

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

n

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 raggio
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