

Wizards Of Waverly Place

Skengdo x AM

I laugh at them cah their team is done
The mandem's causin' havoc
Feds won't leave us alone
They hate the fact that the mandem's rappin'
Tragic, that be the scene when the mandem get to clappin'
And, I don't follow no fashion
I just do me no cappin'
Don't get got tryna prove you're bad
Should've beat man down but I'm not your dad
In a 4-door truck, I'm the shortest man
Cah the shotgun long, never sawed it down
Oh shit, never again
Could've put some holes in my paigon friend
But I'm sparain' guys and it don't make sense
If you're not involved you could still get X'd

Should've seen the look on their face
Damn, oh shame, oh shame, brave (ah man)
End your arse in the grave
We drop bullets while you tryna get fame, shave
Who's got Italian trees
Shit's on my mind that's fuckin' with me
Jeez, load them waps and leave
Wave that rambo in bare man's face
Trespass in the crashin' field
You're gonna to bump into the crashin' team
Lean, come, baby, on dem streets
Hoodies tied up while we long and skeet
Why all the talk about me
The last time I bucked this clown he told me he knows my family
Gem, no we ain't fam or friends
But they'll hold that grudge to the end
Shed there see a man get roofed
Back your shank, I think you should
But you ain't gonna do that, pussy, cah I already know you're good
Dududu bow no talking
No way I'm misunderstood
Just, just beat out your sweet one's guts and I flew myself right back to the hood

My guys are the Wizards of Waverly Place
We wave them wands and you're gone
And, I don't even know what happened
All I know is that he made one song (ah man)
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday even Mon (all day)
We could get man down no problem
How dare he try act on job
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First time I stepped out I was pumped up off Hennessy
I was kicked off by the gun boys

Couldn't make it past Tennessee
I ain't talkin' about Jimmy Chu
We had high hills like Beverly
Yeah my young boy got a fat toy, so don't lack boy
Secondly we said 410 is a family, not a gang, bitch
Do a man like a sandwich
And put sweet corn in his hamstring
Mutilate man's scapula
He had backbone now he's plankin'
And ever since we got firearms, we was beatin' off no wankin'
Understand it was crash gang who's responsible for your injuries
Yeah you might get pussy points
But you ain't gettin' no sympathy
Same ting that you vent to tryna serenade and sing for me
And them the things you don't wanna hear when you're stretched out like a li
mousine

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