

# Woi

Digga D

(M1 on the beat)

Big dripper  
Magnum sipper  
No nail clipper

Free Luger Vales  
The Ammy smells  
And bitch, no, I won't cut my nails

Who's that, my man?  
Jump out, fry man  
Why's he leaving his right hand?  
Ay, come back and back your boy  
Jump out, rise this toy  
Jump out, rise this toy  
Jump out

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Jump out, fry man  
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Pull up  
Let it beat  
Yaga yeet  
Jump out, try put him in a coffin  
Pray cameras don't see  
IC3 on ITV  
If I see you and I release  
Please release all my G's  
My next-door got IPP  
She got soft spot for the gunmen  
Man hit that shit from the back  
When I pull on her tracks, babe say "West London"  
Let's, let's have fun then  
We get neck, then run them  
See the gyal that you want, man done them  
You're on who? Liar, come then  
Man rise, aim, fire, burn them

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Stuck in the dock, hickory dickory  
Fuck nuff gyal like Quagmire, lol, giggity giggity  
Gyal wan fuck pon Digga D  
Laugh out loud, you're killin' me, killin' me  
Run when man get fidgety  
Man will literally, literally pull up and shower your posse, Tivoli  
She likes the things in life that's finer  
Blow them racks, it's minor  
As long as she don't switch sides like Chyna and freeze up the vagina  
Turn his life to a timer  
Let that ding, when it ping it's the primer  
And if it ain't Unknown T and them man, I don't like no other niner

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