

What You Know

ONEFOUR

What you know about hopping the fences?
What you know about dodging offenses?
What you know about being a solider
And holding your own in the opposite trenches?

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I only chef ill with the hitters I started with
The hitters that have me till death
Leaving a mark on the opp and we're charging
And if we get cuffed from the cops, no regrets
'Cause don't talk to me about work, boy
'Cause don't talk to me about beef
I've done dreadful days with my brothers
I've done left a opp on the streets
Feds come question me about cases
But 'round here my team they don't sing
No informants here in my ends
No, I leave the talkin' up to my ching
When I get nervous, when I get shifty
I get the damage done with my shiv
Went and got my lads, grippin' the blicky
Black tracksuit, we're doin' our ting
Pussy, move along, you ain't none
They talk a lot about guns
Stay in your place, got no time for hate
Just tell me when you want some

CellyOnefour from the Western Sydney
Runnin' with boys, when you test it's risky
G-Dub and the rest be fishy
Contagious, man, I left 'em itchy
When I skull that liquor, Lex is the man I see in mirror
Switchin' up and not givin' fucks
When we shivvin' cuts, I'm a Onefour twister

My position is vicious, got stuck in the game
Kitchen be missin', it's tucked in my waist
Bitches get stitches in back of their head
'Cause that scar on the skin will remember my name

Fuck lad
You should've seen how he was bleedin' out
Covered in red but I shanked him again
'Cause his man backed off when he needed help
Drippin' blood from his body like he was donating to Red Cross
Pull out my shank and then jet off
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It's Onefour from that twenty seven
If it ain't a blade, it got plenty weapons
Paramedics for any step in
We in and out, startin' in a second

But who want beef?
Only time we seen them opps on street
Is when they trip to sleep
Head, shoulders, chest, and neck
'Cause I don't go for knees
'Cause I don't ring police
Carry them blades like chef
Saw hand through my beef
Saw hand through my beef
And I don't know why they chat and run
Run amuck, we just having fun
They ain't nothing much when we ram it, cuz
'Cause they ain't nothin' much when we ching, ay

And we run around and we ching it
No remorse when we swing it
Guaranteed if I grip it, then it's going right in him, ay

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