

## Sun Goes Down

Belly Squad

Them niggas copied the style but I don't say a thing  
My niggas fucking the game, them boys are celibate  
Them man are running their mouth but they don't get it in  
I said they're running their mouth but they don't get it in  
Ting from West, that's a lightie in Prada  
Man south yardie, uncle's a farmer  
He don't use beater, fat meat cleaver  
Chopping up a brudda if the beef gets deeper

I be here 'til the sun goes down  
Got a brown one from Brum town  
I've got a cooly looking all wild  
She wanna do me, she say I'm too foul  
They call me war-war, I love when the war start  
Don't move like you can't get your dawg got  
Rock it out and yeah we rock the crowd  
Have things in JD bags and throw pouch

I've been out there for a minute  
Yeah I been out here 'til the sun goes down  
Gotta tell her cut, she ain't with it  
Tell a man hush, you ain't making no pounds  
I don't know why you act bad for  
I don't know why you act bad for  
You was never frontline, you was back four  
Little nigga, you was back four

Uh, we been out here 'til the morn'  
Got packs in the trap, still tryna stack more  
Please tell me why they act bad for  
'Til I slide in a four-door, they don't want war  
Brown girl with your whine and fling it  
Say that she bad so I tell her come bring it  
We not into no games or gimmicks  
And you best mind out 'cause my dawgs came with it

Tryna make my life bang like Cillit  
So I'm out here 'til the sun goes down  
Foreign flavours, I bill it  
Man I came a long way from a hundred pound  
Didn't wanna know now they wanna know  
Pengtings see me and they wanna blow  
Jumped in the passenger seat  
I cancelled the Addison Lee

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Them man are just chatting loads  
I ain't gotta do the most, so she rolled in  
Got a brown skin ting from Bow

But she's coming to the bit, you know I'm boning  
Baby, silly silly  
More money, more [?], no biggie biggie  
How could you not back your bro?  
Talking smoke, these times you were ghosting

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