

# Trapping And Stacking

Skengdo x AM

Hella rookies tryna move on job, If I get that drop, that's a next man dropped

Alla dat lip but you ain't on piss, chat dem ah chat, gun dem ah kiss  
But this Rambo knife still doing up flesh

Man's really in the field like grass, man a hit man-

Trapping and stacking

How many stacks have I stacked up cuzzy?

Feds been on to the gang cah too many man been splashed up cuzzy  
Never had no money back then, drop my olders packs, now a man got money  
Them man rappin' a life that them man don't live so them man so funny

I don't wanna hear no chat you mug

You got that drop and you still fucked up

Hella rookies tryna move on job

If I get that drop, that's a next man dropped

It be your friends we puttin' in pots

Shot that quick, I'm saving my prof'

Mind what you're sayin' when you're chillin' with thots

Cah the thots come back and tell Skeng what you're on

Stepped in the K, where's everyone gone?

I saw one guy, come, we spin the block

We caught Aydee, chinged him and moved on

Got life, he denied his block

Loski chatting like one thot

Got caught slippin', never slapped it off

Fucking neek, boxed my man about to bust up

Should I stop when the trapline rings or step back 'round tryna blaze off wigs

It's numerous times that a man got bucked, denied his friends 'cause he ain't on shit

I love my life but I risk it all, would've thought we're cool 'till I burn that bridge

You come 'round here, you get fried like fish, the blood weren't red, it went blue like Crip

The mandem ride tryna tear out backs, crash out waps, tape off strips

Alla dat lip but you ain't on piss, chat dem ah chat, gun dem ah kiss

Mad ting life that I live, 22 years, all hollow and shit

Don't trust her, she's swallowing kids, rise some funds, stop borrowing sticks

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Fill up my ting with lead, did it on a blacked out ped

Brudda tried do that dash, but you're friend got caught 'cause he lost his breath

Free up the 4's in the can, man did it for the 4's, we're the last ones left

Bro got a 4's in his hand, but this Rambo knife still doing up flesh  
You ain't never had things in the ride, feds on your back but you can't got left  
You ain't never had moves uspsuh, peng so white, yeah, it can't go left  
Now we're tying up the yard man link, nuttin' but dark incess  
Boom, bow, big burner, tryna hit arms and chest

Two-two shots in a backseats and the window's tinted  
Don't tell me 'bout mileage cah my niggas, we live this  
Man-man-man's really in the field like grass, man a hit man up like-  
Do it in public, cut the ends then laugh  
Them boy there ain't in the field, what they rap be fiction, we live this  
When man was doing up lines in O, my B so peng, had my B cats twitching  
Two racks in a day, sold that rudeboy 'cause I be consistent  
Trap, stack, workrate mad, put all of my prof' back in then flip this

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