cling  
Schooldays, I'm unhappy slap him, now I just slap man's skin  
Bruck that back, stuff 2 bells, then I just tap that ting  
Get it done one, or bring bro, watch him assist that drill  
Buss that door, slap that corn off, none of our clips they filled

You can bring it to the field if you think you drill  
Love the rubber grip but now I got stainless steel  
Mana just crash that corn 'til man just break that hammer  
Phone up M, it could be A or Skeng no matter  
I got corn for them niggas that ain't got no manners  
How you talking bout smoke you ain't got no hammers