

# Mozambique

## Ghetts

Umnqundu wamapolisa sana [Police are assholes]  
Ndithe umnqundu wamapolisa [I repeat Police are assholes]

What's wrong with these neeks  
Man can't tell me about these streets  
Man never grew up near no damn beach  
Mans got shooters from Mozambique  
Shoot off nose and beak  
So you roll in peace  
But if you gotta sutten to say  
Do not hold on please  
They' say death comes in twa  
So I do not roll in threes  
Are you lot dying to piss  
Cah you look like your holding pees  
Pull up stolen jeep  
Hood up phone the police  
Push up your bolt and bleed  
I heard they cook up the coke and leave  
Mans going in there now  
I'm just up the road indeed  
I swear I search everywhere  
Like I'm looking for phone and keys  
Knife in the wind  
Poke and breeze  
I wish your girl never saw that  
Poor candice  
Four man deep  
One felt froggy and saw man leap  
Run tell donnie and crawl back week  
All that week  
Oooohhhhhh that's week  
Hole in your brain  
You ain't gotta thought deep  
Man think I'm missing the drop  
What I caught the clean

I don't know bro  
I don't know  
Speak the streets bro  
Only way dawg  
Cops don't know  
Pay the streets dough  
Sell some real green dope  
Sell some real green dope  
Make some real mean dough  
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What's wrong with these man  
Can't tell me about 28 gram  
Grew up on curry and rice not ham  
Man I got shooters from Pakistan  
Shoot shoot off after your fam  
Rooftop like Taliban  
So let me give you lot some advice  
And stop stunting like Jackie Chan  
Yeah, they say you are what you eat  
And I still aint been Hakkasan  
And ask them who started the beef?  
I ain't slid rounds there, that's the plan  
Roll up, stolen Magane  
Whole lotta smoke for your gang  
Folding notes in my hand  
Yeah I told him phone me up when it lands  
Yeah this beefs kobe cut from japan  
Whole leap of cuts on my hand  
You can put me in the world cup final  
And I throw headbutts like Zidan  
No if's, but's I'm the man  
Toolbox loading the van  
Fam, All of this bullshit just cos he owed him a grand  
Come tru, 20 man deep  
Silence, can't hear any man speak  
Nightmares, can't get any more sleep  
Forget those who got buried last week  
I keep things sweet  
On my table I let every man eat  
And I wish I has a girl who would let a man cheat

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Mina I'm from South Africa, hheey Mandela  
Lomfana fun'ivisa ungqhelikaka  
And'na xesha lama simba wodwa  
Ndizomshiya  
Ndizomshiy' ephansi  
Kakade naleya ncanca iyasindwa yodwa  
IBalls, zinzima

[Me, I'm from South Africa  
Hey Mandela  
This guy wants freedom to mess around  
What the fuck  
Ima leave his ass  
I'ma drop him fast  
Aaa did anyway his balls are bigger than his dick  
He has a Winnie  
And the balls are heavy]

Stared in the face of death  
Man dem told me I'm stupid  
So many years of breath  
I've only been shot by Cupid  
Can't tell man about  
Kuff cuff queff  
You only hear them tings in music  
Round ere you can tek a wrong left  
Victim of a shooting  
How they tryna tell man about cheff  
Like I ain't made food out of human  
Like man ain't looked in my grill  
And I ain't had to Barbeque dem  
What can they tell man about crack  
Ask Danny and Susan  
What can they tell man about trap  
Like I weren't trapped in this foolish illusion  
Feds never had no evi (evidence)  
My man still got twenty  
They never found nobody  
They don't know where it's buried  
Bad boys from the Uk we don't drive no Chevy  
Can't call a foreign a foreign unless it's a rari like ballotelli's