

# Dutty

Bru-C

Dutty

Dutty

Dutty, coming like a trough for a piggy  
Dutty, this one'll make you get jiggy  
Dutty, it's about to get silly  
Coming like a mouthful of ciggy  
My don, it is dutty, looking like your granddaddy foot  
Dutty, you better shut the fuck up  
Dutty, buss a screwface in the mirror  
Bru-C, let me deliver  
This one's dutty

Dutty

Yeah, listen  
Dutty like your baby mother's kitchen  
Only put the tip in and she's screaming like I squeezed a rubber chicken  
Steaming and I'm feeling like a G upon a mission  
Weed up in my system  
When life hands you dirt, plant seeds or just feed a couple pigeons  
Not my fault when she speaks I never listen  
I'm too busy thinking about preaching my beliefs upon the riddim  
But I ain't gonna speak on a religion  
Man are gonna speak about the time I spoke about speaking about what I spoke  
about  
Man don't joke about  
The whole scene's full of pussies  
I'm the only bloke about  
Put your hands on your lips, rudeboy, and hold your mouth  
But if you're gonna say something, say something  
DJ, play something  
Rave jumping  
Feel the bass coming like  
Shut the place down, blud, it ain't nothing  
I'm dutty

Dutty

Man wanna war, feeling under attack  
Skank out, front to the back  
Manna got money, honey, manna got cash  
You name must be Jill 'cause you man ain't got Jack  
Mandem in the mosh like they come for a scrap  
Crowdsurf, jump on your back  
Certain MCs sound dumb pon the tracks  
So they get left like a key under the mat

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