

Truth Where

Skengdo x AM

Talk about the 4s yeah the 4s gon bang
Run from the 4s, cause the 4s don't jam
Run up on who, you don't know my gang
Really in the field, 10 toes with the gang
Man beat corn and them man just ran
Could've been dud but the man just ran
But you know we got that scram from dots
Everything live, everything gon bang
Kicked down face, no we kick down doors
1.1 you don't know my draws
Them man slumped with the Michael Kors
Take man's watch and chain and jewels
Legs in the air, face on floors
Dumb roadman don't fuck with the 4s
Man's got skengs that's bigger than yours
And man's got Zs that's bigger than yours
Fuck green cah that shit got boring
I get waring, got the cats roaring
I get cracking, then it got crackling
10 toes on the road then pack him
Just tell me when it happened
Like a round of applause from clapping
Put juice in a girl from Clapham
Now I go up-sah and map him
And when everything bop, all of them drop
Then I go slop it's minor
Man it got hard, put it dots
Then I go cop designer
And when everything sneeze
All of them cough
Then I make calls on lyca
Bro hit a lick, bro got shot
But he's a 419er
Everything burned
Like man's just dodging the corn
Like all of them worms
Like man's just talking the shit
Like all of them words
Your gang's not putting in work
Like all of them nerds
All of them nerds
Everything burned
Like man's just dodging the corn
Like all of them worms
Like man's just talking the shit
Like all of them words
Your gang's not putting in work
Like all of them nerds
All of them nerds

Big shank turn an opp boy duppy
10 toes on the other side
Sparkz done sneaked in the room with the brucky
Big black sword on my waist
Big black swords so I'm keeping up fuckries
Peng ting wan give face
She topping the gang then she best do it properly

Uckers, badders
Peng food's got them shops they're catty
Talk about 410k, but when they see the gang
Man dive and dasheen
Free up the Gs, fuck the other side
Cause they're way too chatty
Man I'm oh so trappy
Nigga said he on me
Man he moving oso batty
Fuck you and your shit gang
My niggas will come for you on your strip act
Talk cheap get kidnapped
And you know young Rendo is sick man
Beating a skeng didn't care about kickback
(Boom)
Beating a skeng didn't care about kickback
I put ammy in baggies
Good food there talking about grammies
Dot same size as J Savvy
Long trips man got links for the cabbie
Niggas know that we do this
About you're beefing the gang
How you move so clueless
I'm like how many bootings
Niggas don't learn like stupid students
My niggas run up in bank rolls
Hungry like where's all the dinner cause
Hold corn in your mango
Hold corn if you don't wan give it up
Oso active, oso savage
So you know they ain't letting up
Juk, juk in a man's face
Left him with one eye
Looking like Fetty Wap
What food man got it
Bare skrt had him running like sonic
Them man re-up on Qs
But they smoking the food
They ain't trapping to make no profit
Bare liars the man don't chat
Act for the net they ain't see no racks
Them there just chat for my life
Them man move like flats
Can't move like flats
Niggas run out of packs
We make niggas run out of flats
Any opp boy in the mains
Don't care if it's flames
The opp gets grabbed
Free Snaps
Soon home and he's back to finessing your batch
And them opps they ain't on piss
They ain't touch none of the gang
Dickheads

Slide in the paigon strip
Send nuff corn in an opp boy's back
Them niggas ain't on piss
Duck man down and you never came back
Me and S1 in the trap
Tryna get rid of this big arse pack
YS in the 4 door whiz
Things in the car, two man in the back

Kick down doors, pumping my hand
Don't say a word, or you get blammed
I came for the money and the am
Kick down doors if you're holding sand
My niggas on things they bang
Cut through the F, you're gonna meet gang
Young Rendo, Aze and man
Cheff man up then bop round back
Came his strip, left him dead
Shot that nigga in his neck
But you know I got aim when I step
Run a man down with a 22
I'ma slap so much lead
10 shots in a 22
Skid round that's 10 man dead (bow)
That's 10 man dead
Do the maths that's numbers
I'm 410 I'm fucking mchunters
Them man put [?] in the J bag
And point hella Qs into hundreds
I'm sitting in the band with Barbra
What you know about chinging dungeons
What you know about kick my mans in his face
My mans all tasting my bunions

And we really 10 toes in your strip
And you I know I do with brodie
Fuckboy claim they on me
And he don't even know me
Like my team's they smokey
Violate get left all holy
410 that's 41 only
Switch on get poked no jokey
Like I just phoned broski
I told him I want them packs
The location's all lowkey
I see these man they dash
But they wan claim that they're on me
Like my team's they smokey
Trapped man like where you gonna go G
Green gang that's Baghdad that's O.C
Kick down doors and run up in house
And roll with the war it's mad
Got things on things for the opps
When we pull up they dash
I'll sneak in the room with the 4s
Tell me if you really want that
Like no you can't fuck with the 4s
None of you ain't been bad