

Yeah  
Remedee  
Yeah

I'm the youngest plug on the block  
Look at the Louis Vuitton when I rock  
Cut three nine bars down  
After every round with a blade I chop  
Three quarters a box and I'm whippin' the rock  
Straight drop 'til the yola locks  
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Up in the bando with Donna  
That woman is my favourite fiend  
Eleven racks on two waps  
And one of them came with a beam  
I started my day with a bud of Gelato  
And promethazine  
My runner, he comin' to meet me  
I'm smokin' a spliff by the sea  
You can be my favourite girl  
Gucci down to your trainers girl  
Don't fuck, just taste it girl  
Make you feel like you're famous girl  
I'm still on that block with all the fiends out  
Tryna live right  
And I still rock with that Glock fifth  
Or I walk 'round with my flick knife

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Don't slip, that's rule number one in the book  
Whoosh, fling all my grub in the bush  
Half of the time I'm the plug in the hood  
Swoosh, wounds from your head to your bugs  
OG's get smoked, no Kush  
Leather gloves on, this bark ain't a woof

I would've took green like mush  
More time, there's food in the T, man push  
I told this young boy go bank in the bando  
But he got clocked with my rock, I'm sad, yo  
Got a four fizz, not a pack of Tango  
There's a lot of bells in this spin like Django  
Hands on the bruck, man clutch, that's manual  
Try know, anywhere man go, gang roll  
All my young bucks wanna strike like Fernando  
Pop, let him hop 'cah he does it like [?]

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