

Freestyle

Ghetts

Yeah
Hold tight Flava D
Stutta, Ghetts, yeah
If you don't like me, fuck you
Yeah

I do the gyaldem ting more time
They think that I don't do grime
Check my back catalogue
Ask Ruff Sqwad
Or you must've been doing time behind bars
Magazines, titties and bras
So shitty, I pity them dargs
And half of them ain't done shit
But talk like they got the grittiest bars
Head nigga in charge
Flee gang, we drive the prettiest cars
Enough of them wanna hate on my crew
Because they ain't seen mad money like ours
Can't afford boxes, never flipped bars
And if I go broke, phone uncle
Like, "hello, put me on 419" when he's coming out of his arse
Real talk, I'm out of your class
You're one piece of shit, I will pass
Pay no attention, never get mention
You're better of wearing a mask
Get down, you'll be a part of the blast
My dargs don't hesitate
When I elevate the ting, they're scaring them off
Why? Done a man's dance
If I gotta roll in the mud with a mug
Then, I guess I'd be killing these plants
You best beg for mercy, quickly
If not, then I might break your nose
Kung-Fu stylie, proper win wars
Nobody's saving them, so bypass
You're never dirt in your life
Shop or take it down a few years
Let me break it down, it's not hard
You little pricks, stop giving it large
I'm contacting the man like football
Disrespect, you'll get more than a barge
I send a man flying over the bars
When he gets up, he's feeling the bars
Now who does he think he's fucking?
Because his wifey's not showing him love
Not me, no homo
But it's gone way past that
Don't roll in the pack, I'm Jason Derulo
Because I'll be riding solo
I'm on my own ting, don't follow him
Roll up, empty a MAC like a wheelie bin
And after I'm done what I'm doing
I'll jump back on my pushbike and wheelie him

No lotion but I'm creaming
It's open season

Ocean, I see them
Why are you frozen? It ain't freezing
My food's stiff like a statue
Black-on-black crime, he's black and I'm black too
But he's gonna get buried, no hype
Stereotype, is this all black still?
Nah, there's more to it
I don't know who the fuck you're screwing
But you don't know what the fuck you're doing
You don't wanna be the guy I'd be letting off a few in
Locking out, screaming Newham
If only your brain had a clue in
You could've saved your reputation from ruin
I'll scrap that when it comes to the flow
[?] gotta more chewing
So, I can't rate half of them slewing
If you can't see that I run this
You are like Ray Charles with a few in
B-L-I-N-D
I can never do retail, I MC
Most do it for the females
Minus me, instead I beat girls
Some are P-I-M-P
I treat 'em like an email, I delete
Drop 'em off, V12, no seat belt
Tell 'em keep well, then it's hide and seek
Fuck you, it's G world
I'm the key to a lot of things
I open the doors and I lock him in
Look, I'm a nutter
I let him kill one another
Chicks or tings
See no tolerance
All [?]
It's a thriller, I'm the killer
Victims are like my friends on twitter
Why's that, Ghetts? I follow them
Nobody's superman, we all feel
Like, if you don't, I'll come to small-ville
And lick down Mather and Jonathan
I love tests
If I was born before Christ
I'd be trying to outsmart King Suleiman
I ain't no good at math
But I can solve an army of problems
I be the type to set an argument off again
Conflict, where you from, prick?
What you doing around here? Wrong street
Cruising on some [?] shit
Be gone is what my response is