

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, you know my ting

Fam, you know my ting

Fam, you know my ting

Fam, 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

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She wants to laugh cause of the 'ha'

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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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