

# 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