

## 3 Jayslapit

Skengdo x AM

Ay listen, free the fuckin mandem  
Ay Jayslapit, home soon man  
Shout my bruddas, AM, Skengdo, you know, the realest, the realest  
Hollow's got that juice

Sixteen, I was tryna aim at hats  
Fifteen, I was tryna play with waps  
Fourteen years, it coulda turned me mad  
3 JaySlap, it's really hurting man  
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Ride in their strip, everyone gon' cry  
Their most on yute got cheffed and he died  
My boys still here and we all gon' shine  
Fling that corn, watch it bend like Beckham  
I back my shank, take a next mans eye  
Call you Dave but you're slipping in Streatham  
Get the location, we'll be there in five  
Stupid guy, ay, ay  
Back that, back that, crash that, crash that  
Uh, diligent step  
Beg man come this way, mans turning that pack  
And, see this fat shank, it's mad  
Can't even fit in my fucking bag (It can't)  
So, it's down mans side with the bops all mad  
Looking like one grandad  
Ay, I won't chase you when I got asthma and I'm smoking all of this ganja  
Little man thinks he's badder  
Told little man he should have some manners  
Let me just slide on dem  
Pull up on dem, they're cutting defo (Some bitches)  
Niggas was blending trees and bushes  
Them man moving like geckos (Some bitches)  
If I spin it on man, no hello's  
Water man down, see him shake like jello  
And I hate when I seem them freddos  
Dumb pricks tryna earn some medals  
Shit weed got you feeling all mellow  
My weed might take off your head though (It's true)  
They knock down the fields like lego  
Then they gave us some pretty meadows (Oh man, real shit)

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One phone call I coulda turned him Pac  
Ten man cuttin' when they heard it's man  
Beat out fam, I was a virgin akh  
Billed that bitch and now I'm burnin dat

Big man ting, I never caught them feelings  
I was in the field tryna peel it, peel it  
One way road, tryna wheel it, wheel it

Fifteen inch for the eediat, eediat  
Oh, give him a beating  
Calm right now, don't give me a reason  
Never shoulda lacked, I mean it, mean it  
Dotty in the ride, I beat it, beat it  
Who's that? What's that? Doing up combat  
No one ain't on that, back your drone  
Surely, surely, she was all naughty  
Gimme that.40, black and old  
No one call my name when I back this blade and I aim at throats  
Roll with mine and I think they know  
Cah they talk that wass but they don't want smoke  
This gauge looks better on me  
Can't wait to fill it with teeth  
My dentist jealous of me  
Cop boots, don't get a receipt  
No tags, I'm getting it cheap  
Big back, she's getting a jeet  
No cap, I'm getting a freak  
Squirt, squirt on all of them creeps

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Crud talk on the music, typical, they try think they're lyrical  
Can't beat me, settings on difficult, 'nuff times that they tried, mythical  
Free up the bro's in the cage, soon home, gotta beat this case  
Money still make, gotta eat this cake, I need to get paid, bando till late  
Done for [?] charges, looking all bait, mackerel or tuna, whip up the plate  
Used to be clips in R's, now they got a nigga doing dips in the yard  
Me and Y.AM Sav doing bits in the car, tryna leave the Six where they are  
Me and Buckshot, we was way too active, came jail and I got down Active, wra  
pped it  
You know them boy love acting, grey foot telling me I'm attractive  
I ain't your normal savage, why you think that they call me SlapIt?