

Anything Grr

Tion Wayne

I just stepped in Enfield Lock
(Morabeats)

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Stepped out and now Enfield's hot
I got bands, love run into shop
I know everyone there love guard and hop
Get your ass lit like your name Y Pops
Juice man down, yeah, we're doin' you a lot
Fuck that, AFGs love ruinin' block

You don't know 'bout gettin' pressure from feds
Kicked down door, now my mom's all stressed (stressed)
They keep trying to link me to Ms
Grab a phone click, tryna pre-up my text
I was so vexed, when I heard you were under arrest (for what?)
They thought I put a sugar in the skeng
I gave him a smile, said, "Give it a rest" (allow me)
She's naughty, ten out of ten
The ting's in the bag, she patterns the best
One wrong move, you could be dead
Don't move right, you will get left
I just spotted one old school friend
He went bouncer's road, but I see mans, yeah
It was me and DB on the third
We brought us a nerd, then we took some flesh

Gang gon' get the scorin' and the first side gon' get to the pourin'
Gun clappin's, kidnaps, and stabbings
Steppin' on the A, and then B got savage
Rambos out, ZKs out, did a three-two, then spinned around
They all know they've been about
How can you talk when you screamed and shout?
I thought Y Pops was dead on the ground
The shame is the loudest sound
Boaw-boaw, we went past the judge
You rep MP, you can suck your maj'
Run more farer, do like T when he got down further
Whippin' your oldest like I'm the father
Osama, wanna terrorize blocks
Green 'clava When I ride on opps

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Paranoid all my life, no slippin'
What can I say? I got too much victims (baow)
Made the most through eating my flick ting
Job on the line, but I'm still tryna pitch him (mm-mm)
Don't care about half these yutes
Header and Zoots, E1's billin' (grr)
Find answer, my blade is wet

Come off the net, you must be kiddin' (ayy, ayy)
Rolex money, I drop a six (boom)
But couldn't a fuck about opps, I'm rich (brrah)
I ain't into internet beef, you're sick
This man only got on tunes to snitch
Young boy bring the blade in his pokers
I said, "Next time, slow dyin', it's process" (brrah)
All my AFGs in Rovers, bought more time they're twistin' holy

Don't think you're Incredible Hulk
I'll add your soul to this dirty pole
Ordnance Road, I was way too slow
She so hot, and my heart is cold
Violations, man don't condone
Assassination, man upped his pole
And anyhow this shit's not vacant
Rambo's waving, we buck your bros
I just see jakes in the rear
But we don't care, just keep it composed
His bro done told, gun smoke, run home
Crush walls and we do it unknown
Unknown and I when I see man fold
This bitch, she be on me for the clout
I ain't givin' her shit, keep diggin' for gold
I ain't givin' them shit, keep diggin' for gold

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M splash, two-tap like Stewie
Smile in his face when his blade's all gooey
I put my trust in C double S
Aim for his chest, then push that fully
Prayed about shit, so it's us on the gang ting
Rumble my hip, tryna what's goody
Went jail Came home, nothing changed
We just got more upstock and cookies
Bad B love talkin' my name
But I'm stuck in bando, thinkin' of a K
Had to link up with Tion Wayne, they talk on his name for fame
But he's back in the beef, he's fully engaged
The 125, this thing go "pap, squeak"
Bust that left, now we're on Park Lane, quick
Bust that left, now we're on Park Lane