

On The Radar (Plugged Out)

Unknown T

(Fumes on the beat)
(Yo, it's Truly the boy)
(TK)
Mhm, mhm
Grtr, mhm
Mhm, grtr, mhm, mhm, listen

Couple opps put racks on my head, let's go
Level up more dough, who's controllin' the bruck?
Bring the man bag bareback, I don't give a fuck
Countless attempts 'til somethin' gets yucked
Boot, don't boast, now man haffi tek that meds with his lunch
Them niggas there punks
The man upfront and I'm still untouched, I beg a man say that they caught ma
n's bluff
Used to buy a two in a Q's from the slums, now I'm flingin' out food
I'm the plug
I'm the rapper, the man with shoes for tugs, ain't no capper
I'm bad with my crew or my ones
Heard it's hot outside, we boot our drums
Couple opp options, which one?
Need a Vespa, peddle bikers get spun
Learnt my lesson, never leave shit at your mum's
Flip bud or the cling
Young G's wanna bill outside, go bill up a line, 'bout bake off
Govern my tin if a 9iner ain't that close
Put an eight on the watch, no Datejust
There's no GSR on my skin or the mandem skin, so the Trident hate us
Wash the machine 'cause the gang'nem spray 'nough
Locked in the wok, saw the opps dem shake up
LL took a third damn L when I flew that kite tell him, "Hold that face cut"
Should've went Upper Clapton for a shape up
Free Skitz, free Loose, they love to spill juice, but my young boys don't wa
nna wake up
Shoot that, spill out the opp boys Wray' cup
He was a plug, but the yute got plugged in, now the bits of both get scraped
up
Pipe down, don't make my goons dem bother you
This calibre nought point .38's, A-C-P I'm in A-C-W
Call this wap fashion with a capital W
Watch how my GMs comin' through
Opp boys try come 'round, but we come right back
Uff, call it, "Ultra-attack"
I don't know 'bout slip, but they know how to lack
No cap, he'll pree up the car, who's that? Uff, who's that?
I don't care who's there, shoot that
Peng tings wanna braff, move back
Bare options them sides to go boot at
Location off, you won't know who crashed
Keep it hush, why? I don't know who chats
Tell the pigs I'm clued up, but they knew that
Oi, boydem, oi, avoid blue hats
Oi, oi, what's good saveloy?
See the fear in there eyes when we slimed their boy
Listen, let the young bulls plugged in, the big boys fuckin' around with the
toys
Listen, all these opps got money, it ain't cost nothin' to cop convoys

Remember school days, them man used to bully my friends, now the king on the
ir block destroyed
Shut up, everyone there just shut up
Shut the fuck up, somethin' got plugged up
I beg man there just avoid, we pull up and make bare noise, grrt, baow
I'm six foot tall, somethin' six foot under
Somethin' got plugged in, plugged out, plugged in and out, what the bumba?
I don't know 'bout the crime scene, fling on a jumper, mm, mhm
Plugged in, plugged out, leave your shit rubbed out
Plugged in, plugged out, leave your shit rubbed out
Plugged in, plugged out, leave your shit rubbed out
Mm, mhm