

Cannon

Bashy

(Ragz2Richez Bitch!)

You know me, it's Bashy man
You won't see me in Red Monkeys man
I'd rather buy a thousand mixtapes yeah
Oii

The names Ash but it's Bash to you faggots
In Green mans got guns bigger than a (Cannon)
And the youngers are nutters, a bunch of mischievous f*ckers who would cut y
ou in your adams
I won't stop until I'm bading just like the Adams
Hustling, getting my bank balance up per annum
Guns man doe, pull 'em out for fashion they bang 'em
And when the jakes come, act like nothing happened
But out to the tugs in the slammer
Let me take the time to say, free my nigga Gangbanga Stana
Who? Gangbanga Stana yes blood, he reps his manor
He's a hard face, Scarface black Montana
Anyway back to the manor, where North West ain't in a passer passer
Quick to tell ya p*ssy, know yourself guns go bracka bracka
I'm a stacker, stacker you slacker, slacker
Plus it look like a bunny nyam your chain cause it's lacking carrots
And girls feel my swagger from back in the day
When I dropped the 1-10's with Dolce & Gabbana
Fresh off the hanger but now I want the Jacobs, I ain't talking crackers
Me work for the crackers? Are you f*cking crackers?
And girls love my mixtapes, I'm flattered
And guys tell me when they see me, I'm getting battered huhh
Stay there with your little daggers, got the ting here
So like the Rock says, 'It doesn't matter!'
Cause you need to be, quick to scare me
But I'll fly like (???)

Punch your claat, take the shank and slice you like salami
Better kill me if you harm me, I'm not inna that malarky
f*ck swimming with the fishes, you'll be drowning where the sharks be
f*ck your Mr. Miyagi karate, don't make me laughy
Grab you by the boat, stab you in the throat with the car key
Yeah I'm with my army, sit back and enjoy your Bacardi
Don't make us spoil the party, you punani
My boys are animals, no safaris
No games, no Atari's
No jokes like Cat and Arby
Niggas will snatch your Carti, advertise the product like 'Sace, Sace'
Auction it off to the highest bidder
I roll with couple killers, who will run in your yard and Meet the Parents l
ike Ben Stiller
You know them f*ckrie Yardies
Anyway, look I drop Armani and Cavalli, smell of Dreamer by Versace
On the road I'm stacking hard P's, hardly got the time for barneys
(???) and (???) meeting all these ladijadi's and arty fartys like 'Kiss, kis
s, Ashley, Ashley'
Movie directors like cast me, cast me
I'll act in your trilogy, from Part One right through to Part Three
Not racist but f*ck the Nazi's, big up Idi Amin
This is London, Kensal Rise bitch this ain't Marcy

Niggas move the queues of the Charlie, making profit off the Barley
Won't stop 'til my pockets are fatter than MC Narstie

Yeah

Shut up, shut up, shut up

Yo, don't ya know

I said them tings go bracka, bracka

You know them tings go bracka, bracka

Hmmm.. Oiiii, nahhhh