

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 grandaddy 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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