

# Mad About Bars

Loski

Hahaha, ahh, it's Kenny Allstar (star, star, star)  
The voice of the streets (voice of the streets)  
When I speak the streets listen  
Loose  
The streets have been asking for it  
So let me deliver it

Tired of all these fibs  
My nigga Y2 don't miss  
Why you think numerous guys been hit?  
Anytime we get that drop, ayy SD dial up Wizz  
I ain't see a 4 door come, I seen all of the Fields just run  
I heard Harlem's falling off  
Chill on your block and I bet you get bun  
And dey ain't on the [?] 9  
Cah they know dem times be sticky  
60 on the gas from Kenny, I never knew we hit town so quickly  
Tryna tek away someone's pitney  
Oi don't be silly  
Got so much opps, if nuttin's in the bits then we lurk on a nizzy  
OnDrills need hundred waps, don-don need a hundred kitties  
Back den done it 22 times, if MizMac joined in it would've been 50  
Now I'm gymin' it 40  
Leng ones all on man get naughty  
Need hat now baby I'm bored b  
He ain't done nuttin' since he been bored b  
Don't make sense, how the fuck can a neek take bro?  
Dem boy ain't on their block, so we tryna bun opps in homes  
Still pon lane that's Gaza no drama they don't come in my zone  
Two hand-tings, they twinning and GS, Y2 slapped both  
Three shotguns, me, 2 g's and Scratcha tryna hit man's dome  
Rest up broski S.A gave them a hard time with 2 rambo's  
Free bellz my jigga, only Bassy's bigger than him (only Bassy's bigger than him)  
Barber boy get them trim, Olympic ching, make them swim (Olympic ching, make them swim)  
Splash splash and I brag, god forgive me for my sins  
Dem \*\*\* get it too, drill it if he next to king  
CSG push it in, you ain't seen a boy sink  
You ain't seen a boy sink, got it on me with a limp  
And if you're beefing me I'll make you hold some lead  
Press the 9 I ain't phonin' feds  
Fuck your squad and your older men  
Cah if I bore you up you best hope it bends  
And I'm Loski Loose from Harlem bro  
Back my sumting and soak your friend  
Shotty shells I'll blow your men, only bros with me I'll smoke a friend  
Designer shit, full of drip  
Man down when that nizzy flicks  
Getting hat off hoes never kiss a bitch  
Little man got kidnapped when bro hit the strip  
Same dons talk a whole of waps and a whole of crash but don't let it rip  
Remember when I dropped the fucking shotty tryna smoke man it had hella kick  
Team no lacking, K's up if you're Kenny banging  
They ain't ever banging catch an opp and whack him  
Need a bad one to set him up we tannin'  
Reckless, splash out and his necks wet

On the O, they ain't come yet  
But they sneak diss giving dumb threats (dumb threats x3)  
They make Snapchats on UDN  
But second blocks where they never been  
On the block they never chill  
Don't come 'round this shit is real  
2 bad ones baby what's the deal  
Free JoJo love shoot for thrill  
Designer coat, fashion jail  
I love, I love seeing paigons spill

Been a long time since we went over to Kennington  
But you know when we do Mad About Bars, my freestyles are just a little bit different  
So you know it's worth the wait  
So lets go back in  
Cos we can't have Loose in the platform just to do the 1  
You know we gotta hit them with 2

Loose (Loose [x3]), O (O [x3])  
Splash (jheez)  
Mileage high  
Still lurk 'round on the other side do it in car or bike  
That girl leng, uck was 10, but I can't make that mine  
See opps in the field, know we gon' drill  
No way I'll let that slide, no way I'll let that slide  
Mileage high  
Still lurk 'round on the other side do it in car or bike  
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Still back that shotty for the dawgsdem  
HS we attack, no warning  
I was in Napa, shades on the face in the rave couldn't see that darling  
And don't jump out they drive and look, shook, fucking jarring  
Don't make no Snaps on the block 'cus SD go step 'round and bark it  
This beef is frying, but don't bang on the ends they lying  
Last time I tapped that shotty I hopped in a car my arm felt tired  
3 waps up got crash desire  
Lets sing like a choir, free bro Sav that's a murder triar  
Who have you bored you fucking liar?  
You ain't put your risk on chill  
Gotta tell the barbies chill, what's the deal?  
Really in the streets for real  
2 ways dead or jail, or get rich  
Never give heart to a bitch  
Rather be dead than snitch, which would you pick?  
Bet you'd dead real quick  
Reality chat to the pigs, Loose

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So there you have it

We delivered  
Season 3 Mad About Bars  
It's a wrap  
Gone until further notice