

# One Time

Unknown T

Swish

Yeah EPO bizz boy

Go round there set it one time

I'mma tug on my block

Man cut thru countless times

You can get touched, chat shit and deny

How many man on your team been dipped like fries?

Its sad, I can't lie but I gotta take risks and try

Man stepped with two young G's, that's Didz and Eyes

Man dump on beats and still take trips sometimes

If you slip on your block then we gotta make siblings cry

My team's that peak and beat off streets

Don't scream, we ain't searching right

Man creep on your block

Cah we step with pokes on bikes get X in the bait moonlight

Things and stuff get popped when doors get bussed

So more time we're searching right

And he ain't known in the bizz but chats 'bout the bitch like [?]

Man you know that the ting's on-sight

When he got dipped, he was walking dead like Dwight

The beef gets peak and it's been that way, no [?]

Look

Bally on me, you're a blacked out T

Come back, I'm swinging my arms and cheff

Test my right hand, you know I back beef

If you 'ear that click, it's a violence sneeze

Look

Step back, no patience cah retaliation be applied as heat

If you pop L's, what's poppin' my G?

Ain't no way man's squashin' the beef

Back up my shank and dug up your lads

I suggest you fall back

Slap that gauge in the dinga, my drilla been aiming at hats

Burst in small cah your squaddie is my favourite hobby

Man best duck from the wap

Mind out where you steppin'

Hats gon' run then we burst off waps

This bruck back gets ringy

Still tryna burst off backs

Stuff them shells in the skeng, reverse it back at that batch

If you roll with your yat and you're buck into the gang

Tell your bitch don't lack

We still rise up, tryna burst up hats

No point tryna deny your face in the vids

You can still get dipped in the back, don't lack

Shit the 9'ers done it again

Bow

2.2 in the ding dong waze

The bitch shoulda took that skeng

This shit ain't done for the clout

Lowkey we properly knife up them

They saw us crash and they dashed on ten

Ten toes on their flat

If you roll with their batch

Don't lack if you seen with them

Don't think cause I did mans rap that I'm dimming the beat of the wap

Bap  
Behind closed doors we're beatin' back  
Fuck if you come out of jail, we bang them shells  
We're your riders at?  
Pull up and creep  
We don't speak, we're the silent batch  
Bitch boy fuck all your chit and your chat  
We supply that blem  
Bow  
Rise at them  
Bruk down two's or we bruk down four's  
We can pop at them  
Fuck  
Free up the guys in pen  
We supply that blem  
Bow  
Rise at them  
Bruk down two's or we bruk down four's  
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