

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, wrapped 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?