

Hate Dats Mad (Hate Dats Mad)

Arrghh grams of each coz I need bands of these fleet (Ay ay)
Acts on my soon shotties and cars bands and jeeps (skrrt skrrt)
Had to send it be in the workshops it was too lanky (shhh hhh laggy)
Casualty funeral suits no casualties (Bow bow)
Uck from up face holding up hair so man can see (let me see)
Cutting up grub all night so my hands down, if my hands might bleed (errrgh)
Sons of anarchy on bikes if a boy gonna challenge me (skrrrt skrrt)
Sales of them pack then drive when a live back them come and move driving at
high speed

L (What you talkin bout)

Took the long way home in the AM get in the room that beddie (sssss)
Two hands on a hefty man's gotta hold it hefty full tank and its on sport
Man don't care bout petty (skrrt skrrt)
Dem man there chat on the net all now I ain't seen reddies (reddies)
Mask up like Freddie (huh?) eighteen man ran through twenty (trap)
When you know bout vacuum packs weight on the scales its heavy (boom!)
I got packs like Amsterdam and I got racks very
Stay Geed up in the field defend my team like Terry

Niggas know when Im ready up
Lick him down he ain't getting up
Spinner ting on a few steps had dat twelve gauge on a regular (stepping)
Scribz stepped with a Moose scuff got the goose though dats Canada (Step!)
Five years for that 45 dats one love to my barrister (Come On!)
Skeng came through with the Benz and stepped out with the 10
Dem man red eye at us "saucy drillers" dem all our pendants bust
Eighteen K times three all in rose dats skeng and CRose (grab them)
Mash it in jail or road free my brothers dem free Django free Slowz

(Mmhmm)

Dem boy their punks (sideman)
Finger this spinner for fun then go do tings for mum (swrr swrr swrr swrr)
Last time a man try run and last time a man got bun (Blowl!)
Bang bang on someone's son not scared so do it and run (blowl!)
Trap trap till deres no grub you was moving weird in the club (mmhm)
Anytime I read off dats lumps or white or black or punk (mmhm)
Do it for the team like T or Snee or D or Lim or Rum
Got a bad one what a turn done (mmhmmmmhm dats ups)

Aighhh

Invest and save this money even though I can't take it to my grave way before
all of this football
We done barber gave man a serious shave still want me beat for the football
tryna score
We ain't tryna hit no goal frame Let's Lurk two sticks and a portable no face
no case big wap big racks
Oi we don't play with no baby toys ride with us or get lean on boy got skeng
s in trucks
And then cook these boys (aighhhh) war is war and we are scoring points
Don't lose a life tryna prove a point my drillers drill corn break your joints
crash your bones
Leave a man destroyed

Wah? Holy upon gyal this (huuh?)

Still with the goons dem deep on the streets dere man dere boy tryna dis (tr y dis)

I ain't in no kind of fuckery (Huuh?) on a kinky ting (wah?!) arim (talk tal k)

Where ya talkin lit (Uh herrghhh)

Mummy said son you don't do the tings (wah? Wah?)

Anytime we show or pull up bro it's a movie ting (errrghh) (bow!)

Keep me a cutie or a boujie ting I'll bust man's head (wide open) on a movie ting (wah? Wah?)

Said she wanna fuck wit the sauce kid

Last time I checked she was your bitch (bad b b)

Fucked her kicked her out morning young rich nigga Im balling (uh uh) now we just got racks from touring

Im high of da flavours and high of the gas (yeah yeah) and I got Wray & Neph ew touring (your corny man)

In the field still scoring might shoot my skeng or poor him still pull up on opps no warning

Hella problems Im causing (yeah dem man know) the opps are dead up keep fall ing

Mad Liquez ready for roaring (blowl!)

Fuck the flashy ting (fuck it)

Drug money still doubling G money came fresh home from a bird and he still d oubling (yeah)

I just really wanna Queen Elizabeth all these bitches are just troubling (de re just troublesome)

Full of narcotics with the bandz yeah man's running him (mans running him) a ll for the bread (yeah)

Skengs out on the opp block bow bow load a man bled (bow bow)

Big ramz on my waist on a opp block load a man fled (dash dash)

Remember kway back tryna dip man but I prefer forties instead (yeah I do)

Trap racks and stack bags

Doroad like black cabs

Big skengs in the man bag

Take the pack like Im Madmax (take that)

Break the break like Im KitKat (bruck it)

Put the waps in the hatch back (argh)

Dem boy they love chit-chats (chatty)

Bitch boy get a back slap

Man get touched but how they feel (fuck them)

Got the sauce on spill (spill it)

Fly up cunch with the deals (cunch)

Get it up in the wheels (ucky)

Take mans tings for a thrill (haha)

Dem niggas don't keep it real ten toes up with a tooley

Still hop out the whip then drill

Im tryna get rich (stinking)

No cap can't call mans phone talkin bout ticks (piss off)

Setting up shop in cunch make the phone rip (drilling)

ASAP Imma young nigga with tricks

I ain't talking bout pancakes but mans making few flip (flip it)

Im with Smokey on the opp block tryna fry a nigga like chips (bang bang)

From kway back this gang shit Ive been loving it (love it)

Peng tingz wanna fuck but before dat they gotta suck on it (suck it)

(Mmhmm)

I caught another case but I beat it (ay!)

Bare stress from this girl coz of this rap shit I don't need it but I still press and I jeet it

This eight bar made more than your TB and your weed flip walking round with

the wap

Rise it up and then Febreze it (spray that)

Bare chat from that opp boy but Im pretty sure he don't mean it (mmhm)

My brodie said they just fans (fans) Im pretty sure they just wanted pics when they saw us but just ran (bitch)

Nah brah I see him the vid talking shit about that gang (so bang)