

# Know My Ting

Ghetts

Yeah  
(I-I-I-incredible)

Run out of rum, re-up the cup  
Ah, you know my ting  
She wants to love cause of the hug  
Ah, you know my ting  
Dark skin or light, ain't got a type  
Ah, you know my ting  
We spend pounds, you make sounds  
Ah, you know my ting  
Fam, she already know my ting  
She ready to home and ting  
Fam, you know my ting  
Fam, you know my ting, shut up

Rude boy  
Got your baby in my new toy  
I made Abbie National  
I took Nat west before you Lloyd  
My turn  
I was in this queue before you joined  
IBIS, night shift  
She don't deserve no penthouse viewpoint

Don gorgon, don dada  
Dun all of them, man's badder  
Mr Lover Lover like Shabba  
And all the peng tings in the manor  
No skeletons in my wardrobe  
Just bags worth of swagger  
What the fuck's that on your torso?  
That ain't worth the hanger

Run out of rum, re-up the cup  
Ah, you know my ting  
She wants to laugh cause of the 'ha'  
Ah, you know my ting  
Dark skin or light, ain't got a type  
Ah, you know my ting  
We spend pounds, you make sounds  
Ah, you know my ting  
Fam, she already know my ting  
She ready to home and ting  
Fam, you know my ting  
Fam, you know my ting, shut up

Bad man  
Your wife's postcode in my Sat-Nav

WiFi code in my iPhone  
Leave the toilet seat up and smash that  
So many condoms in the trash bag  
Man's gonna think its a gang bang  
Man's got a girl doing cartwheels, backflips, handstands

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