Gorilla

Rimzee

Who realer
True killa
Pain dun turn me into a gorilla
(Maker Music)
If I say that I wouldn't squeeze it I be lying

Really clap the steel
Stepping on them blocks like a daffodil
I was really out there in the battle field
Sliding daily Fizzy or the 380
The only thing could stop us is the fucking navy
You know I slide for my umbre
Ride out, don't complain
Treat the other side like my gun range
Cars had to ring them up, fans want my signature
Days of Jahiliya, I went to war like Syria
F where a niggas from
You know we cut from a different cloth
Had to clean my cell with a prison mop
24 for the upstairs, 17 for the bottoms
Dior Terry cotton, you know we came from the bottom
We go catch him nice
He got too much pride
Switch him off like the lights
Then speed off on a bike
If we catch him it's awful
He ain't immortal
Interview I speak formal, but my guns ain't normal

Mmm who realer
True killa
The pain dun turn me to a gorilla
Gorilla, gorilla
Used to ride round with the 4 fizzer
Ehhh if I say that I wouldn't squeeze it I be lying
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Catch them with the dirty pole
Niggas screaming that they ain't involved
That drill don't count if they don't tape the road
Kim brought extra bine
You know we always aim head high
Before I linked Nemz I made headlines
We don't aim at ankles
Be at it like steel bangles
Had the bruck back with a wooden handle
Gunna like arsenal
Clear your block like a sample
Everybody on the floor like marble
I be gunning never running
Out here from a youngen in a field getting stuck in
Niggas cutting when we coming
You know I'm far from gentle
Put a boy on the menu
Have a worksy credential
Don't draw me out like a pencil

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