

On Dem Roads

S.A.S

Might catch May in Rockaway
Bullet in the handgun
Six things of shots a spray 'case you and your man run
To down to rob again
Hold your seed ransom and have to call the coppers dem
Police and the feds come
Welcome to London
Where if we tell you that we're gonna stick
Best believe there's no interruptions
We stack dough with lumpsums
I put my city on the map, I give a fuck where you come from
I'm in tip-top shape
And if your crib got weight, great, you can get your wig rocked mate
Grip a six-shot 8, cuz shoot bazooka papo
I'm movin Flaco, dame, Rugers like a Tahoe
Harm who, I'll get at you clowns
And get Adamu to clap you down
I'm a general
And we dem British thugs, that get rid of slugs
Drop kids, rock more wigs thana British judge
A beast on the cash route, streets pull me back out
Disappeared, crafted, mastered, I'm back out
Beef better back out, cuz heats bend a back out
Slugs torch ya side when the piece end ya back out
The kid is messy, on ice like I'm Gretzky
I slab and spit a epilepsy, you get it
Guard your women, S.A.S. born in Britian
The Don is pimpin' on more fucks than contradictions
Let's get it

Oh no, we ready to roll
We be on dem roads
We pop off like there they go
So pop off if it's a issue
Cock and then pop your pistol
Fuck if the cops'll get you
My copper tops'll hit you
(2x)

This is for my Gs, what
All of my peeps locked
Doin' time behind the walls like it's sheetrock
These cops wanna bug me cuz I keep rocks
Picture me livin' drug-free, this ain't Detox
Sliced down to Cuba, nice in Aruba
That's right, I'm a mover
Type that'll move ya
Got shotties on blocks, I'm nice with the Ruger
So more bodies'll drop than the fight of a loser
Boo swap, manueve cops, my tools pop
Two shots go, check up your knees like tube socks
Whoo, I'm on some hoodie-hoo
Tipped off, who are you
Ticked off if kicked, pissed off to the Lou'
Nah, nigga, pass the doogaloo
I blast real fast, have ya ass do the Boogaloo
Uh, I'm slewin' you, know I'll put a few in you

I get it poppin', I'm poppin' and sprayin' up your funeral
And vibe to the beat, it paint a picture for me
And you can vision what I'm spittin', there's a picture to see
See I develop the flow, from gettin' cheddar off blow
I never said I was HOV but I'll rock a fella fa' sho'
See it's art and I'm the teacher, what the heat on my hip fo'
And pardon, you a diva, plus you sweeter than Lep, no
I'm the shit bro, it's Dipset mane
I put the Eagle to your chest like a Dipset chain
Bang

Oh no, we ready to roll
We be on dem roads
We pop off like there they go
So pop off if it's a issue
Cock and then pop your pistol
Fuck if the cops'll get you
My copper tops'll hit you
(2x)