

Dumb

CASisDEAD

Yeah, yeah man
You know who it is

I've got the underground locked
Car parked in the underground lot
Cy's got the .45 in his hand, cocked
Got me feeling bulletproof like Hancock
Couple labels want my John Hancock
White bird with her right hand on my cock
In the left side of the ride that I copped
Red hat courtesy of Lyle & Scott
I'm a cunt yeah just like my pops
Wish I could've been on Top of the Pops
My man just signed a deal but he flopped
Putting out bullshit, so he got dropped
Head to the shop
With my sidechick and she look like a thot
And she goes down without any thought
Ride around town in a new M sport
Six-Pot, no chance of getting caught
House in the country about to get bought
New shipment about to drop at the port
Love a little bit of import/export
Link Skywlkr at the airport
With a bag of drugs, that's every sort
Don't take what I say with a pinch of salt
Take it with a line and whisky short
Yeah, please excuse me while I snort
Doing A class with a high class escort
Come through here, you need a police escort
Fuck a police report
I never let a hoe try and extort
Visit from the stalk
Straight up abort
Don't wanna resort to my last resort

Dumb
Must be dumb
Sleep on me, don you must be dumb
Coke on my tongue, yeah it's going numb
Getting fucked up
Yeah it must be done
Must be dumb
Must be dumb
Sleep on me son, you must be dumb
Don't like me, you can suck your mum
The fuck out of here with that rusty gun
Clown nigga

You belong in the circus
Take your bird up to Oxford Circus
Enough man talk about the bosses' life
But how're you a boss, you ain't got no workers
Alie? These sidemen so worthless
Not fit for purpose
Serve no purpose
You see me, I OD on purpose

Yeah I'm riding the wave like surfers
We've got food in surplus
Anything you could ever want to purchase
Yeah the feds didn't stop and search us
They know my niggas strapped like insurgents
They do dirt like detergents
Your move, cross them and it's curtains
Guaranteed to get hurt for certain
Hang tight Scale, Murkers, they'll murk us
Yeah it's me they're mad on
E60 with all the add-ons
Hard food hidden inside of the panels
Drop it off to my Greek dude Panos
We move keys, I ain't talking pianos
Two piece meal, Los Pollos Hermanos
Shine comes in from across the channel
We hit the streets in dark apparel
Let's go, hit hotel with a buff sket
And yet she says that she wants rough sex
Well that's what she gets, enough said
Treat her like an object
Ask her for brain, bet she won't object
Already wet
Yeah she's a sure bet
But I might act like I don't know the odds yet

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Yeah
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High as fuck