

No Chorus

Digga D

Ayo, hey, Brumtown to the West side
We let corn fly, beatin' off bare 'bine, ayy, real shooters
(Itch, is that how you're going on, you know?)

Bro said "Come", say no more, say less
SN1, man, drop two latex
Best friend, Weston, yes, let's make mess
Chef them, chef them, blood on the pavement (Wet him up)
I don't why "shh-shh" lied, this "shh-shh" guy
I put a wap to his head, you shoulda saw the way he "shh-shh" cried

The engine light just come up on the dash
Bro asking "What's wrong?", ain't no vehicle expert
Used to make gyal come O in the morning
When she ask where, I say "A quick adventure" (It's cool)
Need more nine milli' dentures (Baow)
Bro, don't run man, what's with the leg work? (Baow)
Hold the meds G, just breathe like Skechers
Put my shoes on and breeze interceptors

You try make him a drink, it was gone in a blink, you know we got Nesquik (Tek that)
If I pull up on opps and MM's shooting a vid, I ain't moving selective (Yo, tek that)
.44 corn is effective, won't leave sweets on the scene for detectives
If the cameraman gets smoked, that's his own fault but that weren't the objective (Yo, lift that)

More time, I don't even send out text cah Lycamobile's tryna limit man's usage
Bullingdon, I was sending the redbone on free throw to library to grab mans movies
It's mad cah my brownin's clueless
Said "What's with the petrol?", I just done a booting
I just laugh to myself on the sly, we know what you're on, there's no need to prove it

Yo, it's the chorus (Woi, woi)
We don't need no chorus
Put down the .45, lift up the taurus (Brrt)
We got a 141 like some unknown callers
LOL, pick up your borers (Lagga)
They need to open saunas
The bleach did heat up my skin like August
Man still take the risk like Tallerz

Jamaican ting, make the food just flush
If it's a raid then the jakes try hit (She baddie)
And she still get vexed I'm North West 'cause she don't know who persuasion is (Haha)
Three man in a plated whip
Pulling up on estates where paigons live (Skrrt)
And this ting soon get popping
Some man ain't shotting, man's saving sticks (Baow)
If I tell yardman lock it, cock it, don't stop 'til you take his wig
Them man there, those some brazen pricks
Feed them boy corn like some craving kids (Woosh)

Chatting to gyal and creating fibs
Like they don't know who done made it lit (Lagga)
And my English gyal want war 'cause she thinks I flew with my Bajan bitch

My blue foot gyal love me and my lingo, lingo, ooh, she wan' Mandingo (Goodi
ee)
As a matter of fact, the bitch went black then left that gringo (Yeah, yeah)
Look through the window
Ain't that *****, though?
It is, bro, bingo, let's bill Vimto
Spilt some juice, try give man cinco, cinco
Bro said his light come better than mine, let's go compare it's simple (Simp
les)
OT trips, I put food in my town like tinsels (I do)
Pistol filled with bells (Yeah)
And watch them all run when it jingles
Got stars that twinkle, when the dot-dot banging sprinkles
Get man pissed off, shots get licked off, po-
po pulled up, pigs got tipped off
Them man chat 'nuff, but get stabbed up, never did scab ups, still got picke
d off
Meaning mixed up, shit goes tits up, might get dipped up and get switched of
f
Kill confirmed, had peers concerned, that bridge got burned, that prick got
ripped off

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Yo it's the verse
We don't need no verse
Man rise up, try put him in a hearse
Who's that bro? Put it in reverse
You get me? Fourth time out of jail
Still ain't cut my nails
Oh well, fuck you bitch, go to hell, haha