

Tarrantula

S.A.S

Yeah, Benjamin, yeah, Terrorferma
Dipset, Eurogang, S.A.S.
Yeah, packs the pound, back 'em down
We clattin' 'em bound, we spittin' on this bashmess sound
Yeah, packs the pound, back 'em down
We clattin' 'em bound, we spittin' on this bashmess sound
Aiiiiiyyyy

I know why the flow's tight, my jewelry is so bright
That the chain light up the club, call it a strobe light
Love to hate me but hate to love me
Face it dummy, I'm makin' money (It's all fine)
You spittin' for fun, I'm spittin' for funds
Act like a prick and get bun
Get up and give you the run
Mega's a G, I don't need that bling
Sayin' that you better than me, that's a idiot ting
And I'm sittin' on low pros, you watchin' my Rolls go
Spit artic wind, yeah, brother my flow's cold
And when will you guys learn
I told you it's my turn
Scar so smooth de gal dem think it's a sideburn
I get it to move, I never will lose
Naw gent, for life, yeah that's right, don't g et it confused
Rhyme wit' a accent, grind when you stack heads
Head gone, zip it up, wind to this bashmess

The tarrantula
Time fi di Massive come sing ya
(S.A.S.)
The tarrantula
Don't play with my style I might sting ya
(S.A.S.)
The tarrantula
You waan me inject the bacteria
(S.A.S.)
We make yuh body gwaan stiff and yuh spine gwaan numb
Now come fi get some

You can catch May' bunnin' a spliff
Spending them funds like he rich
Hey, I run with the Dips, gained a 100 of chips
So you know I got expensive tastes
And ends to waste to change the way the Benz is shaped
In fact, we runnin' a pace, bought you with guns on the waist
Skank and I'm done in the place
Like you got something to say
Act tuffy with the Dipset Shower Gang
And boy trust me you get duppied in an hour man
But F that, back to the dance, watchin' the chicks as they glance
Waitin' to take up a chance
Uh, to make an advance
We're them dudes that rock the ice
And if you snooze then you lose, we caught ya wife, a'ight
Watch me, I'm so fly, clock how I roll by
95 percent of the time I'm in my mode high
More drum and bass, we sampled and fused it

To a all-day parade to carnival music

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(S.A.S.)

The tarrantula

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You waan me inject the bacteria

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We make yuh body gwaan stiff and yuh spine gwaan numb

Now come fi get some

They don't understand like I'm spittin' another language

Mira, I could either spit it in Spanish

She like "Papi chulo, you numero uno"

The way she shakin' her culo might be gettin' duro

You have no prave, wind and panat me

Even in the club these chicks wanna menage

Sippin' too much Bacardi probably

I tell her "Quieren no suave mami"

This is for my men dem with accents

And my afro-caribbean sisters winding in bashments

Foot pon shoulder wit' ya leg high

And oh yes, that says high

Got me stuck, red-eye

My dancehall grinders, poor, young minors

Now droppin' banks, poppin' champs, 4-1-9ers

And when the wrist gleam my forearms the sickest

I always keep it clean like Don Juan the Bishop

Bitches

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(S.A.S.)

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