

Facts

Dot Rotten

"Jasmine is erm a guy... Who dresses up as a girl. His name is James but his erm like y'know when he dresses up as a woman he's Jasmine and Blacks used to fuck him. So... he used to holler him down hard as well, so that's where that's come from"

Yeah
Niggas be hating on me once again
Yeah
Talk you ain't in just to mention my name

I'm on a war mission
I got a pure vision
In a conflict I leave your jaw spinnin'
Doin' this since I had my re-bore rollin' in a four door Nissan
Facts
Everybody knows about facts
You spat your bars, no facts
Get a man back with facts
Said that you've never been G checked
But we're gonna find out if that's really a
Fact
Minarmy the team, that's fact
Can't fuck with the Gs, get slapped
Shaatuup
Yo man can't keep lyin' like that
No receipt we don't buy it like that
P, cut down on carbohydrates
I think it's time you take diets like that
Didn't wanna do it but it gets like that
And I didn't know Blacks gives neck like that
OGz, they lose respect like that
Brudda, you should leave Cleo alone I ain't backin' her
But her mistakes are hers not mine
If Chip, Black the Ripper and a cameraman beat then fuck it, we all got shin
es
If I wifey'd Shibs
You were pipin' sniff up in Wiley's crib
All these lies and fibs
You said that I sold Mazza's kit but I made that one, it was free for the fa
ns online
Put 3 of his sounds on a file by accident
I called him up, he wouldn't stop cryin'
I gave man a bag of VSTs and showed man techniques and beats, you know I'm n
ot biased
Said he never got credited, where are you gettin' this?
It's on his Soundcloud, now mock I
I got love for Mazza he jus took shit the wrong way and decided to say that
we're not guys
Never got dropped on a one album deal, fulfilled my contract
Old news, long time
You didn't pay for the studio, put out your CD
Never said thanks, opp signs
I talk 'bout guns, I was trained by a marksman
I can undo and redo a Glock 9
Security firm in Jamaica, three million dollar house in LA
You can't top I
You aimed your lyrical gun, dissed and missed

Said I got a kick out of dissing chicks
Did a EP gettin' at me dissing chicks
About L after L
Fibs and fibs
I can see P sittin' in a clinic pissed
Cheated on twice by his missuses
While you were scrubbin' your girlfriend's foot
Griminal's older brother just dicked it quick
How you hatin' on me and my Ipswich chick?
She ain't cheated on me she's keepin' it trill
And we're makin' some P on some business shit
But Lils and Miss Anderson
Oh how embarrassing
They ain't strong enough to lift this dick
While you was lickin' your exes clit
They had man on the side tryna dip, dip, dip
While you was buyin' em Christmas gifts
They had other man's name on their Christmas list
While you were doing your exes chores
She was doin' you nasty and Grim witnessed
Maxta got head off your ex and got blocked off the radio
Nah it's a different ting
Before she preceded to blow let him know if he spoke his career's gonna go down't tell a soul so we know the radio's fixed with hits
Though really you wifey'd a sket
You beat up both your exes got arrested
Abusin' women bredder it's time to confess
Imagine Betty inside the house with him arguin' scared for her life them nights were distress
Sian in the morning goin' to work depressed having to put on a fake smile to present
Betty waking up in the morning horny with a black eye thinking this guy should be dead
She called your BMs and told that you're cheatin' and you broke her jaw, what a guy he's the best
And broke her nose
Guess that's how you've grown
There's a reason he ain't replied to it yet
Don't know what situation Willy's in with Mr Williams, it's gay and slightly a beg
Blacks fucked a transvestite and you roll with him
Jasmine's your boy's old wifey, it's dead
Can't stop laughing inside of my head
Put a Insta model naked in front of Blacks I bet he'll have a hard time trying to erect
I keep telling 'em I don't spit no more
But these fans they want all the grime they can get
God put me back in this path so I'm aiming for you
Like Gabriel I'm sniping your head
Killin' em slowly I'm OG the cutter
Wait why don't he roll with his brother?
That's your family
Clock videos full of mandem
But he don't roll with his brother
Heard through the grapevine
P don't like gays
And I heard that he's disowning his brother
Shoulda set him up with Blacks 'cah at least they coulda been gay without exposing each other
Imagine em sharing a room, on a real though
Blacks with pictures of Wiley, the grime scene
P's brother with pictures of Kylie and dildos
P, don't be mean to your bros

You took Sian off Little Dee you little thief
You're the one that got caught stealin' a hoe
Lied that I stole from the studio you're the one that was stealing from the
Gs that you know
You didn't like me for my birthday set
When you tried to put it on Rem with Stripes
South west boy in the south east with essentials
There was jealousy in his eyes
Couldn't care less about YouTube views
'Cah I'm getting at you I applaud dislikes
You been rolling with snakes early
So that EP cover you've chosen it fits just right
Right now your boy looks suspect
Think I ain't got dirt on you?
Come on now brother I can make a OG get upset
Talk about work you put in grime
For a whole year brother you were spittin' on dubstep
You can't chat shit about N.E
I never saw you once in his house when he lived in Nunhead
Your head's comin' off, straight up bloodshed

How you can gonna talk to me about hoes?
Both your exes have killstreaks
Body counts bigger than Sergeant Majors an' that
You're just a liar
You think it's over?
It ain't over yet