

Intro

Sneakbo

Brixton, baby [x3]
It's good to see that Sneakbo is still making this mad stuff
So let's go into this right now
Just you wait
He kicked open some doors, no one can deny that man
Like what people do in the scene, people need to, like, recognize
Like certain artists whose done stuff, opened doors for a lot of man, a lot
of man
Like it's mad
Lekaa Beats

I never had nothin', had to work
24/7 on the curb
Real talk life could have been worse
In my free time, I'ma go church
Thank God for my life, 'cause he saved me
Thank God for the things that he gave me
I've been around the world, seen poverty
Seen friends kill friends for the money, g
Seen girls sell pussy for a check
Seen niggas trap hard for the bread
The other half might rob you, instead
The rap shit got me out of the ends
My mama had two jobs, she's a g
Just to make sure everyone eats
So I hustle for my mum, no sleep
Always with me when my life gets peak
I got love for the streets, no love for my dad
Free my broski Madz
I'm pissed that he got bagged
Got 18 years, he was 17 fam
Been seven years, still scream "Free Madz"
Life's been mad, but I stay on track
Still make racks off my old school tracks
Touch a button, still got the whole place going mad
Fam, I just came back from the graveyard
Went to visit a couple friends, now I'm pissed off
Head hot, friend drop when the lead pops
You ain't seen nobody drop from a gunshot
Pussy niggas ain't stepped on a opp block
Nowadays, I drive past in my drop top
Fuck bangin', let me flex on these fuck boys
If I wanna, I could come and let it boy, boy, boy
Like boy!
Let me show you the wave
I bang bang, and I still don't play
I'll slap corn in your boyfriend's face
If a nigga ever thinks he can violate me
I'm Sneak to the bo, ya done know
I started rapping, now I'm shutting down shows
Bust the door for the youth on the road
But my lifestyle's mad, so I might not blow
But fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck the feds
They hate when they see me pullin' up in a Benz
Pack my whip full of drugs and skengs
They wanna see me locked up, doing life in pen
But I pick the mic up and put the gun away

I ain't really in the ends, I'm on a holiday
Reminiscing got me thinking bout the old days
Praying for my nigga, hope he's in a better place
Really have to put in work, I'm on the other side
Making niggas run and duck when the shots fly
Grind hard from the winter to the summertime
Now I'm summer fly, rap got me living life
Good times everything bless
Better move right or you get left
I got it lock from the south to the west
No time to be sitting in jail, that's dead
So I work work work, no sleep at night
CD dropping that's a dynamite
Fuck the other side I ain't feelin' you guys
I'm where the money at, bitch, I ain't seein' you guys
I'm from Brixton, never been a victim
Kill or be killed in the hood
Life's fucked in the hood that's Brixton

I'm making my mum proud
Just being out of the hood, out of trouble
That's the best thing that's happened in my life
Like, where I'm coming from, my life [?]
Coming out of that and, yeah
Now I'm just living free, I feel happier
That's the best thing [?]