

# Dubplate Original

Chase & Status

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When a veteran steps in the building, salute and respect from the children

Then I salute the badman back cause a real nigga recognise realness  
These MCs can't back-to-back it  
I've been racking up bodies since Raskit's Jordan jacket  
Black tracksuit and a ratchet  
Butterfly knife in the baggies  
Hard knock life, no Annie  
Stand one night, I'm smashing  
I ain't got time for no rally

Take all the gyal and dollar the gyal  
Psst. I'm a Yardie, that's how I call a gyal  
Check 1-2 mic and a one tune  
Man spudded you then spurned you  
Can't undo history, I've written too much to be written off, young youts  
We're some kings drinking ace, that's pontoon  
Up Bond street. Bond suits  
That's lyrical kung fu  
Let me bump tunes. And they split like the sun roof  
The gangsters must approve and they're waiting for the bus youts  
Then the ends say I've got one (Bop, Bop)  
Rudeboy, wheel it again cause all them people fi dead  
The harder them MCs came, the harder them MCs fell  
Them soundboys can't two for two it  
Man's been stacking up riddims from 7 inch Shabba and Loochie  
Dress code, Ones and twos it  
Church's? No, just do it  
Earnt this didn't win through it  
Purchase new, not newish  
Kettle on the wrist with the Tetley brewing  
Italian leather just flew in  
Might cop a white gold president Putin  
Rev at the lights, no tell em I'm Lewis  
But I'll open your door like "gentlemen do it"  
Phew! This one's called harassment

Line up the caskets  
I know Will wants the chorus  
I think Sol wants some adlibs  
I bet Rich wants the Royalties  
But Rach wants the gasment  
To done them fucking little bastards  
If he's the best, who's man then?  
Fucking hell, I'm Cassius  
Abu Dhabi madness  
Fookin held the zampers  
Crack open the champers  
For GT and them, that's mandem!  
Yeh, club full of wanksters  
Man act up, that's an ambulance  
Wheelchair bandits, 50 bags for the Barristers  
Yuck. Sounds fishy innit  
But fuck that shit, got bigger fish to fillet  
Then grab 60k for the 60 minutes

Drunk all summer, that's liquid living  
High off life, no splif need billing  
Bigger sins here, talk big boy millions  
Axel Rod tryna get the billions  
Criminal affiliates, black caecilians  
Beef in the ends? Better grab some militants  
Wraps on deck make man so vigilant  
It's funny how death makes man so innocent  
Image thing, I ain't got time for the mumbling  
I wan' hundred  
No suits when I do lunch with pudding and punch  
With some of these bruddas so sunken  
Take a picture of them, If they ain't done shit  
When I see the pussy, I will grab the pussy but I ain't got time for the Tru  
mp shit

Some boys just don't know levels but I ain't got time to explain it  
I ain't got time to explain it  
Don't ask me about beef in the basement, I ain't got time to explain it  
I'm your favourite's favourite's favourite  
But I ain't got time to explain it  
Touch road, man affi murk it  
Got my other bredrin wan arrange it  
And his chip won't free up the shotgun seat but I ain't got time to be faced  
it  
I ain't got time to explain it  
I ain't got time to... mad