

## Mad About Bars Part 3

Unknown T

These-, these niggas are bitches  
Bro got the 4-4 strong, Rambo long  
We're getting this done, fuck civilians  
Well I've been on your block with some niggas  
If I pop off the door, no-one vigilant  
Run out-  
Fuck; these niggas are innocent  
Surrounded by burners and shotties  
Next time drop of the dots to a Botty  
Lurk on your block wid' the mop  
Get anything opp, get popped (Bang it)  
Lurk on your block wid' the mop  
Get anything opp, get popped (Bang it)  
Lurk on your block wid' the mop  
Get anything opp, get popped (Bang it)  
Lurk on your block wid the mop  
Get anything opp get- (Buss it now)  
Lurk on your block wid' the mop  
Get anything opp, get popped (Bang it)  
Lurk on your block wid' the mop  
Get anything opp, get popped (Bang it)  
Lurk on your block wid' the mop  
Get anything opp, get popped (Bang it)  
Hmm  
What's this dusty thing that your trappin'?  
Ain't no way this worthy of rapping  
Yeah, he got talk, but he ain't on backin'  
Rambo blade, reverse it, then whack him  
You can fly to my strip like Aladdin  
But one wrong deed?  
Kerlassin'  
Whose on volts?  
Attack him  
Stamp and did mans back in  
Too many opps keep talking smack  
My 9 clique made the grown men dash  
He tried spin, when he backed that mash  
Like, how comes your wasting cash?  
My guys, my guys are the last ones left  
But still tryna get man whacked  
Creep, creep on the low and attack  
We got slugs, nah my team never lack  
Lay low 'cause we're lurking lots  
Numerous blades, out to switch man off  
Can't even say too much on a track  
'Cause the blocks too hot, it's time to get guap  
Heard that half of the streets on us  
But didn't know gang got the beaters tucked  
'Cah anytime we see men, more time the heat get buss  
Still got to focus on clientele  
Push that buj, with the light as well  
Move brave, but I'm booters from jakes  
Racial abuse's what the Tridents yell  
Too many rats, 'cause the opps just chat  
How can a-  
How can a man say I ain't gripsed a wap?  
Blud, go check my CV, akh'

Believe that rap, 'cause I'm speaking facts  
Believe that rap, 'cause I'm speaking facts  
He got splashed, but your team don't back  
He got yacked, and he got wrapped  
The only way you cut's high knees in fact  
Lay low while we're making cash  
Don't forget, gang still trap and mash  
Anyone on road could purchase that wap  
But focus, and raise that stack  
Beefing my clique?  
That's a Shaolin battle  
D.S, Adz, my broadie shackled  
My brodies shackled his heart  
His heartrate's beating  
Look how your brody's rattled  
Run or get tackled  
I think some keeps singing them carols  
Now the whole of the streets move baffled  
Rah, I'm dazzled  
Gang brush off all the opps like Basil (Boom, boom)