

Listen

Two-0, two-three, we saw those sirens
Get the drop, slime him, call it blood diamonds
VVS on fleek, haffi combine them
Dumb yat put crack in the wrong Pyrex, yuck
Broad day on the crash, I brought the hi-vis
On the block with the gang for all the timers
I know I'm high risk
The oppers gettin' pressured like my diamonds did
Hella man just speak, they're not that violent
And my gang just rep my block I ride in
Ain't a four-five thing, it's a Star 9 thing
He's not providin', he's on a shy thing (Dickhead)
More oppers to pick, the block's dividin'
But they're all hidin', cah we're all glidin'
Bine 'em, bine 'em, fuck the wrong timin', knife him, slime him
Leave the machine in the council flat
If there's opps on the block, then hung up the wap
Wouldn't have trusted a cat, bet that bisshead tapped
And you turned ghetto angel, no cap
Lift up your hat, bullet
Whack, we aim for corpse and watch all the chat
Reverse and slap, bullet
Whack, 2-0-2-3's 'bout to get mad
Lit up (Lit up, lit up, lit up)