

# Balaclava

Ghetts

Yagayaya, yagayaya  
Man a rah rah, where's my balaclava?  
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Fling on the bally, semi-automatic  
It's real in the field, nigga  
Man'll get corned and cabbaged  
We all know talk's cheap, I deal with expensive action  
Dem bwoy, they can't afford this tariff  
Come through hiding my face like I'm all embarrassed  
And I'm walking awkward  
I'm a gunner but it's like my hips got a mind of their own  
Supporting hammers (West Ham)  
Brudda, I can split your wig, that's mind control  
Your thought just vanished  
Life's short, Insta vid, time to go  
Pause and panic, casket, horse and carriage  
Pushed, pulled and carried

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Yes, you live on the edge  
Might wanna fling on your vest  
Blud, what side are you on?  
Cuh man can't sit on the fence  
Hench? Yeah, you've been on the bench  
But that yout'll lick off your head  
Friends? Gang  
All of them has foreheads like big compliments  
Mask on, Stanley Ipkiss  
See the car from a substantial distance  
Car bomb and the bang's ridiculous  
Bally half-on, then it's back to business  
Man from out of town talk tough  
Well, they wouldn't last long in my actual district  
Don't believe me, just watch  
Man are Mark Ronson to an average witness

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