

Marky B, Connor John, Jintai Diss Track

Bad Boy Chiller Crew

Don't give me this
Don't give me that
That's what you get
When you act a fool

Just one of these days
You're gonna be afraid
Better watch your back
It's gonna get personal

Jin Thai let's get it started
Yo you ain't got a penny to scratch your arse with
Nowt left just a bit of cartilage all bunged out
The kid's retarded
Who's that on Santa's tick list
All dried-out, feeling optimistic?
All night gonna rock the kitchen
20 bar shots
The boys have chipped in

Garath Kelly put my belly on your bird's back
Spread the bitch like "Lurpak"
I put my girth up her dirt track
Now she's calling me her dad

Little dirt bag
Spent fast but that pip won't last
Spraff that bag 'cause you ain't no cash
No clothes on your video shoot
Don't worry, man. The boys have got your back

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This crank's no Jason Statham
When I ram this jeep straight through this trailer
Boys back with that misbehaviour
Mark's done
Can't run when you hit the pavement

Talk to Bacon, go write a statement
I'll hit the site with no hesitation
That Winnebago needs renovation
I'll piss all over your generator

'Round here better hide your face
With your front tooth looking all nardo grey
Must be digging that shard or grain
What Simon says, nowt Mark won't say

Still dossing down Rockwell Lane
5 man, 2 quid on a 10-pound haze
Sublics cirona in his chain
And I told 'em I'm better than Zola in his day

This one's like a 8 goal thriller
I've had more bikes than you've had hot dinners
Jealousy. That's a silent killer
No more perms, man. That hair looks thinner
When that shit stops then it's back to basics
Drum sticks and potato faces

Divvy tryna make a statement
Shouldn't be making babies
CSA. They haven't seen no payment
Yo

I'm his dad
I don't wanna hurt Mark
But I might sniff lines straight off his bird's arse
How many bars about that theft charge?
How many times you rocked those fake garms?

2 shoes on his chest
Better shoe some respect
Connor John, you're a pest
Bean stains on your vest
Shetland pony. he's got 4 in the shed
I'll land at your site and touch up the pen

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Poo-Stain John, you're a mong from tong
I'll snap your ribcage with a swanton bom
Messed up, man. The don's long gone
I wouldn't fuck his bird with a condom on

And how you're gonna mention my mullet
When you mop top needs cutting
We just wanna know who's done it
Sat in your pad on subbys

Tramp John in a tank top
And Ben can't help these plant pots

Mention my name, hit the jackpot
Need some dry shampoo for your dandruff

Taking off headtops
Tramp smells like wet dog
Spray you down with a jet wash
Face looks stepped on
Messed up needs sectioned
Get ready for the next one

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