

## Hideout

### Bad Boy Chiller Crew

Yo it's the Bad Boy Chiller Crew  
Hold tight Bru-C  
Git up!  
Git up, my lad!  
Yo, yo, yo!

Let's ride out  
Me and my bruddas, we catching a vibe now  
If you wanna know then you can find out  
Hit the airport, I'm looking to hideout, woah  
Come girl, let's roll thru  
Shape of your body, I'm wanting to hold you  
Brand new stoney and I'm stoned too  
I told her them other brudda are old news  
Foot down, watch man go thru

I'm a real raver, shots of the Jager  
Man I've had this shit boxed off since day one  
I've got the whip boxed off with flavours  
I get this shit boxed up like trainers  
Blue Nike vapors, blue slim papers  
Blue Ted Bakers, rule street breaker  
Pigs try raid us, mapped his stages  
Shotguns racing, ripping up acres  
Yo, this ones that sunshine anthem  
Bradford mandem, Bantam bandits  
Boy drives transit, squads all rammed him  
Boys just scranned him, YJ's landing  
Bradford city man the bits are gritty  
3 for 50 rhythm when I sink your living  
Man I'm easy with it, grab the weed and bill it  
Yo, I aren't gonna stop til I see the finish

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Bottles get popped, boys on top  
Shops get robbed, these streets hot  
Running from the police yo PC plod  
Run up outside in that VC truck  
Better wheel it up, get you feeling good  
When that season comes I'll be squeezing bum  
Backstage with a bad ting, yo what's happening  
She fine, she ain't got a catfish, yo  
It's a madness, go and ask him drastic  
And we'll fly past him in the Aston, blast it  
Couple JD's, I'm plastered  
I'm a bad boy, that's standard, yo  
Bradford boys got them YJ's watching  
Packs from Cali got the boys straight cotchin

Radio 1 got the whole place locked in  
Yo, we get the UK bopping

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