

Mm-hm
Listen

It's like murder fucked up my name and money, listen
Last year's pack, made industry mutuals move bare funny
Fuck it, I might as well bill up a duppy
Point blank ting 'cause my shooters like Sully
I made four guys hop out the ding-dong
Bare grown men turn into Bugs Bunny
Them niggas run back in a hurry, yo
Bumper ting bruck off and give me some honey
Can't grip broad EastEnder chicks, the twins like Ronny and Roxie
Run from the bill for the light and the Bobbie
Slugs in the cat house, slime 'em out properly
Don't care how you feel if you're on me
If there's no more waps, then bring out the dottys
We make man lay with the poppies
Yuck that paigon block can't defend our fouls
Even the SOs know 'bout the badness in the jailhouse
We're all on obbo, but still slap a shell unannounced
Blaow, leave man pronounced, my shooter runs with a smile like Leão, listen
Let my dread head grip 'cause he moves like Camavinga from Real
The opps try and bang on me, look at me now
I know how to fling that kite back round
You can call us Filthy Fellas 'cause true say the opps gotta grieve right now
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My block's still winnin' awards like Federer
There ain't no back and forthin like Nadal
The opp boys bored, 'cause they move stupid on the net
Like Mizzy, it's all for the clout, it's all for the clout
Enough of the beef, let's talk about buj bitch
Stamp the beat if you're tryna be hood rich
If you're thirty, hop off the hood shit
Jump off the pitch if your name ain't Modrić
Any time gang have to step out parties, our gun man guards
Listen, the man keep missin' their open chance
We're certified gunners like Ødegaard
The other mazeen made a man of Islam scream "Oh Lord"
It's bad luck if you see us poppin' them cars
The G9's like my chain, it's always on blast
Remind man who's in the past
My blocks like a iPhone fully on charge
Levelled up since the label lift my advance
Booked top floor in the Shangri-La
Now she wanna bust it open in the bath
The floor's marble, come and arch
If you hold the machine, we can go Libertine or Tape and braff
The mandem pattern the guards, man put the scorpion in the dance
I know this thick brown ting wanna pop Perignon, should I give her a chance?
Grtrt, we made it rain, who got the last laugh?

Mm-hm