

MoboCypher

BDL, Base Defence League, large up 67

Big up Abra Cadabra

Shell, BDL Skank out now

Yo

Mouth as foul as a potty

Showed these man 'bout body

12 gauge, I be on rage, you'll be pissing in a bag and shitting in a potty

I'm on the Star Trek life, it's Captain Kirk with a shotty

Aim this ting at the opp', click, click boom, beam me up Scotty

When man's in the hot seat

They find legs fam, running like Merlene Ottey

I am a made man, so is my team Carmine, Clemenza, Gotti

In this grime scene, understand this you fucking fuckers, I am Michael Corleone

Walk through the valley of the death, I know that my shadow's got me

45 Big bro, Uncle shotty

My grandpa's a Mac-10

If I cry and grab that Lycra phone, it's a fucking mad ting

Sports Direct tracksuits, only for clicking and clacking and a whole deeper action

Lights, camera, action

Oi fam, man's ready for action

My life is a movie, it's a horror film, with a whole heap of action

Them man there's movie, it's a romance, skip that forward, we want the action

The click and the clacking, the boom and the bang

Basics, base, oh shit Narstie's back with a plan

Back to the corned beef and rice, back to the tuna, back to the yard food

Back to the cho cho, back to the fucking yam

Kunta Kinte with Django, oh shit he's a problem, damn

Who's that man who smokes in London like he's living in 'Dam

And I know I can

Crush these man like ants

Sweet niggas, they all have period cramps

They say they make P, they buy Benz's, fam they're fucking tramps

My gas pipe's boom, that means the rave is going mad

Pain and chill when I does this

Man see my cause chain in the rave swinging, blood

Think of MC Hammer, you can't touch this

I've been a G inside my mum's crutches

AL, 6 to the 7, too fire

Look, I've had enough of these kids

Tryna draw me out, I'm no pic

I've got a flick-knife where I shit

And a Cartier for my wrist

I make money and I draw blood and I'm happy taking these risks

All these [?] wanna give it up for a badman for the 6

I've got girls shaking their bumpers

They can feel the mash on my jumper

Thought it was sunny days 'til I hit him up with the thunder

Come on gang, I'm with 6 gang

I've got drillers with me when I step

We drilled them then came back like we better show re-

We handle beef with a drill

F a Morleys, I... and a Coke can as my meal  
Now tell me who's really real  
44 can't lift him up 'cause I handle it with some skill  
I bet this 44 can't lift him up 'cause I handle it with some skill  
And I've got no manners  
I'ma hots them here on piss like they've got no bladders  
I play no games with snakes when I raise my ladder  
I'll clamp him, clamp him then scatter

Mad Liquez on track, when them niggas really know I'm crazy  
And I've got love for my 357, treat that like my baby  
Got a next one pending and that one's called Amy  
And that one there's so loud, oh yeah she's so facety  
Don't come with your talk 'cuh alla dat talk don't phase me  
Don't fuck with none of them girls, only fuck with ladies  
It's still frying out 'ere, even when it's cold and rainy  
Got 'nuff stress on my head from the feds at the age of 20  
And bro got 25 to 50 shot, better do as he says  
Better move out his way 'cuh that's a murder case if he sprays  
My bro M.A, better know he don't play  
Big machine looking like a AK, fling it right in his face  
Leave the scene in a state and he ain't catching no case  
Put my hands to my heart, I'm about that life  
Mad thoughts in my head, no I won't think twice  
I'm a skeng man but I still use knives  
If you scream 67K, I'ma take that life

Look, I've been a problem from early  
Ten years old, I was grabbing them girlies  
So hating on a bro won't hurt me  
Realer than most, I'm forever being shirty  
I'm just tryna get this money in  
But it won't hurt if I see the girls doubling  
Even when I'm rich as well, I won't stop hustling  
Catch me in the [?], bad beats, I'll be troubling  
Look, [?] 1-7  
That's my own town and I rep it  
Locking off the dance and my tuggs dem step in  
[?] the place, we ain't messing  
Show, yeah double [?]  
Bare fake bruddas think it's only 'cause of music  
Show, diss me? Are you stupid?  
Your girl ain't feeling you, I got her bun by cupid  
I'll soon have racks in my pocket, in the fast lane  
Breezing, blowing like I'm Sonic  
And I've got a lightie counting in this lap, couple bags but she ain't getting nothing from it  
Look, yeah I'm still due in my bubble, when it comes to my G's, I start let 50's go  
I be counting and counting, I'm getting pounds and the pounds, [?]  
And they already know I'm presidential  
[?] riding dirty in my rental  
[?] so essential  
The girl that's calling me on an incidental  
They thought they could go hard so I came back and I gave 'em one harder  
Man catch me saying no crud with my [?]  
The fact that you've gotta lick your mudda

Yoza, we are back  
Winston, you bloodclart you  
Yo, I told man straight that it's pain for dem  
I'ma burn more fire than [?]  
You want sunshine, but it rains again

G, man's out here, robbing with the merry men  
Still got teet' from the Swammys from twenty-ten  
The fat boy, so-so raggo  
Man can't play with me and my fammo  
Are they mad, I've got Tesco bags full of ammo  
I chose the life of a G  
Put my faith in deceit  
Like amazing grace, blood I was blind but now I see  
Bang this blue flag in the belly of the beast  
And only God kicks me out the [?]  
Came close but I was never there  
And I'd be lying if I told man I'm never scared  
Mummy talk to me, bro talk to me, granny talk to me  
Ears out, man can't hear  
Dying to be a G plus a pistol 'ere  
Found something in the garden, rah there's a pistol there  
Did it like the tyres, had a good year  
Started bursting bottles and cats  
Now I burst things what fucking burst back  
Bro would violate me and take away my strap  
Base, bang the swam like C-O-D  
Ting banged, send man to G-O-D  
I'm a down and dirty V-L-G  
Who? Who?  
I'm not well, mum said 'Sort it out, you need to see a D-O-C'  
Check my mind out, out of nowhere, burst my pipe  
Man can't talk to me, na  
Man can't hype to me, na  
Man get the nine in a car  
Man get the nine with a scar  
Headshots, man ain't having about  
You can see I'm a G from close up, I can see you're a prick from far  
My flow, blacker than tar  
  
Pain, rage, ouch, ah  
I'll put man's arm in a bar  
I'll put body parts in a jar  
You don't wanna be in the sea with a shark  
You are locked into Par FM, oi fam, it's a par  
It's gassed when I get out the car  
Base