

## 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 reciept 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 Shivs  
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 dick'd 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 d  
on'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 nig  
hts 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 shou  
ld be dead  
She called your BMs and told that you're cheatin' and you broke her jaw, wha  
t 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 tryi  
n' to errect  
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 ex  
posing 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