

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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