

{Ay bro
Have you ever met that fucking Tommy Sixx cunt man?}
That cunt's a fucking nutcase, ay, I've seen-
I've seen the cunt full fly kick this fucking nanny right in her tits, mate
Mate, he's fucking mental repping FTP and shit
When it comes to fucking hectic cunts, he is the hecticest
(Yo put your motherfucking bitch up homie, you don't know who you're talking to)

Yippy yippy yai, yippy yo, yippy yay
FTP in the motherfucking place
And you know we got a death wish
Yo you better leave that cunt alone I heard that dude's hectic

Let me tell you all a story 'bout a basic cunt
Never wanted to be shit but a crazy fuck
You might have seen him at the station once
You never met him but I guarantee you hate the cunt
Don't deserve him when he's taking drugs
He does the same shit Satan does
Angel dust
And the street cred he got he just made it up
Middle fingers in the sky and they motherfucking staying up
Yo he got himself a bitch but he ain't in love
Never smokes all he raps about is blazing up
No car but he needs one
The type to see a speed bump then speed up
How many bodies? You'd love to know though
No Instagram but he loves a photo
FTP on his fucking logo
Whenever there's a camera, fuck the po-po
So hectic

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No guns but he comes with a blade
I guarantee he spells "cunt" with a K
His crew verse you, you'll get punched in the face
But if you see him one on one, he'll be running away (leg it!)
If he's got a backpack, then he's come for a paint
Polo on and it's tucked in the front in the waist (throwies bruh!)
You should see his fucking rat's tail
I mean literally on his head he stapled a fucking rat's tail
I ain't saying he's on methadone
But I reckon it's either meth or don't so just let him go
Check the format, where's the porn at?
Spend a whole year stealing all his ex's broadband (check me out!)
Downloaded so much porn, got his broad bent
Now he hear the chick's the lead singer of a broad band, (oh God cunt)
His crew look ready for war, but to us they look ready for sports
So fucking hekkas

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Listen

I'm kind of thinking that you should let him be
You fucked up though when you befriended him
Cause he'll be the best man and he'll lose the wedding ring
And you'll find him trying to hock it in the queue for Centrelink (you want a ring mate?)
Grabs pics with his crew and everything
Face covered, homie, you ain't proving anything (throwies bruh!)
He ain't new to medicine but he brews amphetamines
No suit though but he's got the pseudoephedrine (any fucking pseudo)
And promethazine while he's chewing mescaline
Too incredible on a level that you will never be
Pick a fight like you offended him
The adrenaline in his head's a boost of energy
So fried that he'll lose his memory
So cooked he gotta Google everything like "who just messaged me?"
"Oi, cunt! Was that you who texted me?"
Two phones he got a new one every week
Yo he's fed up with his bitches, he's never got a missus
Everybody get's attached, human centipede
If you see him do crime, though, you should never speak
He's on the run without doing anything
He's the hecticest

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Aw, man, things have just been fucked, ay, like; My fucking, my missus cheat ed on me with my best mate. She did that on my fucking birthday. My fucking- The rims on my VL got fully jacked last week and it's been fucked, the tires have been fucked, I can't even drive the cunt around, can't do anything like that, the fucking-
They've frozen my Centrelink payments. They're not going to give me a payment until I fucking- until I give them- give them a medical certificate, or something like that
It's just fucked man, it's just like, it's just sometimes I just, I don't want to go on anymore, you know what I mean? Like I just can't fucking do it any more. But-
You reckon you could spot me a tenner? Cheers cunt