

Black & Proud

Unknown T

(Remedee)

(TSB)

I put pain in my raps that the fans embraced
Tuck man blood in my veins (Mm-mm)
Hold my ambition then I bust that case
The feds all over my face
CID wanna lock off my all
Tryna section, succeed the whole estate
Trapped in a circle, patterning the court mates
Seven week trial, no breaks, ooh
Rude spit, jailhouse put shrimp from my brain
The courts cuffed all of my G
How they pointing at we when there ain't no trace? (How?)
[?] to the cops, re-investigate now (Trace-o)

Yo, they counted us out (Let's go)
Look, but we weren't out for the count (No way)
I checked broski and scrubs, right Bruce
Up in ISIS and I send peace to the mount (Free 'em, free 'em)
Haters fill up their head with doubt (Why?), clout
Me, I never took that route (No way)
Late nights with my speshy, hittin' cells 'round West End tryna feed bare mouths (Skrr, skrr)
Look, I'm a snake in this ting, man
Open my jaws, chomp down on a rat and mouse
I got two double 0000 in diamonds and I still bought Mum's house (Bling, baow)

Leave me alone, there's enough on my plate (Yeah)
Back road, head down, I'm back in the game (Let's go)
And I'm black and I'm proud but I feel that shade (Bling, baow)
I got dargs in a cage, riding, one mistake (Grr, grr)
Leave me alone, this life ain't a game
And it's AJ Trace, man came from The Lane
And I'm black and I'm proud but I feel that pain
I got dargs in the cage that are locked in the shade
Leave me alone, there's enough on my plate (Yeah)
Back road, head down, I'm back in the game (Let's go)
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I sleep with the dogs that shout
Barrels dem twin like their name was Sprouse
I beat them wolves all over the house
About sick, don't spit man out
I pay rent two hands and scales
Man can't tell me 'bout graftin'
Turn man rum like I run with a captain
More guns that the bros need for the mad ting
Bro said there's opps spent time in the gym (Yeah)
So I called for the sports, no time for a hand ting
Three good friends that I lost to the grave

Three to the streets and three on the landing

Stop recallin' my thugs, enough is enough
Feds keep treatin' a roadman tough (Free up, free up)
Belmarsh trips in the circle brush
Yo, jakes wanna scuff and they don't conduct
How? I don't wanna talk too tough
'Bout the justice ting but the system's fucked
I remember the day in the court
I was hopin' there's ten on my side so I need that luck
Old bill and the homicide team on my nuts
My crew wanna aim and blast
Me, I'm a boss, better pree up the cost
Dirty two-two's and I keep this locked

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