

Back2Back #E9toEastsyde

Skillibeng

X10

Give waps to the soldiers, need us a patch
True di gang dem stoners
Need one dead, but two is a bonus, under arrest, don't lose composure
Will never speak to the Feds comin' like they don't know what the code is
Live in the flesh, got no chest, but on the net, man are typin' the boldest
We don't get into shootouts cah, the man don't shoot back
I pull up and use that, who's that nigga? Boot that
Shoot that, get shot in your chest, through your lungs, you can't use that
If I jump out the car right now, what I put on my palm, you know I'ma use that
We do shootin' wid intent, gun ready fi shoot from mi clip in deh
Roll out, wi nuh fear friggin' Feds, Glock a roll out now wid di chip in deh
Cyaan diss K, oh yuh friggin' dead, V9 roll wid di friggin' peg
S-
Killa mek yuh know wah a livin' hell, unnu betta not try diss, you will end

Picture side, you best stay there, whatever the weather, we makin' it rain t
here
Chase opps like we chasin' papers, take drops, shotters make way there
If cash is maxed, abs is bigs, then hits is gotta be waitin' then
Shank called wap, you mad bout fist pissed if you make that mistake there
Here roll with the hips you wished I'm free
Arrest us like I'm CP free
Claim sixteen, now I bun a boy skin
Crocodile teeth for my enemies
Like Eminem I'm in the 8 dirt mile, don't move right, get put down
G9 stop this car right now, lemme hop out and juice that down
How can you talk on us? We pull up and hella man dust
They get shanked up, but don't keep it up
But they give a boop, I ain't got no funds, no guns
How can they chat on us? I'm stunned
Stappers they movin' nuts
It's wrong how'd they lie on us
Zinc fence, suh mi gun a beat till him dead
Mi run dung and beach, that's the jill chest
To how mi gun have features, mi think less
Cope weh him tread
Dem know mi dark, nuh tink seh Skilly nah
Guh kill dem, do no talk, no friggery
Roll wid di armour, di crocodile shark, as yuh quint shot gone up in head
Big long ting wid di kickstand, kill dem instant, kill from distance
Mi nuh wait from people, nuh response, big chopstick weh a rap without ching
chong
Real murderer, no filters, striker, knock it ginger, gun a kickball
Silencer, gun a whisper, bwoy, dem full a big talk, man a big man
Circle dem ends in a Fielder, park up di Benz, kill dem in a teether?
How mi fi fear dem, dem a eediat, nobody cyaan save dem, no reader
Mi gun a buss, nuh feel, gun a cut nuh bleed, di clip a done, no healer
Cyaan patch dem up, nuh feel seh is a joke
Wi roll up wid di thugs a bare shot

Tell me tings filled up with plenty, give away coppers to beggers
Opps begged me not to give 'em these pennies
Get my boots out and go and test my technique
So long for whose feet are heavy, control it, see them press, "Delete"

Free the bros, they really on vaults, any little vile gets taken to extreme
They love talk on socials, too much talkin' the tings
I'm still walking the wing just looking the postal, get crashed by a gang, y
eah
That's how I put man to see us not sit and make phone calls
It's a rebound ting instead, if I ever had to do legs cah I never had it loc
al