

Throw Me Corn

Demarco

Demarco mi name
Tell a bwoy mi bad when mi deh yard an foreign
Dem only feel bad when dem a sing
Haha a no stone wi a fling

Throw mi corn mi never call no fowl
Mi never call no fowl
But if a pussy waan war him can get everything wa the lama hold
But how some likkle bwoy fi war yo
Tell dem anything a bwoy waan do
Dem claim dem a go rise up a bag a strap
Wi have a bag a gun too

Bun up finger tell a pussy hole seh
Gun shot fi gun shot wi naw take chat
Nun a my friend dem naw dead back
Bright light take dem edge a ment fi funeral box
Whole a dem a pussy dem bwoy deh a sops
Organization meck some bwoy get scraps
Mi a one DJ no pay bad man tax
Shoot out bwoy eye fi a wear contacts
A wa happen to some little rug rats

One man mi fear that a the creator
Yeh do wa yuh fi do bwoy wa yuh a wait fa
Gi dem the whole book wa mi a go page fa
Seh dem bad yah so mi bad inna every area
Funeral when mi rise up the alligator
Bwoy face make news make every paper
Bullet hole full up face like any grater
Send bwoy go back a the maker

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Him just a yip, him just a yap
Him just a chat out a face
Bullet sharp like sword it wi chap out yo face
Make sure the red dot, dot out yo face
9X 19 meck tripe drop out a waste
None a dem no bad look how dem crushu
Bullet fold up bwoy like dog ears paw school book
Yeh make sure the pussy face get a new look
Bun up finger bun skull till it cook

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