

I heard dissin' the deads bad karma
We don't believe in karma
When man's dead they're gonna diss man harder
For all the yutes we bored and blast up
Armed and dangerous, shottys and shavers
Glocks with lasers, stens that's quakin'
We gotta hide our faces cah' we make unknown corpses famous

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Ay, Rage, they say they don't dance but *** got fried in his nose in a party
TC first in the ride not [?]
Spot 'em and drop 'em, don't question the army
Four door truck, no car key
Push-to-start, new dingers are classy
*** got kwenged in his face so it's nasty
*** got splashed in his cheek, don't ask me
'019 when the gangdem cleaned up
3 of them boys with Jesus
Speechless, now they gotta ride for them eediats
Point blank settings when *** got seasoned
*** got kweffed and splashed
Next time we might just leave him
They don't like beef, they're part time vegans
They only step when we give them reasons
Hold my breath, now I gotta focus
You ain't slapped a yute with a car in motion
Real life gun boy, still do soakings
It jammed on *** so we jumped out and poked him
Original like when Sainsbury's [?]
On top times, left the rotty in Oakland
Them yutes are bogus
Dead mates on pendants, that ain't even frozen

The streets they wanna hear violence
Me, I'm duckin' from Trident
Tension's high cah we ride in silence
Bruckback and the spin when ridin', ridin'
Bro said we do him, due timin'
I dunno about him but I'm fully on my ting
I wanna go now, I wanna bloodclart find him
Two large corn, come big like Simon
I ain't been shot, why the paigons lyin'?
Old school pushbike days with Djang

LPG when you was cyclin'
*** held two big corn, was smilin'
Ay ***, what happened that day when we came with two waps and they weren't f
irin'?
He got dipped like the boy was a migrant
*** got splashed, same with ***, same with ***
*** got blasted, now his army's flat like China
I done *** wearin' designer, still never burned that one it's a minor
I was locked in the cage like a tiger
Why do them man love cyber?

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Ay Mizzy, turn me up