

War Mode

Bugzy Malone

Yo, Bugzy Malone, twenty-one, dun' know

I'm going in to war mode and that means I'll do what the fuck I wanna (Yeah)
And I'm on some I don't give a fuck who it belongs to (Yeah)
Track star, you wanna see the Lizzy that'll run through
I'm a rap star now, but I'm a don too (deep it)
Not a driller but I've left man open, leakin'
Terrorist the way I've had mans parents, screamin'
Brandishin' my flicky and the shrubs, steamin'
When I snap I see red like I'm possessed by a demon
Always been a nigga that can dress clean
Robbing everyday I would finesse weed
Never knew when I would see my next dream
Cah the nightmares had a nigga stressed, now they're telling me I'm blessed
But you're listening to an ex thief
Loyal for my killies, I will sweat, bleed
Don't cry for me if it's death, cry for me if I lose the will to hustle and
go get P's
Never that (Never)
I'm in the Lamborghini with the roof off and Nipsey's
Victory lap, taking me back, to nights in the trap
Watchin' my older puttin' nasty in a wrap
Bag upon the toilet seat cause if they burst in flush it
Add the baking soda let it boil don't rush it
It's class A you need the balaclava
And if you see feds, hit the fence and use the bushes as a cushion
It gets filthy when you getting dirty money fucking with these hood rats
You serving scumbags, you better pray you run fast (Ah)
Cause guilty means you'll do time you'll never get back
So it's fun and games until you're in a cage
Nobody tells you that jails full of regrets (Nah)
I'm on the phone telling him I want the rose gold Richard Millie with the ba
quettes
You're loyal to your soil, you think niggas are real
Til' they start sending dick pictures over to your ex
And your olders are certified til' you hit the block years later in a C-
class Mercedes and you're mortified
The same nigga that taught you to cook a rock
Told you to bag it up, lookin' like a shop
Independence means you gotta be smart (Huh)
These rappers are following the leader
I get the new Louis when it's just in like Bieber (Huh)
And now the petty tanks, six litre
Before Cali-weed we had haze (Hey)
Ownership is how we get paid
I'm looking at mansions, know you niggas don't play
I've got the statue made in Italy like it's a bolognese, watch this, look
I'm about to sell out the arena in my city
I'm like the Pied Piper the way they walk with me
And don't listen to a word the papers say
When it's the castle, nobody fucks with me
In the streets it's chaos like City and United's got a game
Traffic jams and everything, I don't care, adrenaline
I just get competitive, everyone's repetitive
Tired of seeing broke niggas, acting like they're stacked
When their careers half dead already like they're Pete & Bas
It's an automatic now it's giving man a heart attack

I've had a chart position five years in a row, back to back
So if legends live forever then I guess I'm Peter Pan
I resurrected on 'em like the black Jesus
Come down from the cross and landed on my feet
Dead center I used to spend a winter shottin' off boxes from a blender
Now the tour starts November and we're finishing December
I've got the Scottish and Irish pulling up on boats like they're pirates
Lions and tigers, I came up with riders
Any disrespect will decorate your front door with the bottom of our Nikes
You're listening to a monarch, I'm British and I'm proud
Always give my blood, sweat and tears to the crowd
God save the queen, cus' she's the head of state
I went bangin' on my adversaries with an empty plate
Then I got myself a full chicken with the perinaise (Hey)
Pray to the gods for better days (Hey)
Only do it if it gets you paid
Manchester to the death of me, home of the brave
This is that great British shit cus' I was born here
Learned to kick a ball here
I remember Paul Gascoigne with three lions on his shirt
Lay on the floor with his arms in the air
Just celebrating the victory of warfare
Greatness running through my veins
On these cold English streets is where I learned to play the game
I learned to break a kilo to 36 28's
And I'm decapitating rappers like I'm fucking Henry VIII
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