

Speed Demon

Ghetts

This one's "Speed Demon"
Featuring Mercs, Lights and Calibar

Dom Perignon
I've got Chanel on the same vibe I've got Kerry on
Now they telling me they wanna buy water
I tell Unique sprinkle the beats in the Evian, we
Trynna go somewhere
That we ain't ever gone
I told Shorty it's never long
Skip this in the morn, chips in a restaurant, straight
To the hotel
I ain't sold no jeans to no girl
She don't wanna give it to me? Oh well
Plenty more fish in the sea and she a old girl
Me? I'm about my
Paper first and foremost
They all said that I was ugly
So I was getting money way before hoes, G
H-E double T-O
In a tinted black Benz with the seat low
Yeah, we've got the same whip
But are you a speed demon like me? No
East boy, South, filled E up
I be on the West side, tryna find Maria
Grinding so hard I've hardly had time to see her
First come my child, then come my career
I am obviously the sorta
Man that's got his priorities in order
Go ahead, ask me how I'm doing
Everyting's crisp like a variety of Walker's
Double-page spread, Evening Standard
I met a journalist that never twisted my words
And now it feels like the mainstream are speaking my language
Even though I'm hood and they live in the 'burbs
How you call yourself an artist
And you can't paint a picture with words?
How the fuck you gonna hate Ghetts
When I ain't even getting everything I deserve?
Somebody wake Mike from the dead
And tell that nigga I just written a verse
Play this by his grave and I've bet he returns
Have a nigga moonwalking, going sick in his urn
The good die young, the bad live and they learn
I'm in the hood, buying guns and I wish that I weren't
I'm with my nigga Lights and we eating well
Knife, fork, dinner is served

They're like "Lights, where you been?
Brudda, we ain't heard you in a min"
Game needs cleaning up, it's worse than it's ever been
Too many shit spitters in the scene, it's a good thing
Mommy always taught me "put wrappers in the bin"
I admit, the work rate isn't the best thing
But when you're making twenty racks in a week, you blame him?
Double figures on the wrist, double figure whip
Double trouble when it's me and GH, so nigga, behave

Whoever told you we were victims, nigga, we ain't
If it's war you wanna create, it will be arranged
On point everywhere, even at the PA
Never slipping, nigga that's always got the .38
It's only business class when I fly on BA
The F game's how I sin when I'm getting Lizzy
I don't see money from gigs, I'm a young gunner that spends
Name the price, I will never delay
Fuckboys still chatting on me
I'm just tryna build a crib, give Mommy the key
Don't they know I've got bruddas that will clap it for me?
Leave couple holes in your body like the capital B, oof
Live life, still manage my P
I'm the man with the cards, no one's tackling me
"I heard Lights washed up" 's what they're dying to see
I can't be seen, stop eyeing on me
Look, everything you done, I did, what you driving, I drove
What you want, I own
Everything you rhyme, I live, nigga, can't you hear it in my tone?
No, we never took a MOBO home
But my team, we still win, Young Lights living like a king
Bruddas be scheming but they never do a thing
Try me, on the Holy Bible
You can run but you can't hide, I will put P on you, son

My first car was an R-reg
Mégane coupe, I scooped your gyal half-dressed
She was giving me brain while I was parking
Dead, though, she's biting man, I call her Suarez
(Get out the car)
Of course you know what my team's done
Beefing in clubs ain't new, it's like a re-run
Rather tell a bitch phone now
To book a hair appointment just to get your weave done
'Cause after this, I'm bringing you back like a refund
For a gym class, sexercise her till she knackered like spin class, big arse
The bitch make the ting clap back like it's in garage
Doggy style, I'm in and out her back like a SIM card
Sex in your bra, true, I'm blessed with the charm
Pull so many chicks, I should invest in a farm
Ring Kyze from the 'Nam, there's a drought for the dark
Knew I move class A, that weren't attained in my class
Tryna make Diddy money, get my salary raised
I made dirty money shotting all this Danity "Caine"
Grinding for an Aston, it's a never-ending story
How my whip so fly, they compare it to Sebastian's
Swag, I'm a material winner
Man ah come off the ban, watch the vehicle, nigga
Combination still the camp, I'm a serial nigga
Snap like crackle, guns'll pop, I'm a serial killer

Trenchtown Rock
Me should have grown my ting out bigga like some locks
Weed? It ah grow in our spots
Everyting cool, everyting bad, everyting me got
Seh me nuh watch no face, pussy haffi mash
Me nuh wanna drink no Magnum outta glass
Order Magnum inna bokkle becuh di bokkle have a message
And the message send seh "we go have a blast"
They call me King Ding-a-ling
Or any synonym that describes how I deal with them
They keep ringing, I cancel before the Mrs flinks
Phone on the wall but she knows I'm off the wall though

I had M before J and J before she had a daughter
Her babyfather's waste so she wants me round to slaughter
I come in the Mercedes Benz, she bends, I'm in the punani
Boom, bap-bap-bap-bap, I beat it up like Harley
Black Ken for the Barbie
I'm electric, she don't need no coal for the barbie
She don't like it when I'm mad, all mandem swarm me
I told her ain't shit changed, just charm and I love it