

Heat Up Freestyle

Roll Deep

Too many vests and not enough mash
Buck up [?] gunman ain't gonna crash
Brains get blown out, cranium smash
And I flex like a top soldier with no mash

Fassy
It's not that
Ya hear me?
Family time

They wanna aim, buss that nigga, heavy artillery
Double bubble shotgun, heavy artillery
MAC-10, that's heavy artillery
Sniper rifle, that's heavy artillery
Where they're going with their little artillery
They're from the gun college, they're from the gun nursery
And I'll soon graduate from gun university
The [?] never thirsty
I treat them like shit on the mic
They're not Roll Deep, they're not ready for the mic
I gave it to man, they never handled it right
They better stop chatting shit, they better stay out of my sight
Before you get a mouth box
You can't bang a handgun, Flowdan on the block
Jungle out here, I'm a king of this shit
More time I'm a lion and you're just a fox
What's the point of ramping with me?
I told you already, got my own policy
You're not Roll Deep? Oh, then you can't chat to me
Because they're beside me, blud, you're behind me
Yeah, I don't know what you're taking this for
I don't like your face, I've never seen you before
But now you're on the riddim tryna look for a war
You must want a new shotting of draw
Side, settle your jaw and decide
When bullets fly, a fassyhole haffi hide
Most ain't really ready for the war like I
And he wasn't ready figure swing a sword like I
Shall I who? Shall I what? Shall I gangster?
Shall I who? Shall I what? Shall I turn him over?
OK, burn him with the new heater
Then yes, peace eight millimetre

Creeper
Give this man a beater
Creeper
Give this man a beat-
Creeper
Give this man a beater
Creeper
Fuck off!