

Morgue Freestyle

Roll Deep

Down you go, up, I'm rolling
Just like clips, my lyrics are loading
When I spit bars, start exploding
Should I be a big star soon, I'll be rolling
Off-road wheels with chrome in
Up I go, down you're strolling
Please stop moaning, young gun, see you won't win it
Just young and you won't win it
Every odd day you will catch me wearing Wile Out
Young gun, see, it's so minor
Make space for the newcomer
I'm only fifteen but the top young gunner
Why? Practice makes perfect
If you can't do it, be strong and just firm it
Just like me, learn it
Nowadays give me a track, I'll burn it
I remember I used to write eight-bar lyrics
Now I write sixteens about my life
I'm only fifteen, I want a lot in my life
Just fuck him, I wanna eat pies
So don't come with that shit cause your lyrics are lies
Be smart and think wise
Notice when I spit, I don't chat shit
So don't come with that shit
Speak that shit
I've had enough of your shit, it stinks, get out of it