

Blood On My Hands

Ghetts

I've shown too much love
I paid too much homage
(Don't let me, don't let me, don't let me, don't let me)
Don't let me prove I'm on it
The suits come tailored
The shoes come polished
The food comes flavoured
I'll have a morning zoot with the porridge
Catch a pagan in a school
Run traffic and jump on the roof and bonnet
I don't play no instrument, but I made organs move in bodies
And when there's an incident, I make mad boy music from it
When me and I are getting intimate, I park far so the coupe ain't spotted, h
aha
Different one day prior
Different drugs, same buyer
Switched it up and aimed higher
Any stick I rub may fire

Blood on my hands, crud on my lips
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Blood on my hands, crud on my lips (Listen)

Got blood on my hand ting, bun him up quick
Yeah airborne blood on the whip
I hate when my mates ain't on the same page, don't make this an awkward trip
Neighbours on the opp block know when we pull up, we pull up and burst off s
ticks
You don't know about running him down with a machine, I seen a man trip up a
nd fold up quick
Yo, back then used to rock with a PR but now I got a PR 'cause I gone legit
Grtrt bring the wap come we beat out his whole damn crib
Why the opps think they so damn slick (Listen)
Gang them never trust any bitch, but I still got a few opp chicks
Bad gyal got bad temptations, I might just fuck up his home with his miss
No games out here till the sun up, try to play run outs, we're still gonna t
urn up
My man's tryna call, round the gang tryna negotiating the pack
Tell them shut up
If you ain't outside putting in work then you gotta cough up (Cough, cough)
Our shooters ain't got blood on their hands, your nigga got caught shut the
fuck up

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Which one of them's lacking respect
Pray I catch one of them lacking and get a lash in his head
Bang in the face, slash in the neck
That one there's not deep enough, splash him again
Woke up with a dry throat and a blade in my hand, mhh I'm too bloodthirsty
It's either I slide on my own or I find out the hard way who's trustworthy
I just came back from the future but I know what happened I'm two months ear
ly

Smile or crocodile teeth not one of them two come pearly (My god)
Every one of your lyrics are make-believe
I'm surprised how many fans you've made believe
Mask on my face, it may be me
All you need's two letters from the alphabet, A and B
You ain't been in the field if you ain't never knocked on your bredrin's door
With blood on your bare hands
I told bro I done the mad ting nearby now I need something to wear fam
Dem boy trying to retaliate before a tear lands, can't spare man
They're just making up numbers
They're just one bag a spare man

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Will all great Neptune's oceans wash this blood clean from my hand? (No)
No, this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red