

Bellator

Skepta

For my dawgs on the wing
This is for my brothas in the grave
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And my dawgs on the wing
Disrespect my niggas, that's a cardinal sin
Walk into the club, I might be dancin' with' your ting
I'ma slam dunk it, put my arm in the ring
Catch a nigga slippin', getting trippy in the store
I'ma Pop Smoke 'em, I'ma do it in Dior
Michael Venom Page him, I'ma do it Bellator
Used to run his mouth, now he can't do that anymore

I used to roll round the corner, lookin' to Westwood
5 rocks on me, that's a 100 pound drug
I was trappin' like a fool, tryna play it cool
Kept that fuckin' tool, told my brothas stay in school
Ain't no loyalty for shit, most these brothas due to switch
If he gets hit with 26, he's gon' definitely snitch
Interview me 'bout the case
That's a waste of a tape
I'ma play my cards right
Hit them with the poker face
Whoa
Life is a gamble, you better roll the dice
Everybody's got a price, better hold on to your wife
If I send a DM, will she reply?
She might, tryna put you on the flight
Let's get freaky for the night
Had to grind for my money, didn't happen overnight
I was druggin' and finessin', had the dark candlelight
All these niggas fallin' off
And I can't bring 'em back to life
I remember you was hungry, boy, you lost your appetite

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