

# Flush Raw

Bugzy Malone

Bugzy Malone, 0-10  
Flush TV, listen  
Look look

Picture this I'm chilling  
But the guy next to me must have been pilling or something  
Because he keeps ramping and chatting  
But the way that he's doing it's pushing a button  
It's like I can feel it inside me  
I don't wanna get vexed and knock the kid out so I don't and I keep it inside me  
'Cus I don't wanna wake up in a police cell with no shoe laces and a charge sheet  
So that's why you see that I'm holding it down  
But you know I'm not down with batties  
So the guy next to me best step back  
Before he gets rushed like a fatty  
With his bottom lip bust, forehead cracked  
But I look and he's looking right at me  
So I'm thinking does he want it with me, me?  
So I start turning a bit  
I'm screwing and my head starts burning a bit  
But I don't wanna waste time teaching a prick that it's daft to be rampin' and deeking and shit  
Deeking and shit, but he's still watching  
I've got a drink in my hand, I'm coting  
Does this nigga want dragging and spinning to the side of the room where nobodies standing?

So I stand up and look round  
Drink in my hand everybody put down  
'Cus I can feel it going off soon, if it does everyone will be running around  
But he's not ready for what I'm packin'  
I got a machete in my waist line no doubt  
But I call it the Samurai sword  
When I whip it out;  
Everybody starts running about, I start running about  
I don't pull a gun out  
Everybody's screaming looking to duck out  
But back to the point with the guy deeking, he got brave and told me to suck out  
I did say it I was ready to destroy that fool  
Wasn't ready for the devil to employ that fool  
Try to chieftain a nigga but didn't bring no tool  
So I said 'you can suck out'

Turn into the devil, this time whip out the Samurai sword so quick that-  
The nigga that tried it got looked at  
I was gonna let him off but fuck that  
I made sure that nigga got chopped up bad  
And the rest of the niggas that looked back  
Got chased to the fire exit caught up and left in a blacked out body bag  
So I'm leaving the place, place  
Cus I know Feds' will be all over the place  
And my heart beats slowing down now, it's going about the same speed as the bass

So, so, I'm on a back street now, by myself and I put the Samurai sword down  
Walking the street blacked out hands in my pockets and a blacked out car slow pulls down  
4 niggas pulled up in a blacked out whip  
3 niggas jumped out on a hype ting  
First nigga jumped out  
I said "really whats good"  
He said "nuttin, but I am on a hype 'ting"  
I did say it I was ready to destroy that fool  
Wasn't ready for the devil to employ that fool  
Try to jack a nigga but didn't bring no tool  
So I said, "I am on a hype ting"  
Turn into the devil, sky turns red  
Everybody starts running about  
Them niggas got clapped up  
For running their mouth, but keep your trap shut I'll run in your house  
My hype 'tings over, jump in the whip  
Put the pedal to the metal  
Lights on red, red  
Don't give a fuck I just start skidding about  
Don't give a fuck I just start skidding about

I've been keeping an eye on them, I've been gone  
Moving sly on them, don't think cause the mixtape dropped that-  
I switched up and turned pretty boy guy on them, it's not 'dat  
I don't confide in them, I don't care if anybody's buying them  
'Cept man asked for a free CD and I just access denying them  
Move sly on them, 'cus I'm Bugzy Malone and I hire them  
And if he ever comes back with the wrong beef, switch like Nino Brown and fire 'dem  
I'm a tyrant, and I'm coming out of retirement  
You got straps, but you rely on them  
Are you forgetting that Bugz is violent-  
With anybody that you know, your brother got beat up by Bruno  
Twisted up like say you never knew Judo  
Don't care if your belly big like Sumo  
You don't wanna see me turn 'loco  
Turn into the devil, sky turns red  
Everybody ends up with a broke nose, set niggas got laid down with a low blow  
One peck and I'm Bugzy Malone [?]  
Make everybody go sleep like Roy Jones  
Leave niggas with a slice, Kimbo  
Not even hittin' them twice, bingo

Sleeping, went to a party Saturday evening  
The minute I walked into the kitchen  
The tallest kid in the place was deeking  
Leave him, well I tried but he lost his mind and just started switching  
That's when I turned cold, freezing  
I said "come to the road", screaming  
True story, stay locked in  
'Cus you're looking at the hand that knocked him  
And you're looking at the man who knocked him out  
I left girls screaming "you've killed him, you've killed him, you've killed him"  
Shake up everybody in the building, 'cus I'm hitting on flush  
And that's ironic, 'cus it is Flush that's filming  
Yo, but town just to show what the manny man are bringing [?]  
Just bars, no singing, just stars, no long ting  
I'm the Swagga-  
man, I've got the wickedest 'garmz to the wickedest 'crepz no joke ting  
I bring fire to the booth, it's smoking

I use the lighter and gas to provoke him  
It's potent, everybody in the place now needs a gas mask 'cus they're chokin  
g  
I'm not boasting, when it comes to this heater 'ting and road side I'm toast  
ing  
You'll get sprayed up, left soaking  
You might find me in the manor just loaking  
Or in the gym just hitting and moving  
The mixtapes got the wickedest tunes in  
I'm coming with a new sound, got everyone running a running right round, ban  
ging  
Mortal Kombat freestyle, get over here, Scorpion wins outstanding  
Look, let me drop back in, Bugzy Malone I get sick, crack in  
I started this thing full to the brim  
But I start- half of the riddim, just don't pack in  
I go down with this shit, Captain  
Since I'm one of the last men standing  
I leave all of your niggas just acting shared, shook, hands rattling  
They don't want it, they get smacked in  
I spent most of my childhood battling  
So I'm an OG in my own way  
If you don't believe me ask Paul who slapped him  
I sacked him, 'cus he was out there causing trouble and attracting attention  
I don't need that without a mention, ran man down like a P reg engine  
I don't care what you're curling or benching  
You could be 6 foot 5, hench and looking like a serious guy  
I'll still reach up and knock you out, sleeping  
I don't care who you chill with  
You could be 6 foot 8, sick and chilling with a load of your mates  
I'll still start throwing about my weight, screaming