

I'm Strapped

Ghetts

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And I got niggas that'll run up in your mum's flat
Cover her face with a pillow and buss that
You're not a killer, you're a spitter that buns track
It's like you never knew but now you know that

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You're not a gangster
Pussy, pull your pants up
I'll leave your whole camp fucked
Bag rocks and wrapped up
Life's a bitch and it's that mark from serious shooter
Lose blood like you're on a period, it's that fucked
Fed up of you fronters
And I don't want to have to buss lead up in your jumpers
And end up in the dungeons
I'll leave you fellas to my youngers
For them, they're free food
For you, that's a setup you dumbfuck
Don't speak pussy, hush hush
And tell your homie [?] that there's nothing he can do when the guns buss
Get yourself a gun
But even if you was strapped, you'll wet yourself and run
You're a pussy, I'm a bully
Bad boy, never been a goodie
I'm old school, you're still a rookie
Still a boomy, still a pussy
You, you're about as real as Woody
Never try come up in my grill and mock me
Because

I'm strapped
And I know killers that are hungry to buss scats
Run up in your mum's like 'where's the guns at? '
Ain't got none, then they'll kidnap your mum, prat
Put her on the corner, make her buck a hunchback
Don't think it's true?
'Dem man have already done that
Finetech tips will make sure that you never come back
My name's Ghetto and I don't really give a fuck, prat
It's like you never knew but now you know
You're from a bunch that's not cracked above flats
There's no facts, you don't pack
So don't chat like say you will
I'm from a bunch that love rap and buss gats
Fuck rats that fuck yats that come back and stay night and chill
You ain't a fog cause
You ain't the kind to kill, you're too kind for real
But on the mic, you're rhyming like you fight with knives and ride with steel
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You don't ride with steel, you're a liar still
That I wouldn't mind to pill

I'm on the grind for real
No time to chill but other than that, I'm one of them catch
Freely trying to sign a deal
And be rollin', rollin'
Yeah, that's likely still
To tell the truth, I'd rather spit then go back and fly a till
Some [?] of minor skill and anyone can do it
Because this is the type of skill that helps you get through shit