

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)
Strap's got a nigga all active (all active)
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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