

Dead You

Bru-C

(Yeah
What we tell them)

I'm so sick, mandem say get well soon
Grease up every track, coming like RedTube
You ain't family, why should I bread you
If I want to chat then I will bell you
My girl lied, she never met Bru
Don't always believe what them a tell you
Half these emcees need wetsuits
Come 'tru, pick up the mic, dead you

I'll dead you
On the mic and I'll dead you
Not a big man, you're a dead yute
Piss me off and I'll dead you
(You, you, you, you, you, you, you, you)
Not a big man, you're a dead yute
Piss me off and I'll dead you
(You)

(Not a big man, you're a dead yute
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(You)

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(Not a big man, you're a dead yute
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(You)

(I'll dead you
On the mic and I'll dead you
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Piss me off and I'll dead you)

Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm not an emcee, man are matching
From day one I've been into the clashing
Speaking truth, I ain't into the gassing
Bring your whole team, I'll swing for the captain
I'm splashing, goose on a rider, yeah man are splashing
Pure energy, dem boy there are lacking
Spit two bars man there be like jacking [?]
Skanking, man are moving, man are skanking
I ain't ramping or galivanting
Get in the 'studes and I'll put on an anthem
Flow's everlasting, live in a movie, no I ain't casting
If you wanna try war with me, see an emcee fly like a javelin

Might see an emcee fly out the room
Might see a DJ fly out the room
You don't want a war with me
Yo Selecta, pull up the tune
Might see an emcee fly out the room

Might see a DJ fly out the room
You don't want a war with me
Yo Selecta, pull up the tune
(Tune)

(You don't want a war with me
Yo Selecta, pull up the tune)
(Tune)

(You don't want a war with me
Yo Selecta, pull up the tune)
(Tune)

(You don't want a war with me
Yo Selecta, pull up the tune)
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(You don't want a war with me
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