

Crudd Central

Ghetts

Like that, yeah?
Ayy, this next one, 'Crudd Central'
The central of crudd
You already know who it is
It's myself, Unique, the one and only

Oh, you think darkness is your ally. But you merely adopted the dark; I was born in it, moulded by it. I didn't see the light until I was already a man, by then it was nothing to me but blinding!

Back on the violence
The Homicide Writer, rhymes that I'm reviving
Mask on my face like I'm Bane in The Dark Knight Rises
Insane on a dark night, rising
Something that'll damage you
Don't go down that avenue
This route will show bullets, I could have in you
See, I could switch to an attitude
Go wild with a mask I'm Crash Bandicoot
Or Jim Carey
Kick back's mad, haffi lift something heavy
One touch like the iPhone
I'll have your eyes closed, thinking you're bold like a 'berry?
I'll open your dome on your belly
I'll have you resting, put you in a casket resting
Under the soil you'll rest in
I'll put you in a deep sleep, inception

No offence, but I don't play well with others

Yeah, yeah, now I don't care-a
One bang, knock off your breh's New Era
Who better? You never, too clever
Hugh Heffer, Playboy, true fella
Yeah, I'm like who are you, bredda?
Sixteen show you who can do better
Right now, I don't care no more
Bullshit, I don't wanna hear no more
I swear these niggas so fucking shit
I can't swear no more (oi Ghetts)
I'm in a back alley with a black yatty
Fat batty, I'mma tear those off (bam)
Then order some gun holsters
Put a pair of those on (yeah, yeah)
Fam, spray a sixteen
Kill two MCs that year, then I'm gone

Bring me everyone. EVERYONE!

Bullets fly from 0 to 100 in London
Last year 2000 lungs were punctured
So many gunmen surrounding the circumference
These bruddas are stumbling
If the .45 weren't about, I would've stuck it in (no homo)
And left him suffering
Until a passer-by discovered him, covered in blood
Cousin, I will tuck you in, brudda it's love

Take a look at what the government's done
So stressed out, I was plucking him up
Six months later, I was in cuffs
Put me on G-wing, punched up a gov
Man better leave it before he gets slumped
Roachee was moving like he was on drugs
Oh my goodness, has he got a gun?
Them times I was in the ghetto having fun like

Tek the wah and left the wah?
You sound like a pussyhole

Day job, slang ounce
Can't put my daughter in hand-me-downs
Had a likkle work, I slapped and banged him out
Owe me couple bags? Pussyhole rang me out
Ready when I hear my enemies dem about
TI ting, bring 'em out, bring 'em out
Lick down a witness, [?] hanging out
Born and bred East boy but I'm not a chav
That's a contender then [?]
Big SO Large will launch an attack
Rise my ting, dem nuh wan' me do that
When your life's gone and-a you can't get it back
Check one of my dons, I'll get dark in a flash
Grime tempo, stop talking jazz
Unplug my headphone, me nuh wan' hear that
Top shottas are back
They think I par with Max
Wonder how my pocket dem so fat
What? You wan' know the answer to that?
No artist ah put plants in a flat
Extractor fan mek the smell hard fi come out
Been jail before, must think I wan' fi go back
Put in so much work, cut me some slack
Cut so many bruddas, they wanna cut me back
So I stay sober, who's gonna watch me back?
E300

Aww you motherfuckers, okay...

Yeah, it's effortless, still
I'm a hot boy, stop telling me chill
Think that we ain't got toys like Smyths
Don't think that I won't, rudeboy, cause I will
I'm a Fresh Prince, ask Uncle Phil
Back in the jungle where it gets real
Them YGs ain't adults, your laptop's Apple
It might get peeled
Rah, that's what it's like in the field
We'll get the bikes out and ride for the thrill
Too much pride, we ain't letting shit slide
I bet you'll recognise when the knife's in your grill
Yeah, better start writing your will
Me, I don't write, I describe I feel
It's dear life, we due to start riots
I'm a hot nigga, stop telling me chill

And we'll murder every last pussyclart one of dem

When the pump-act kick your frame back with the impact
No part of your torso will be intact
Head, legs, ARMS all over the place

Lungs, liver, GUTS all over your face
I'm a dangerous goon
Man know me, I'm a dangerous loon
You wanna run up your mouth with a man like me?
I'll cock back and make it boom
What d'you know about shanking a man?
When he hit the floor, quickly stamp on a man
You see me, fam? I don't ramp with a man
I will bounce on his head like I'm skanking on man
Blow your whole head back
With a.45, AK or a MAC
You don't wanna see the Hitman in attack
I will keep squeezing till the lights turn black

That little bitch need to die
That little bitch need to go on and die

You want irony son? It's what I see when I've set fire to a fireman's truck,
what the fuck am I relying on? None
I am what you see, I'm still not sure what I'm trying to become
Quiet when I speak
I've got a buzz bigger than a hive full of bees
OK, here I come
Think on your feet, time that I feed
I'ma climb from your screen like the girl from The Grudge
Wanna ask me why I'm going on fucked?
I've gotta be prick, I'm in a world full of cunts
Oi, where's Devz? The world's on my nuts
That's why I'm bringing hell when I buss
Devil in the kid with the venom in his tongue
Vent flame from my lungs, been sent from the slums to become
More messed in the brain than Bane on cocaine
I came to leave Bruce Wayne slumped

I'm as mad as as hell and I'm not going to take this any more!

I like fire, I'm a live wire
I'm silent but man have got knives like Mike Myers
Open a man's headtop wide open
Cause I wanna see how his mind's wired
Can't get rich off a nigga like I
You can bet your last 50 pence you'll die trying
Tony Stark, my only darg
Dem cyan't see me without this iron
He said I ain't real, he's lying
In fact, let me run this by him
If I shoot you, I'm brainless
If you shoot me, you're famous
Cause you're the man behind Justin dying
Word to Tigger
10 stacks on the head of a worthless nigga
Young boy, certi killer
Might buy a Rolex from the work you put in yesterday
My man couldn't purchase it and all the gyal dem saying that he's worth a lo
ok in
I tell em pull something out on the burbs and push it
And now it's curtains (PUSSY!)
But it ain't none of my business, I'm Kermit (PUSSY!)
Now look at you, was it worth it? (PUSSY!)
I don't know what to say, the only word is (PUSSY!)

Oh shit
You know I ain't gotta do too much speaking

You must set the levels
Levels are high, motherfuckers better know