

No Comment

Ghetts

Getting this tree, don't want this
Two, three niggas who belong with the convicts
Running around, getting music money
So, what do you know about four bags or a sixteen?
I'm waiting, that's what I thought
You're clueless, donny
He said, she said
I find all the rumours funny
I just do me and let them talk
Plus, I'm a deep thinker
So, what am I thinking about right?
None of you niggas can have a [?]
I tell 'em my mind's already worn
Put a prick in a wheelchair so he never walks
I don't wanna hunt for a line
Say what comes to my mind, so it's never forced
I'm on the grind scene
I just don't told Whoo Kid
None of them brothers could ever undermine me
I'll take off a head-top
I'm ruthless, I be the nigga that will mix something lively
One R6, two shooters
Anyway, can't take this brother lightly
I can make one car flip if I use this
Use your brain, who's to blame?
Or are you just absolutely stupid?
I stop smoking weed
Now that be reason a man have got mood swings
Like I'm that dirty, something I got a new ting
Them man are like 30 something and out looting
You see me? I push the red button on a loose ting
I'm on a mad one, I'll easy done the skeng like it's a cap gun
Peng food, tested out on a cat's tongue
R6, black one
Bitch in the back with the fat bum
Man have been sipping on a yack, come and have some
Giggs, Ghetts, let me see
Rizla, cigarette and a bag of weed
I ain't smoked in a month
Never feel like rolling me one
Firing, smoking, it's most of my lungs
Fire in a hole, I'm overly crunk
Lighting the [?]
Can't say no to the skunk

Fuck the speculation, I'm confirming the shit
Fuck a "do not disturb" sign, I'ma burst in this bitch
Natural, preservative shit
You're looking at a young black connoisseur in this bitch
You know me, got that personal spliff
A white girl, that's my [?] chick
Listen
These rappers all shit, they verbally stink
Middle finger up, holding my Johnson
These white niggas, they know that I'll stomp 'em
Police, they know me as Thompson
They know me in UK but also in Compton

She's holding my ball bags, I know that she wants 'em
She heard I'm a monster and know that it's constant
Semen all over the tonsils
I know that it feels right but I know that it's wrong [?]
But fuck that, turn it around in her
Twist it, I'm twirl it around in her
That ice cream flow, swirling around in her
Bare little niggas just squirming around in her
Have you recognise why I got the crown, nigga?
Got the high grade [?] in around, nigga
Go against me, better put it down, nigga
I ain't 2Pac, but I get around, nigga
Put a round in a clown nigga
When? Now, nigga
Whitney, Bobby Brown, nigga
My wave, you're gonna drown, nigga

Fatality