

King Of The Corner

Fast Food Orchestra

Six in the morning wid di gal on your chest
Bum bum then you hear dem com
20 cops mekk a raid on your den and try fi catch you
You rise fi arms wid di blood in your eyes
Pump pump you shoot dem heads
Who was it, who talked, who gave dem di information
Could it be the en of king of di corner
Could you lose your streets and hoods and all lo lo lo lo
Is your best friend dat bad informer
Yes he talk to much, yes he informs he tell dem al bout you I lo
lo
Dem a com like a bomb and find so many drugs
Yeah so many drugs in the box so many drugs in da house
And you kill the cops, kill the cops
10 pm wid di gun in your hand just ready to leave your flat
Dressed like a king with di golden rings and money
You're G and dawgs wait the boss in the streets
They will shot all dingos heads
Bloody mood in the hood now everybody knows you're cominng
Me a see dem a policemen but they Dun know
Haffi show dem Mi rules and laws na kyaan done
Hot steppa, big killa, G-king pon the corner and likkle more
Mi bredda mi a king in dis war mi see enemie a come
Mi nuh waan dem policemen, dem haffi know mi a di don, dawgs kill
dem all
Wi comin on strng and alla dem informer now watch Wa a gwaan
Yes wi a dweet wid di M16 wi show dem rules
Alla di while rude bwoy bad bwoy fi tell dem know