

No Comment

Tion Wayne

You don't know how it feel
We expose the fake from the real
All this cash man I don't need the roads
But I still stay out here for the thrill

Said she ain't a hoe baby girl that's cap
But we let her roll cos she make it clap
Team too real when the Feds ask question
We don't even know where we hid them waps

Don't ask what happened
All I know bout no comment
Bag of these clowns in the comments
When I see them in the flesh not on it
This ting wanna fuck but my wap no diet
If you won't hold it stop tryin
It bangs like pop but it's not mans riding
Bro you won't ride stop lying

Even when they see T Wayne no weapon
You should see their face expression
When we was low no waps just cheffing
Now we just shoot, David Beckham
He spend a change he's sweating
Watch me stack up a mill still reppin
Touch one of mine I'll lose it
Big a back out the mash and shoot it

Penthouse with a chocolate one
T Wayne told me I love this one
Anybody touch my ones
Make a man buss my gun
Fill up da ting let it fly an spark
Pull up to the dance an buy out the bar
She already know who we are
Now your bae wanna try out the car

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3x3 cause problems
Gang move mad on the wing like Bronson
All the Opp boys talk nonsense
Got enough waps for a group that's Options
True say mans got fans me an bro
Everyone clock mans boat
5 man deep in the T right now
But the location unknown

I was straight of the wing then scheming
Look for a Opp then chief him

Them days I had no P's in
Licked off the food then dealing
I don't do online cussin
My bedrins ride out big Russian
Stunt on the block they'll suck him
Shank clutching back out then touch him

Turner the burner the spinner
You don't wanna get dropped like litter
Mans got waps on the ends
An bro left toys with a chocolate ting no Kinder
Opp turnt singer, online hitter
Did all the dirt for the gram an Twitter
Got sweets in the ting make an Opp turn pack
Now I rap all the opps turnt bitter

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