

## Wap On E 2.0

Skengdo x AM

When the corn gets bussed, bussed  
Then you have to leave, leave  
How you gonna talk about us  
When your wap on E, E  
I ain't really got no trust, trust  
But I got my wee, wee  
Peng ting wanna fuck, fuck  
Tell her put it on me, me

Feeling like Chy Cartier  
Yo, yo, who's over there?  
I ain't living my life in fear  
Man go anywhere, man go anywhere  
Run up on opps in Tiger [?]  
Them man lack, they be doing up chairs  
Us man ready to splash man bait, lol  
And them man tryna throw chairs  
I see the opps been doing bare link ups  
The way I see it, that increases the chances to go there and hit one  
Or maybe two  
Might [?] goes something like Doge Coin  
Someone's going straight to the moon  
Brown skin shawty looking all cute  
And she makes more bread than you  
Still might treat her to something nice  
After she blows on my flute  
And if we go out to eat, miss better eat your food  
We ain't Zone 2, but shout out to them man  
When we step we do it in twos  
C4 bitch, don't get it confused  
Heard they got p's in the gaff like Jews  
More time do it like Rudez  
Red bottoms under my shoes  
Only link that girl if she's cute  
Red lipstick pon her face, now it's all over my pubes  
My young boys know I'm a builder, holler at me for the tools  
And my yak boys really outside, tryna take all of the jewels

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Blacked out whips, that's what I like

So I blend in when I drive at night  
Four-door trucks or two-wheel type  
Better do what you rap when I back this knife  
Get that now cause the beef's on sight  
But it still went left when we gave him life  
Caught my man in the day, left him then he got chinged at night  
Big handting, that's a handy .4  
Caught one again but I can't be sure  
Could have done man live but the feds pulled up  
I was in the hotspot like Candy Raw  
Pull up your panty draws  
If she don't give neck I won't bang it at all  
Turned bitch one time, you ain't hanging at all  
See the young g's got not manners at all  
It was me plus me in an Addison Lee-lee  
Driving skrr that diligently-ly  
Stop that shake that, batty on me-me  
Back that .9 all you heard was wee-wee  
Grab my man, are you smoking Kubba?  
We're in the UK, we don't smoke on Tooka  
Bout time man free double S  
Threw bine at a man and he left his popa  
Two G's up, I'm a Gucci guy  
Watch my man, he's a bookey guy  
Dark ran through same colour as Kenny  
The light same colour as Snoochie Shy  
I don't know who did them  
I don't hide man's grub in the kitchen  
Done it like Vybzs Kartel true I put white in the bed like [?]

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