

Down Below

Rimzee

Free all the guys man
All my jail niggas
You get me bro
When I made this the mandem said I should make this the intro
So I'ma do this, you get me?
Come on
Pain
True stories

Yo, my pops hit me five years in
I was gonna air him
Surah Al-Baqarah, "Be kind to your Parents"
I made lemonade because life gave me lemons
Waist deep like Tyrese, ahh, I got my heart than Kevin
On the wing, I was the biggest dealer
My bro's went home but they never free'd me cause'
On the same bird, like I'm taking long with the re-up
Niggas selling litres, now the whip three litres
My chick stayed the whole journey
Glad I bagged her like a Hermes
I told her "bounce", she never went, she's certi
Me? I stood up like a man and took that thirteen
Yeah, my heart clean but my money's dirty
And friends, most only their for the good parts
Switched on like I pushed start
Every Friday I'm up in Jumu'ah
Gifted, street smart and book smart
Salaam, you know and you don't know, it's Sunnah
Kicked in the door, man I got jammed at my nannies
I'm so embarrassed, I can't go see my granny
It's mad G, wallahi, I used to love bro
'Til he made his barrister do man cut throat
It was fun beefing Pembury back in '07
But it's sad to see Caker doing twenty seven
My bro Jumz got thirty and he still smiles
Mad love for that nigga, he needs a retrial
Killz got thirteen, Keke got twelve
And my brother Aldi just done a ten stretch
Had Mikey wait over tariff
Fifteen years in the bin, man, free Aaron
And Shamz been in jail since I was eight
And Warren got sixteen for some weight
We love the roads and they don't love us back
And Kev got a twelve for the Mark Duggan mash
Ah, proof and use, got IPP
And Dennis is doing nineteen
My bro Itchy got eleven
And Ziggs got fourteen, he's doing seven
They locked down all the Upper Clapton real G's
And Spring Femz is doing fifteen
And the block ain't the same, fam, when I call it
Rz got a ten and they shipped him out to Portland
Pienne Helms is home, and Marky too
And Insha'Allah Snap's home soon
And free B, free Wicks
Free H, Free Rowdy, free D Kidd
How can I forget Mousseline and Nas

Yanky and Tippa, and free Star
All my jail niggas trapped behind them bars
Allah make easy for us, Insha'Allah
A couple months, Frogzy stepping on the roads
And I'm glad Has got his parole
Sitting in them cells all alone
My brudda, I can tell you how it goes

FumezTheEngineer