

Margs Freestyle

Wiley

Would you fucking talk to me like I'm some kind of man? Aye, don't fucking talk to me like that

Yo, my hood's rough cus, I'm not bragging
Mum's lose the kids like Dungeons and Dragons
But niggas doing bits for shootings and stabbings
And kids shooting kids with lugers and magnums
I was last g, but you ain't gonna ask me
Them E8 and E9 youngers, because they're barmy
Roll through mopeds, looking like an army
Don't wanna get jerked
Don't roll through the park please
My hood's dangerous
Because most man will take shit
You be dodging shots like you was stuck up in the matrix, pussy
And if you try and hide with the main stick
She might hold a shot from the fifth and get wasted
My hood's crazy
But it made me
And left a life in a [?]
Getting shot in the street like a dog, it's a maybe
But, shit happens, it's just part of the game
And it's art to my game
I mastered the game
Quick fast, spit hard, work hard for my name
What you saying? I just warmed up
I ain't started playing
It's nothing, I do this shit in the dark and the rain
It's 05 now, I tell you Margs' on the come up
I yack in the winter, yack in the summer
STC, snake to cake, it's getting gutter
Don't wanna get crossed, cus
You better me my brother
I'm back out here
Trying to move [?], because I'm able
I'm tired of being dead, and my yard is a cable
I'm nothing like Fred, I'm bringing something to the table
Blud, I'm out here, putting mash out on the map
And I bang girls and now I'm rapping, I can get more
It's tatted on my skin, so don't ask me who I rep for
It's set for, paper, mac, thread of black
Chicken stuff, I tell [?] it's a pot
I'm on my PS2, banging out, fit the profile
Say to my self, [?]
I'm holding back no more days of the [?]
So what? If you've got the cash, I'll do a [?]
War's not for different ends
War's not for setting trends
Keep a clash circle, never with no different friends
You niggas can't see [?], we're like a different ends
I'm trying to cop a CLS, I need a different Benz
Once the [?] texts, you know what's next
The shells burn right through your chest
I got a mash, I'll make you meet your death
Hollow tip, extra clips, shells burn right through your neck
I'm like Destiny's Child, make you lose your breath
What? Who wants next?

I'm out here, if I reaching my mouth
Lick him out on the strip, then I'm back in the house
For more B shots
Why slew? Because you know I'm licking one of v shots
When I slew, it's more time I'm working like my VBox
Unlike you, I work my way up from nicking weed shops
But I ain't changed much, cus
I still yack a weed spot

Woo, fucking hot
Fucking hell
Sick
This [?] as well
I want this on there
I'm fucking the best