

Spot The Difference

ONEFOUR

My district has too much drillers
Like who wants it? Like who wants war with Sydney's realist?
They talk that talk on gats but them boys they ain't got no triggers
They act like they in trenches but them boys ain't got no diggers
Like spot the difference

OneFour, we're still active, we're still urching
If I ain't out there in the field cuz, then I guarantee I'm working
My crew still in the trap, flippin' packs, dis and dat
Heard there's runners here in my hood, how can they run lad without tax?
And if we're talking scores, hashtag facts
Like who got robbed at Cass?
Try coming down on them trains lad
You get sent home on them tracks
J_EMZ took that trip, lad, with a stick (hoo, hoo)
Jump out gang cuz and we smoked him like a spliff
H-How can I call them opps?
How can I call them opps?
They run off and leave their friends for dead, more like a bunch of dogs
No way I can be like them, I got my bros like Drake & Josh (my brothers)
And all this talk about smoke, how come none of my men been shot?
Not one of my men been got

Got no hesitation (none)
I ride or die for my block (of course)
These critics claim that we fakin' it but won't live a day in my socks (no way)
I was on the streets since fifteen tryna force a shiv on these opps, urching
everyday on them dogs, like who really wants to get got? (who?)
Can't affiliate with a friend of an opp, that bridge gets burnt
One them youngins took that trip and phoned our line saying "Kill confirmed"
(ha ha)
He was out for his stripes and on that night, that villain's respect was earned (Smitty)
Now he's doing a stretch for the gang, can't wait for the day that he makes
a return (free him)
Deacon Chef, he's a OneFour rider
Still tryna make it dip like Tyga
Like who's that opp on the block?
Loot that fa'afa's shit like Swiper
We're them rowdy boys like Piper
Got a venomous bite, no viper
See me leading the pack like a captain, at the front of the field like a striker (rah, rah)

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Run through houses, kick down doors like Raptor Squad (boom)
They just talk backstage, bring cameras on, that's where these actors from
They're not frontline, they're feline, they're pussies (ha ha)
But I just dump mine, then rewind, and push it (push it, push it, push it)
We violent men, they talk too much, we silence them
Quiet them
And plus, this blade will take his life and minus them (ride on them)
They say this shit disgusting but us lads we fuckin' love it
Onsite we rush em, time and place, and opps get got in public (run it, run it)
Marchin', like Russians
Spark it, no bluffin'
Start it, for nothin'
Run, run when you see us comin'
(Nah)

See I still remember, that day Freddy copped that whack (free him)
They took 'bout fifteen boys to court and all of us got knocked back
Yeah, back in the day it was shanks and shivs but now we all got that strap
Now I'm hitting the Mounty Bop on an opp as soon as I clock that back
Opps, they burn when I'm on that track
See I've been going OT in the streets as soon as I got set free
Now my young Gs loose on the roads, they runnin' amok like Assassin's Creed
(ching ching)
They scream, "J_EM lad, do something, your boys are a different breed"
Then out comes out my name, like YP said, of course I'ma back my Gs (of course)
That side don't listen, ooh
We took this drill thing serious, now look some of the opps gone missin' (got put in a box)
Like why do you think our faces are hidden?
The gang's on strict conditions
We come through militant, whole crew diligent, ready to back our district
They hate our rude image
They say my crew's British
We pull up like "who's with it?"
Load that clip like grrrrr, finish
Been gone for two minutes
Wait, wait lad, stop that car, better hit that gas when I let that slap
DOOT, DOOT!