

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 suttent 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
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 unqhelikaka
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