

(Jm00 made this one)
We doin' him rude (Look)
We don't do recruits, if he shoots, bring him through (Yeah)
All the killies oot, let 'em know what we do
(Sebz Beats, baby)
Where we go
Listen, look

Ugly, we doin' him rude (Ugly)
We don't do recruits, if he shoots, bring him through (Yeah)
All the killies oot, let 'em know what we do
Where we go for the loot
Get a phone, let it boom
Let it blow, through the- (Yeah, yeah)

Trust what I say in my songs
He ain't hittin' it right 'cause his status is wrong (Wrong)
Shorty caked up to the max
I'm watchin' my stroke, oh my God, oh my God (Cake)
Green tick emoji, it's on (On)
Pray we don't see us no cops (Pray)
Gobble me up like a megalodon
Your steppers ain't steppin', they stomp (Steppers)
Youngins patrollin' the strip
And they're doublin' back if it's somethin' they missed (They missed)
Footy was top of the list
But I rubbed it away when I got in the mix
I ain't been home in a bit
Just me and your miss on a hell of a shift (Work)
Bro tryna go off the grizz
Choppin' it down, got the dust on his flick (Look, look)
Dumb lil' chick too into my shit
Keep tellin' me this, keep tellin' me that (Ah, man)
Just cool with your actions
My last one said she hates my behaviour
Next mornin', we would've seen a next tantrum (Another)
But the game, I play that (Play it)
True, I could've been a very good lad, but the outdoors couldn't contain man
Fuck three hoes, let me see three thousand (Way more)
Man, I could've gone broke off an impulse, really gotta thank my accountant
Look, hundos to the millions (Look)
And I'm also close, don't doubt it (Yeah)
If I creep on the kid and the wetter gets brandished, bet he's pissin' his t
rousers (Long)
Me and Camz on a team death match just campin', hopin' that we did and we fo
und him
Pretty Danielle, went and gave her an eight at minimum (At minimum), ten if
you go and 'round it (Around it)

Ugly, we doin' him rude
We don't do recruits, if he shoots, bring him through

Ugly, we doin' him rude (Ugly)
We don't do recruits, if he shoots, bring him through (Brrah)
All the killies oot, let 'em know what we do (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Where we go for the loot
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Let it blow, through the-

Used to wanna see one thousand (What?)
Now I bring a hundred thousand pounds in
The hills I'm ridin' 'round in (Yeah)
Still fuck a bitch in public housin'
I'm with a bad B, straight loungin' (What?)
Sell her a dream, like, how's that soundin'?
The hate in my city is astoundin'
Put faith in my killy, don't doubt him (Yeah)
I really acted off impulse (Fuck), never went jail if I just 'llowed it
Bro rockin' all black Gore-Tex (Arcy), he not really tryna hike no mountain
Youngins in the East on badness even when I try to show them different (Different)
My best friend never left the trap so long, could've thought that he went missin', listen

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