

Terrible

Roll Deep

Sometimes I don't think you motherfuckers understand where I'm coming from.
Where I'm trying to get to

Now we're going on terrible
I don't care what you say
Now we're going on terrible
I don't care who they are
Now we're going on terrible
I had enough that's it
Now we're going on terrible
I'm gonna live to the end cause now we're going on...

Are you really ready for this
Style that'll get you in a twist
Step back on the track
If you don't want to get splat
Then I'll dismiss
Thought you wanted a part of this?
Now put the fools in the grave
Ya'll want to still be brave? behave
Do you have any G for the rave
Get a trim, and a shave
You gotta look good for this
Gotta just stand for this
Gotta bus shoobs for this and get pissed
Cause you're rolling with the wickedest
Check this
Spit, venomous shit with my click
When I'm tick you better come quick
Long ting and you must be zipped
And my style is fresh
Know you ain't gotta light vest
So I aim straight for ya chest

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Bet you didn't know I was a really money getter
Me and my crew we're hot, we can't get better
Everything I do is for the love and the cheddar
Am I ever gonna stop? oh no, never ever
Nuff of them boy want to bredder
And they want to bred it with me
But I be too clever
Do you remember when I never had a tenner
Out on the road and at the end now I'm tella
Gonna show up with the doe and watch them eyes get redder
Never gonna forget, I came from the gutter
I'm the brand new stutter
Who want to test badman under fire
Nuff of them are cool blood

Nuff of them are liars
Am I gonna take them higher
A little bit of william
That's what you require
Its the 2 triple 0 and my name's under fire
I'm burning up like a michellin tyre

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All I know is thugs and criminals
My style is quite explainable
Bet you didn't that it was capable
Touch the mike and you'll come invisible
Incredible, don't mind me 'cause wooo
Hate my style cause its original
Play my track upon the vinyl
Now you know we're gone chronical
What do you know
Living out in the ghetto
Running from the five-o
Bus some shots and I'm ready to blow
I'm going on bludclart double-o (woah)
Check this if you like my flow
I'm biggin up the crew that pin the block
Ripping off shots, whether its hot or not
Bad boy blowing up the shot

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Flowing on the microphone is a minor
I am the original style holder
Who's that upon the microphone, guess you wonder
Can't see me cause man will shoot ya
Badman I come from all over
Pass me the gun in any weather
Autumn-spring, summer or winter
Gone till I die, its a minor
Dance that we ramjam, follow man, its our gang
Breezey, wiley, flo-dan
Kill any boy from any station
Them 3 say I'm a true mic man
Empty minded mc's, never like them ones
I ride for the intelligent ones
Dangargan, my name' flo-dan
Eh heh, that's why

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