

Crash

Skengdo x AM

2Bunny

I don't need to at my man, I'm onto him and he knows (He knows it)

C4

3 GD, 3 S-Man, 3 TS

Look how many times we lurked

And the feds came just in time (Lucky)

My bros

Tell the opps stop tweetin'

Smoke bare loud to the dome (Flavours)

Dem man know not to lack 'round me, get 'way, the chance is O (Don't lack)

Just had a word with bro

Then I had to dash that phone (Dash that)

The pack came through, it's nuts (It mad)

Got a link Y.AM and Asbo (Bros)

Darg. these streets are cold

I don't need to at my man, I'm onto him and he knows (He knows it)

Been in the field with gang (That's gang)

That's way before ten toes (Mad)

And these feds wanna lock me, proper watching me on roads (Fuck the pigs, fuck the pigs)

Badders on me, just slop it (Huh)

Den I pass it onto my bro (Thots)

And who thinks they're really on (Who?)

They see four's and they blow (Dashing)

Got Savannah and Demi (Huh)

And bro take that up O (Mad)

He ain't coming back when he's fucking done

He's waiting on the reload

TFace is a Savage1, well you already got told

410 fiddy, that's dads

Everybody's bad until the boy gets crash

Run, trip up, get stabbed (Mad, mad, mad)

Don't do it for the fans, darg

But I got love for the fans (Love)

Go get your money, go get your bread up (Get it)

And don't worry about man, I swear certain man come like fans

410 fiddy, that's dads

Everybody's bad until the boy get's crash

Run, trip up, get stabbed (Dr-dr-bow!)

Don't do it for the fans, darg

But I got love for the fans (Mad, mad, mad)

Go get your money, go get your bread up

And don't worry 'bout man ('Bout man)

I swear certain man come like fans

C25 (Gang)

C4s, CG same thing

Crash twenty-five (Crash, crash)

And dem crashers fucked in the head, just look at their eyes (Look at them)

And that sku-du-du, all that woofing man'll get fried (Sku-du-du-bow!)

And, look how many times we lurked and the feds came just in time (Lucky, bo y)

And she was tryna off her skirt, clearly she lost her mind (Silly)

Bitch, I want noddy-said it like a hundred times (Ay)

And, feds wanna see my face, I'm linked to a hundred crimes (Like what?)

Got nicked like a hundred times (Like what?)
Hella corn for them fuckboy's that love boys
Can't reason with it
Teeth der just touch boys, dem steroids go sleepy with it
Ching ching, just cut boys can't, yeah, nuff toys man's made for the shit (Like, yeah)
Bad B don't cuff boys, just uck boys, she's made for the dick (Badders)
Don't chat shit, it's bad for your head
Fuck dat yout' he's chatting to feds (Chatty)
Man don't talk, man rob
Man don't talk, man clap it, instead (Click-click, bow!)
Shotgun, soldier, batty and bench
Fuck dem girls who's catty for them
Who? What? Where?
I'll marry a skeng
Sku-du-du du-du-du for dem
Sku-du-du-du-du-du for dem
I am the A and I am the M
Sku-du-du-du-du-du for dem
Ay, sku-du-du-du-du-du for dem (Ay, ay)
Sku-du-du-du-du-du for dem

410 fiddy, that's dads
Everybody's bad until the boy gets crash
Run, trip up, get stabbed (Dr-dr-bow!)
Don't do it for the fans, darg
But I got love for the fans (Mad, mad, mad)
Go get your money, go get your bread up (Bread)
And don't worry about man
I swear certain man come like fans
410 fiddy, that's dads
Crash, run, trip up; get stabbed (Dr-dr-bow!)
Fans, darg but I got love for the fans (Mad, mad, mad)
Go get your bread up
And don't worry about man
I swear certain man come like fans