

Intro

Loski

Mm?

Come on!
Giuseppe!
They shot [?]

Who want to test me, come on?
Come on!

I'm the reason they scream Harlem bitch
Come '013, I put crack on my strip
Them yute come round like too much time
So I flipped that script and started banging on pricks
Me and Latz in his prime, [Maddister?] kids
Only time was on 'peds in adrenaline kicks
Prayin' when we got home man someone got hit (Live)
Right now they got playin' on us, cool
We gon' fill em' with slugs hand ting [?] all black wit' the clutch
Make sure when you hear em', it's done
SD and Tape wit' the leng gyal and they all hear that he bust his gun
You're dumb if you think man's done, skin flare up make your blood feel numb (Muh, muh)
Yo
I never stopped smoking on Munna, I hear all they talk bout' Latz, I'm vexed too (So high)
Me, I don't care we got [?] want dead moves, that's redrums and black suits (Grrt)
And if you ski em, crash gang prolly cooked, don't wet him
If not him then his bredrin
Hand ting, no we don't fire like Tekken, you reckon try, man'll bag you in seconds
Don't do drive-by, gang walk up
Get walked on, air-outs on the corner
21 in this map, slaughter, muh
Harlem boy, like Porter
Petro-bus and retape my skin, bro creep round the back [?] cage him in
Swag him and bad him [?], badder gyal
Gallery Dept's still walk with a limp
Can't go back and I don't regret all the yutes I smoked, all the opps I bled
Told bro, "go round there with a glee", SK on me, but the corn too dead
The man see gyal and they try impress, gyal come round man get jeet and left