

# 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 jewls  
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'mma 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