

# 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