

One More Chance

Skrapz

Skrapz, listen (BOOM) check it

Yo who's that dipping in the beamer
F's on my feet it's Fendi it's not Fila
If you saw my interior you would think I got signed
Na-na nah baby girl man I'm just a drug dealer
I be in the trap with some bricks of amensia
Begging my connect lemme get the bricks cheaper
I'm I hustler ask nina with the nina
I deliver you a box to your door like a pizza
Two man deep in a black 7 seater
.357 and a 9 mile-meter
Bare man getting sleep up when man creep up
My niggas shoot up fam we don't beat up
And I be in the trap sipping yak from a tea cup
2 bricks left I think ready for the re-up
Told my drive to pick me up
Bring me to my spot for my P's then I go and pick 3 up
Your girlfriends dishing it out she just free up
And I ain't even calling her phone she hits me up
Bitches pree us all you niggas wanna be us
Pagans hiding out cah they don't really wanna see us
Cah I ride like cyclist
Teams full of more bright stars than the night is
Clip full of hollow tips just how like it
On the north circular listening to Nines getting brains off a white chick
I was on the way to blocks I see the cops
I ain't going back to prison so I swallowed my rocks
Better safe than sorry on the streets you can never be sure
All I know is that prevention is better then cure
All I know about is crime I don't follow the law
I'm tryna make my money rise like a suicide door
And I'm never stopping straight money chopping
Couple thousand in my pocket when I'm going shopping
Nigga said he's got a spot that I could put a crop in
Told him give me couple weeks then imma get it popping
Yeah I love the game I don't really want the fame
Never gonna change making money is my middle name
I'm in the bimma doing 60 in the middle lane
Henny In my cup duffle bag full of silver haze
On my grind haven't slept in a couple days
I've been going hard I can sleep when I'm in a grave
You was chilling in your yard I was getting paid
You was chilling in the sun and I was in the shade
You was twiddling your thumbs I ain't on that
.45 by my side ready for some combat
Break niggas face make niggas call me ong bak
Shoot niggas down I ain't inna any long chat
I've been rolling with the handgun from way back
Think I'm gonna rise the gym back up and spray that 'K that
I ain't got no funny niggas in my circle
All my niggas hardback like the turtles
Chilling in my yard late night I got a bird call
Had to put my bullets in my gun and then I circled
I'm riding with a passion all you niggas frassin'
Shoot a nigga on the mains and I ain't even gassin'
I only used a couple bullets I was tryna ration

I don't mean a shower when I tell a man I'm gonna splash him
Everybody's on my case I'm the latest fashion
Telling everybody wait until I get it cracking
Tryna get rich I ain't tryna get nicked
All I know is crime I ain't never had a payslip
I'm self made I ain't never had a wages
Posted in the trap 2 bricks tryna make it
I was in the trap with your bitch she was naked
Had her on her knees giving everybody faces
Its big Skrapz I've been killin' them for ages
That fact still remains there's no changes
LV shoes and shirts and swede blazers
Squad famous same members no strangers

I'm about to make the roadside dangerous
Hoping out a black range with a stainless
I put a nigga in a box like a trainers
1 burner 6 shots there blood strainers
I remember growing up living kinda corrupt
Now I'm sipping grey goose kinda livin' it up
Yo the streets crazy but the streets pays
Disappeared for a minute now I'm back baby
Niggas played out looking like a crack baby
I swear down all these rappers sound whack lately
I make history lifestyle risky heard your CD and flung that its a Frisbee
It's big skrapz I burn tracks till their crispy
I'm back but for how long that's a mystery
Talking to my nigga said the streets really missed be
I ain't tryna slip but the streets kinda slippery
I shift bricks quickly jakes wanna shift me
I'm a old school G nuff nuff spilffy
I ain't fucking with the works if the works iffy
You better bring me back my money before it gets sticky
And I ain't inna playing games I'm about money
I'm grinding even when I'm ill and my nose runny
God knows all I'm tryna do is make it
Cousin this is real life I ain't inna fake shit
I go hard I ain't putting on the breaks yet
I ain't wishing I had I just go get
Sitting at the back of a cab with a rucksack
9mm nozzle where my nuts at
I'm taking no chance I'm about to meet a new connect
He might send his little pups to try and intercept
I have to light a nigga up like a cigarette
Hit him in the face and make the nigga get the full effect
(BOOM)