

# Mad About Bars

Skengdo x AM

So, this is the definition, of giving the streets what they want  
You've asked for it  
Let me deliver it  
410, crashers: AM, Skengdo

Ballie on when I step  
Right left, right, and then left  
Would've thought his friend was a opp  
Cah he left his bredrin for dead  
Oui, oui with the nine  
Or sku-du-du with the ten  
Ay, sku-du-du-du-du-du-du for them

Kick down doors  
Think again, you mug  
Du-du-du-bow, might kick down yours  
My plug gives me the loudest bud  
Chip, that smell like yours  
C4, Baghdad, FB, 4T  
The fours, we've been on tour  
The fans on my back, I like that doe  
Vids we're giving them more  
Shit then crazy mad-up, mad-up  
Get splashed bro, open your thoughts  
Switching sides, how many times?  
I swear down it was like four  
And we seen man across the road  
Quiet down, you don't wanna be fours  
Feds on my back, they know we're breaking the law

Man just love talk shit, get shot  
Man's doing up goals on the paigon block  
Girls love me and I love them not  
'Cause I ain't got time on my hands that's long  
Crash don't dance man you must be lost  
Man two-two step or I one-two bop  
Can I get a two-one wings in the box  
That's a one-two meal for a two-two don  
Trap hard you ain't got no prof'  
Man crossed the road when I diligent bop  
OT put my hands on box  
Nine-to-five 'cause I'm on my job  
Feds came to my door at one  
Tried to ask if I bunned that don  
Shit den, I don't speak English  
"Non j'étais à la maison"

Smokey, smokey  
I love the elephant zoots  
Better move from me, you ain't my g  
No, you ain't getting no twos  
Fuck a ID, it's straight on-sight  
If I don't recognise you  
Ratt, ratt, that's bro, bro  
Gonna start stepping on yutes  
GD out the can, the opps dem scared  
Yeah he was pressuring yutes

No food in your belly, your armpits smelly  
Plus you was stepping in Loubs  
When you hear that bang, just know it's gang  
Something like bombs on tubes  
Everyone raps, everyone bangs  
More time I don't know these yutes

Get man down if he don't comply  
Back man's blade, tryna take man's eye  
Back man's friend, 'cause I back my guy  
And it breaks my heart when a man don't ride  
Crash, crash at a next man's house  
No love for a yute if he runs his mouth  
See I love this life and I love this bow-bow  
Switch off a next man's child  
Man run up in blocks like they ain't got lifts  
Man's deep in the pond tryna catch some fish  
Let me put it like this, they were never on piss  
Now they're stabbing up kids  
And I'm sick of this shit  
Man I'm sick of these lies  
Man just pull up and fry  
GD, that's bro, can I get that pole?  
Man pull up and pull up and sku-du-du, bye

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Or sku-du-du with the ten (410)  
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410 business, 2Bunny  
You don't like that?  
Mad About Bars: season two  
Let's close the curtain in style  
You know we had to give the streets two  
Can't leave with just one  
AM, Skengdo, let's take it in, man!

Don't gimme no chat  
Shut your mouth, don't gimme no chat  
Oh shit, haha, tell them!  
Xin Zhao Xin that's samurai YAM  
Drill business, damn!

Don't give me no chat  
Shut your mouth, don't give me no chat  
Blacked out, blacked out, blacker than Blackz  
Xin Zhao Xin that's samurai YAM  
Real talk, don't gimme no chat  
Shut your mouth cah it stinks, it's mad  
Beef? Who? Where? Don't gimme no chat  
Shut your mouth 'fore the ting gets backed  
Ay, don't gimme no chat  
Shut your mouth, don't gimme no chat  
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See the ting get backed  
Leathers go on, no face, it's mad  
How can you switch and think you're bad?  
Was a bitch back then, still a bitch in your gang  
Running away, you're screaming out nan  
410 fiddy, C4 that's dads  
Better strap up, you don't wanna be a dad  
Feel sorry for the kids, that's bro 'cause it's mad  
Ay sweetness, come over here  
Whine up your waist and bring it all back  
Back it up, just back it up  
Don't worry, I won't tell your man  
Ay, sweetness, come over here  
Wind up your waist and bring it all back  
Just back it up, just back it up  
Don't worry, I won't tell your man  
Skeng get dough, better know that's man  
Three rounds that's bro and he served them packs  
Remember that day when we caught that guy  
He pissed himself and you know that's facts  
Man over there tryna say that we're jarring  
When you was out still wetting them flats  
Throw up C's, CG crashers, it's F Block  
'Cause you'll be coming from dads

Skengdo, why you so rude?  
Dip man's chest 'til the blood turned blue  
Sparkz done shaved up an eediots head  
He was upset 'cause it didn't go through  
Sku-du-du-du-du-du-do  
See a one 'ting like. "Hello, boo"  
She was all peng, she was all cute  
I ain't that buff, I'm an average yute  
And I know I'm a average don  
But still, I was mad as hell  
Now I feel like Chucky, I just need my Annabelle  
Sky News, buck-buck  
BuniB just rang a bell  
Came home looking fucked up  
Now your mum wished that she had a girl  
Gas guns, what's wrong with these fake yutes?  
Chat, chat, now them'a chat 'nuff  
Chat wass and he ate two  
Eight, two that's eighty-two  
Times five now we're onto you  
Or nine, nine that's eighty-one  
Plus forty-seven plus twenty-two  
Mathematics, just adding up  
Y.AM sav, just stab him up  
Ç'est la vie, ç'est la vie  
Très bon, that's patterned up  
Ay, man charged up like fully  
Buzz Lightyear, yeah, I'm Woody  
Back old school you get hoodied  
Man crossed the road and get bullied

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It's that real  
UK, 410; 2Bunny  
I told you I was gonna deliver  
We done it  
Season two: let's roll out  
Mixtapemadness.co.uk  
Voice of the streets  
The streets bloodclart listen  
But you already knew that (Heh)