

## 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, akh, 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