

Microsoft Word

Ghetts

Came in the room and I took a few heads off
Playsation generation
Word to Microsoft, I couldn't do Xbox
I give him around 10 years
Got one or two bangers but couldn't do best off
Don't send for me little nigga
I'll send a bullet through head tops
Word to Swindle
No more normal
Hello? fuck that
No more formal
I don't like them
No more cordial
Raid and stuck it
No more corn
His body on the ground
Old school chalk wood
Third-degree burns like a blow touch scorched you
Come outta nowhere
Like the promo's awful
Plans on set
Hands on nets
Rats on stretch
Waps on deck
Aim a bit lower than hats on heads
Ran from who?
Ran from feds
Packs on Cali
Gyal from West
One miss call and Whatsapp from Trent
Longbow, Jon Snow, was back from death
Guerrilla warfare when I bang 'pon chest
Dick game turn gyal mad from sex
Alexa, please play mans song next
Too much style whenever I'm heard
I want them to say Ra, that's not Ghetts
Demboy 'dere don't switch up the flow
Same 'ole shit, na that's not fresh
Aquarium two thousand and twelve
I ain't gonna lie, whole gang's on X
Focus mode loon level unlocked
Game of Thrones ting - everyone's opps
Kill an MC with twenty-one shots
Full ting for the chest and seven up top
I don't go back and fourth on Twitter
Man troll me, they ain't getting unblocked
I just back my talk real nigga
Been around fakes? It never rubs off
Anyway me 'dere, man's setting up shop
About "watch, boy", watch what, boy?
Hot point's the only Kettle I've got
Thirty hands in Detto I've washed
Birkin bags or whatever she wants
Certain man don't get enough props
New album en route
Perfect landing whenever that drops
I've been around since Grime was born

Come to the field and find this corn
Müllerian still with your spinal cord
I'm hearing they feel like I've been warned
My area's built on grime you fool
Where else in this world can you find this talk?
Last page on the application
Translation - Final Form
RIP Storm
I got crepe from back when they called man Regge, I bet you can't find these
jawns
Wrench 05, 6's, 7's
Collection, come like a [?] store
'Dem boy are window shoppers
Everyday West, no items bought
Educate them on designers, Sean
Every day it's fashion
Regulate and pattern
Celebrate with passion
Paint the town red every weekend
Decorate with Shannon
One phone call and I'm local
Reservations happen
Could get the stake, get salmon
When I play with gammon
Yardman ting Archallies'
I levitate with Dragon
Badman from the badlands
Relegate in barrens
Black eye with no peas
Can't let them relay that baton
Can't tell me about reloads
I was born in generation jack'em
Microsoft Word
Sniper rifle confirmed
Here today, gone tomorrow
You show me who's gone viral longterm?
Who's album artist's rival convert?
When I'm on stage my rivals observe
When they're on stage, my eye was on her
And as far as title's concerned
I hold at least for
My shoulders be sore
I'm known to keep score
I admit
I bought into a dream
I got no receipt bore
Still reaping benefits
Legit, my only detour
Quick, oversea's tour
Chicks
NSYNC with my vibe but I click with Jodeci
The rip
I don't play no games
I just own the P4
Pigs
Ride behind me in traffic, I still notice neee nooor
Tints
But they still recognize this wagon so this can only mean war
Risk
You ain't gonna find me lacking, I roll with C4
100 passing
Got them pricks an explosive warning

You don't get it like this in the morning
[?] talking
If you're one for sending, go'on then
The consequences [?]
Be confidential with our ting