

## **S.A.S. "On Dem Roads"**

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### Verse 1

Mayhem:

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

### Hook

S.A.S.:

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  
(Repeat)

Verse 2

Mega:

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

Hook

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