

# 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  
We can pop at them  
Fuck  
Free up the guys in pen