

Back 2 Back

Rimzee

I know half of these niggas don't like man
Dots in the left and the bells in the right hand, shush
I'ma do it like reverse, pull up with matics and push
And he woulda been here if he didn't gas my man, whoosh
I chose a dumb route
I hit the road, I trapped in the down south and I'm here
Stolen rides when we buck guys and some lonely wives and tears
Double the chrome and I double the drum
Homicides and they're hitting your mum
Got the new size when I step on the grub
And I'm matching the fit with the snub
Lamb truck, I fill it with drillers, I'm rolling with some millionaires
Fresh out the trench, we done it on dingers, we done it on peds
I'm cutting off corners, the bricks are inside, something like Tetris
When the trap go crazy I'm feeling alive, I'ma fuck up my pension
Young boy runner scheme on the plug but the boy ain't dumb enough
By blood I'm a D-boy, cocaine on the phone like hurry up, hurry up
This stainless part of the game, my nigga remade a play, he's coming up
We're setting up shop in your town, away we came, well wadaya wadaya

Don't draw me out, I'm a prover
Nine L, that's a Luger
Phone for the sprayer, my young boy came with a SK on a e-scooter
Do that wrong it's tuna, ordering canteen on a computer
Measure the brick, I don't need no ruler
Drop in the ice, gonna make it cooler
I've been bad from back then
Dargs had the spinner, sipping a Magnum
When it was galore you never had them
Dinger's done too much mileage, wheels probably using up traction
Four white two black bells, I'm tryna fill up that action
Shoot that chest with a rotty body, laying that's Dagenham
Then I'm uptown, let me get soft shell crab leg
Fuck the leg, tryna do it like Rimzee, I upper clap them
Russian nine, it came with an accent
Rub that, check it's him and slug that
Rucksack, we ain't in a car, I'll clutch that
Bro got numbers and letters, he hugged that
Then he comes home tryna find where the grub's at
Remember when I washed up white girl?
I was upset cause I never got none back
Undo the four but I love that bruck back
Shush and a whoosh man, hush that

She be giving dow in the ride
Tryna turn man ghost like Power
Step with the SIG Sauer
My life's been a movie, Idris Elba
She be tryna go Umrah
But I'm in the yard with habr and unta
Committing these acts of a kaffir
Plus I'm rapping, embarrassing the ummah
For all these things that we do
I had to sit down and pay my dues
Heard my bro's in a madness
Ran out my crib, had on two different shoes
Went and I rise up the broom

Give them an offer they can't refuse
In the street, me one with my tool
I let it beat before I knew Fumez
Foot, bike, cars, whatever
Any day, any time, any weather
Gun in my hand like henna
Madman Steve, one member
Don't beef on Insta Live
Little Reecey come outside
I don't even rap, I make the truth rhyme
Gang active, that's standard
I put the clap in Clapton
Step with a passion
Niggas are acting, I am the captain
For Allah I'll rise that pistol
They love me like I'm from Mogadishu
These niggas don't want no issues
I make it pow like Bizzle