

Zombie Riddim

Bugzy Malone

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You know how that goes
Hahahahaha

Yo, I could never get buried off a clown
Man sent for me and I held it down
Shot man through the belly and he spun right round
He started running quicker than a greyhound
I couldn't see you in the lost and found
Last thing I heard, you was house-bound
How the fuck can he come back for me now
When everybody watched him sink and drown?
Nobody's burying me
Wearing a tracksuit that looks like a night gown
All you'll hear is "get over here"
Then I hit him with the ground and pow (fire)
None of your EPs have charted
Your bank account's on £-15
I think deep down, you're still a pop star
And you'll do another track with Chris Brown
I come to Tottenham, but I didn't send for the ends
And fuck sending for your friends
I sent for you, let's not pretend
It got called off cause you made "The End"
He had a haircut just like Mr T's
Cut that, now he looks just like Mr Bean
You can make a million sends
But you got relegated and kicked out the league

Zombie killer
I left man six feet deep
You're looking at the zombie killer
And now I've got zombies following me
You're looking at the zombie killer
You're the walking dead, now rest in peace
Man don't want it with the zombie killer
You're the walking dead now, you're the walking dead now
You're looking at the zombie killer
I left man six feet deep
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Want it with the zombie killer

Yo, my EP sold like an album
I shot man out the sky like a falcon
We can have a war and it can go off
But you'll get trapped in the middle like Malcolm
First he done pop, then he done grime
He was on top, then he went dry
Then he had a mohawk, now he's got a low fade
Is that because of me? What a guy
Move with your [?] sideburns
You made four straight tracks, it's my turn
I'll show man about light work

I'll kill four tracks with one word, snitch
Who did you get locked up?
Before you make another dead track, please explain to me
Who did you get locked up?
Somebody hashtag #WhoDidYouGetLockedUp
Now they wanna know about Bugzy Malone
Where did he come from? How did he blow?
If I say his name in a track, will he send back?
If you're not in my league, how about no
Get off my leg I'm just trying to make dough
When I wanted to clash, you wanted to lay low
I came up off an oz of homegrown
And I turned 28 grams to a kilo

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He's obsessed, like a secret fan
Asking man about me and my gang
I was stood looking at about 18 weapons
And just thinking about blitzing man
I was there for another 15 seconds
Man are looking at me and they're asking questions
Like how can a zombie fight with a lion?
Man are coming like King from Tekken
Wait, let me select my weapon
What do I do if I win a MOBO?
How do I feel that I done it all solo?
I'm from a little town called Manchester
Now I've got the grime scene in a chokehold
I'm from the roads
Man, I pray for the spirit of the holy ghost
Can I get killed off a zombie? No
Not when he died five months ago
But the mandem know that it's only right
That I've become grime 2015 overnight
So know you better hashtag #TheWalkingDead
Cause I kill a zombie with no reply

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You're the walking dead now, you're the walking dead now

Hahaha, yo fam
"Hat-Trick"? Dead. "96 Bars of Pretend"? Dead
I'll take your pen, I'll snap it in half, I'll snap you in half, listen
I know you've got another five diss tracks for me
But it's all starting to get boring now, fam
You got anything to say, come say it to my face
Let's fucking clash, rudeboy