

Drill

Loski

The search has claimed that social media is being used increasingly by gangs
To provoke each other and could be responsible for a rise in violence
The social group Catch22 told Sky News that
"Videos and pictures posted online can intensify other rivalries
In ways not experienced by previous generations."

Let me tell you how my animals move
Step in the cut, designer shoes, done it in Canada Goose
And these neeks ain't touch me ever, I've bored up their olders too
Anything opp man drill it, or man fish it, Harlem Loose
Crime scenes we done many plus, SA way too cheffy
Anytime the opps make snaps, me, M and the Twins try lurk round Kelly
Splash man down that's blood 'pon many, we came through and them boy weren't
ready
Step for the kill don't bring that celly, say misch mash but their stack's o
n empty
Got Naghz like Future got Metro, shoot that nigga if bro don't trust
Slow down baby or screw me, trying on my hoodie, put it down love
Smoking on dog or cookie, I see man stooky when shotgun buss
You get got then you run out of luck

Bruck down 20 of each
I distribute grubs at the same way, President Trump distributing his speech
I swear me and T would've been rich, if we ever had a run that's clean
But for years we was doing up jail, between two Gs that's hundreds of weeks
That's all for jugging and violence, obbo in the hood that's Trident
Things in the kitchen that's science, trap phones filled up with clients
And the opps can't tell me 'bout riding, I had the whole block smelling like
tyres
And I know what it feels like to be dead broke, I scrapped the fuck out the
Pyrex
I heard a whole load of sirens
How they talk about pressure? When it's me that applied it
I put skengs in a bruk down Vestra
Dem man are Brock like Lesnar
I still get it in a dance, I couldn't give a fuck about wands and sensors
Circle the opp block too many times now the gang just restless
My phone done a One last night, I just spent it
'Cause these weapons still part of expenses, I'm still stuck in the trenches
Been locked in a room with weights and benches, my trap phone still bench pr
ess
Spend it on teeth and we ain't even gotta go dentist

Drilling, trapping, olympic chinging
Name an opp block I ain't been in
Anything green get bun, hit anyone except kids and women
Rambos twinning, on a late night tryna catch man slippin'
Go home with my black blade drippin', dem man run, shit, I pray that I catch
one trippin'
Chef man down I'm Michelin starred, tools in the ride like I'm fixing a car
Who's got a problem? No block in Tottenham does more drilling than ours
I can get man down with the team, or I can ride alone
Leave my house and my keys, rambo tucked and a Lyca phone
Jakes done a raid at my mum's house, I can tell that she ain't impressed
I swear down I really hate these feds
Must think I'm dumb, to have this gun and stay at the same address
They couldn't rate me less

DC [?] tried read my rights, told him not to waste his breath
Re'd up on a g-pack, all of these cells that I hit to the b-cats
Could have me back in a cell in a b-cat, and I ain't tryna see that
So I gotta step with caution, sliders or expensive Jordans
RV I'm stuck in the trap, like my girl didn't get an abortion