

Mad About Bars Part 2

Unknown T

Had a dot-dot up in the cab, got Polkas in bags
We soak him and dash
Bro-bro got the clique on waps
Beg man don't run, when they see that wap
Got the clique on mash
Beg man don't run, when they see that wap
Bro-bro got the clique on waps
Beg man don't run, when they see that mash
I had devilish thoughts when I witnessed the body get chopped
Banged the one pop
In fact, there's still spots in this spin ting
Come like them old school clocks
Listen
One lickle ching and they chat like kids
He got splashed, and he got cheffed
We didn't say shit
Gang just pop up and tape off strips
Real nigga shit
Pamper ting, buss off and take mans shit
Bumper ting, bruk' off and tek' some dick
She wants some more love
Just take a man in
Want some more love?
Just take a man in
Gyal must be licked if she thinks imma come to her crib
To get caught up and then get nicked
Don't forget, man got beef on your strip
Don't forget, man got beef on your strip
I done so much work on the low
I'm only young, mixing a pyrex bowl
Bussed the wap case and the Tridents know
Justice ain't right, but the jury don't
C.P.S. they know the justice ain't right, but the jury don't
C.P.S. they know the justice ain't right, but the jury don't
What you know about moving bookey?
Confusing the angle, 'cause I'm unpredictable
See this life that I live ain't fictional
In the system, we're labelled as. "Criminal"
All about money; don't care about beef
But few of these yutes have doubts
Don't care 'bout your name on street
If you're on me, I'm cheffing you inside out
And if I catch an M, I will fly out
Poke-poke chef, soak til' that yute dries out
If a boys got grub, then I will try out, sike
Your boy got yakked then bounced, twice
If I backed my shank on your friend
Ask yourself, "Should I be chillin' with dem?"
Bromley-by-hoe, give ten-out-of-ten
And she sniff coke, let me give it to dem
How could the feds try lock man for eighty hours and dat?
Rhaatid, it's mad
Whose that youte tryna move bare bad?
And my music's up, 'cause my views went mad
Bits get bagged, haffi' scale and lag
And free all da guys, locked up in the can
Bits get bagged, haffi' scale and lag

And free all da guys, locked up in the can
My babes-my babes, said I need rubber bands
Got too much notes in cash
But don't forget, man still gets paid in bands
Can't wait til' the payment lands
The way, the way that the phone just rang
Got seven missed calls at 3am, and it's only a Benz, like damn
Like, how can a man stress man?
Whose got heart lemme turn that off
Blood on creps, man burn that off
You ain't done shit on the pitch like Berbatov
Burn man off
I got bagged and I learned a lot
Chase racks, don't waste more time on a paigon block
I switched plans, now I'm making prof

Mental
That's what it's all about
That's what Mad About Bars is all about
Showcasing the best
Unknown T
T-T.P
Remember, don't ever forget this name
This guy is gonna be a fucking problem on these roads
Remember, I told you that
Homerton stand up
Let's go back in
For the third, and final time, damn!