

Hella food in the rucksack that's a lunch box  
I don't ever fly cunch box but when I touch box I let the guns  
pop  
Hella talk about they run blocks I'm like run what  
I've been there and I've done lots you ain't been there when th  
e funds stop and your funs dropped  
Pu ppy yute big ears that's a Labrador  
Run up in your gaff don't mind if I have a tour  
Big pump better tell your boy run just came back from cunch so  
I know that his stacking draws  
Fat blade made his mummy jump drop the TV remote then she insta  
ntly smacked the floor  
I'll gun buck his little bro with his toy gun, if the little fa  
ssio try back the war  
The yute want hide but you know I'ma get him done  
I told him his gonna hold smoke that's the prize when I let it  
off  
I'll bill up outside mans gaff hold smoke through your letterbo  
x  
I see his little bros at home fuck that I'm gonna send him shop  
s  
Mad drought so I had to phone up Rambo, telling me his with Ric  
o I said say nothing wheres Camsz though  
Told me he just left the ends to go buck jerks in the bando I s  
aid swear down he said swear down and with grimzy we're on our  
way now  
She telling me she goes low I said I know so  
She give me blow blow till she choke-o  
I told her to go slow she saying no no  
I'm tired of this hoe I tell her go home  
I'm in the trap I'm with the gang I'm with my goonies  
They're talking trash bout this and that just come and do me  
She hella bad she giving hat she wanna do me  
She topping man so she can never touch my doobie  
Two hands on stick when I grip it  
How you bussing shots and your purposely missing  
Talk loads bout your holding the kitchen no kitchen when the ga  
ng gone fished him  
Swear down man I'm tired of these bitches Grimzy taking his bel  
t then he whipped it  
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