

Really Do Road

Skengdo x AM

Yeah

Hold tight my 410 niggas, innit

Ring-trap everyday, tell my young G buss' that draw
And if you catch an opp lacking lil nigga don't talk, just bore
Said they want war with the mandem, said they want war with the 4's (410, 410)

Them niggas talk too much, like them niggas don't want war (Ka-boom, ka-boom)

I used to be local, now I take hella trips for the money (For the money)
Might down rap for the ambiance, might down lane for the sunny (For the sunny)

Shit is not a joke, if I back out the ting; they're running (They're running)

Young Rendo with the choo', tell my nigga, "Don't talk just bun him" (Ka-boom, ka-boom)

And if you don't make P's on the road, my brother, you're a jokeman (You're a jokeman)

And if you talk about beef on the roads, my young g assault man ('Sault, 'sault)

Man'a got cash for days, and man'a got gyal on the lingo (Gyal on the lingo)

Man'a just beat man gyal, man'a might have to beat man's ting bro

But then it's back to the trap, flick packs, better know I got a whole load of them

Breaking out tens

Them boy, they're gems

We can never be friends

Like fuck your ends

And fuck your friends

It's ring, trap to the ends

Kick down doors and run up in house, roll with the robbers, it's mad (Bow)
Hammers on deck, no face, no case like, darg, I ain't tryna get grabbed (No)
Big dipper on me, I poke up a don who thinks he's bad (Dip, dip, dip)
They try link up with the opps, now they're pissed they're beefing the 'dads
Got things on things, it's mad

Them boy, they dashing

They don't want it from man (They don't want it from man, nah)

They say it's the truth, but I've never seen man (But I've never seen no-one)

Like AM will shake that can (Who?)

Pressurise that, hear it go bang

Just hear it go bang

Your young boy's got that thing, he's taller than you but he's running from man (Dashing)

Ten-toes stepping with a green ballie with a chef 'cause I do it with gang 0.8 in the Ben, only my niggas are seeing the grams (Ching)

Claim that you're on me

Well I beg you please stop running from man (Stop running, man)

They had Young Ren, so certi'

Don't want no beef, they're nerdy

And they soon get smoked like Percy

They talk about me

Talk about me, best hashtag lurky

Snap in the ends, big whips all swervy (Swerve)

Mr roll with the rah

I got a new ting 'cause the last was dirty

I am the A, I am the M (AM)
Free S9, got nicked for the skeng (Bow, bow)
Eighteen years been out on the ten
And if you try come everyting get dead
Man got the worms
Thought you should know
When it gets hot, everyting must go (Hmm)
Cats in the room but they want that snow
Shutdown shop, everyone go home
I don't wanna hear no chat
Why you gonna lie like that
Cah you got sent OT, then you got sent right back
Every time I see them man
I ain't trying to shake no hands
I'm just gonna buss my gun and take those grams
I ain't gotta say too much
Man chat shit, get touched
Came 'round there, came in a four-door truck
When they see man, they cut
They ain't on piss, niggas ain't got no guts
Niggas shoulda went upsuah
Now they affi run, now they affi run from us
Now they affi run from us
When are they gonna learn
When I bring shots, they burn
When I bring shots, they burn (Nah)
Send a man home, you don't wanna see no worms (Nah)
You don't wanna see no worms (Nuh-uh)
Man best smile when you walk in the mains
Spill man's juice all over the place
More time I heard that you were lipsing a whore
I'll put juice all over her face, ugh

Hah, it's mad
410 shit, yeah
Fuck the opps, yeah
Free S9, free Steggs, free FA
Free all the fucking mandem
Fuck the opps
Gang