

## Active

## Sneakbo

Fam I don't even need dat  
Man said 3-2-1  
(Ay Ryde lemme get that lighter)  
Real certified Gs in the building  
(Ay lemme get that, lemme get that)  
Fanatix  
Yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (aaahh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Man touch road like a cabman  
Old school, man just jump out with mad man  
No tool, man just jump out and grab man (grab man)  
Man's been known as the badman (yeah)  
Man jump out, chop, kebab man (local)  
Man jump out, pop and bag man (phone call)  
Man just boxed up and bat man (pop pop)  
Man like Sneakbo and Batman (oooh)  
Man just popped up and burnt like  
Three man, man just hopped off the dirtbike  
Fuck that, man just switched up and burnt mics  
Certi, man just popped up all cert like (yeah)  
Man just rocked up and murked like  
Mad tracks, man just mopped up, commerce guys  
Mad Max, man just knock-knocked and earthed guys  
Fake yutes, man try cockblock the surf guys  
Armour, man might pop that banana (yeah)  
Hair-loss, man can't locks like Akala (mmm!)  
Bling bling, man's that frostbite alamer  
Pour 'Yac for man who lost life to karma (karma)  
Man who lost life to drama (yeah)  
Hungry, man's all offside Amaga  
Catholics and man who rock that Shahada  
Man gets money, boss life, Suprana (mmm!)

Active (active), active (yeah)  
Strap's got a nigga all active (active)  
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Strap's got a nigga all active (active)  
Mac's got a nigga all active (active)  
Mac's got a nigga all acting (yeah)  
Strap's got a nigga all active (all active)  
My dog's got a nigga bull mastiff

I do my ting, I get it in  
My name hold weight, I ain't in the gym  
I get it cracking, pull up on you with the ting  
I back it out, no chattin', let it ring, ring, ring, ring, ring like  
Run up on a nigga like (sshh sshh)  
Whistle got the corn going (fff, fff, fff)  
Niggas gettin' slumped when I hop out the bush  
I used to smoke niggas now I only smoke kush, fam fuck them (that's right)  
Fam I got money, got money to make  
My real niggas always get a slice of my cake  
I'm talkin' killers that was riding with me back in the days  
Pack in the tray, get chased, slap at the Jakes  
Cause man been known as a mad man

Big bad, Hollow from 'Narm a real bad man  
Real nigga killing the game yeah that's gang gang  
Fake yutes actin' tough, they ain't like that  
Strap that, B's and P's yeah that's gang signs  
Lost friends, free the dargs doing mad time  
Us man really ride 'bout that damn life  
Life been mad for man, time to damn shine  
Jetskis, turn your chicks into sex freaks  
Feds pre-pissed that they can't arrest me  
Seattle gold chillin' on my neck G  
Big tun tun cause niggas can't protect me  
I'm gunning like I'm playing for Arsenal  
I'm from A-Town, town my castle  
Sick young bucks, big slugs, YGs will blast you  
My block's not a block to pass through  
Been bangin' my ting, letting it ring, making it sing  
Had to kick down doors, they weren't letting us in  
Real niggas back in style, sit and watch us win (that's right)  
I'm a prince, Hollowman the king  
That's right

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