

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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