

Top Shotta

Chase & Status

Right now, it's Riko Dan, London City Warlord, yeah?
And I've got Trimble, and I've got Scratchy Demus and Pliers
And if any soundboy try a ting, booooooy!
Wouldn't wanna be you, you get me?
So right now, gwan some soundboy listen some big tune, big tune

Cuh 'nuff of them a chat 'bout guns and have nuttin'
I pop, I might fi push my button
Mi gun, heads move back [?] like something

Boys say they want me to try them or something
Pon them, tried them at something and left your head open
This [?] into nuttin' like gunnery
Your crew keep bugging me but there's no stopping me
And my crew, we're going right through
Stand a bit close and you will get an eyeful
You stand too close and you might get the rifle
I hold the title
Big badman, old school like the Bible
Stand up in a war with me, you might stifle
Beat it and feel I get bad like Michael
Jackson, and you know I blast 'em
With a white gyal and a black one

You know we keep it real
And man will split your grill
I don't know what you feel
But top boy shotta mek your skin peel

So sit back, you don't wanna go for it
Swift jab, lift you off your toes a bit
The big mash, you've only got to phone for it
I'll get the back strap or I'll get the chrome with it
You're full-grown, you don't even own a whip
And you're two stone, you ain't grown a bit
You wanna aim at me? Then go for it
You're on your own out here, you're the only prick
Get tapped, then try soldier it
Get shanked, then have to hold your ribs
That's that, I ain't gonna hold your licks
Tic Tac, kill 'em with the old lyrics
Quick track, I'll just flow through it
Sit back, earn a little dough for it
Big album, make way for it
Stay there if you don't wanna pay for it

You know we keep it real
And man will split your grill
I don't know what you feel
But top boy shotta mek your skin peel

War, that's my department
And being a bully, you don't know who I'm gonna start on
Came in this game like [?]
Scratch was killing Kenny while I was running up on Cartman
I've got too many bars, save yourself the argument
And I don't think I'm big, but my face is in the Guardian

Mum's happy and Nan, thanks for the cardigan
And I'm keeping out of trouble but trouble ain't the argument
I'm trying to double, bubble, glitch, shot, all at the same time
Man, your lips can cover my arse if you don't like mine, listen

You know we keep it real
And man will split your grill
I don't know what you feel
But top boy shotta mek your skin peel
You know we keep it real
And man will split your grill
I don't know what you feel
But top boy shotta mek your skin peel

Oi, big up Chase, big up Status
Some badboy producers round here
What you saying?
Some Roll Deep ting again
Trimble, Riko Dan, Scratchy Demus and Pliers
'Nuff boy fi get murder
You seen?
Them a chat 'bout this and that but...
We have it pon lock
...rudeboy again