

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 cl
utch

Make sure when you hear em', it's done

SD and Tape wit' the leng gyal and they all hear that he bust h
is gun

You're dumb if you think man's done, skin flare up make your bl
ood feel numb (Muh, muh)

Yo

I never stopped smoking on Munna, I hear all they talk bout' La
tz, 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 th
e 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