

Strike Me Dead

Ghetts

Gotta strike me dead
If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead
If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm like alright, Ghetts
I'ma swing him from right to left
I ain't trying
I'ma do it inside my head
Because I'm the best thing since slicing bread
You better do what I say like Simon said
Mind your step
You couldn't walk inside my krep
I leave a leg more tucked than Tiger's neck
When I talk shit, I ain't got a slide in tracks
Gotta tell them time and time again
You're not ready like me, don't try for ten
Your life is dead, oh and your wife's a sket
So, you wanna play games, then I'm the ref
Bet I got more tools than inside your shed
Grim's in, motherfucker

Gotta strike me dead
If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead
If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead

I be taking the level up again
I be the MC you should never come against
G-H, I'm method of events
Write against me, last guy never won a pence
My enemies wanna become my friends
Trying to get in my camp but can't come in on my tents
It's murder, no regular events
I can burst a burner and leave him on a fence
Gotta strike me dead
I say that with a [?]
[?] payback and you cross like your legs
Take that, I writ a chorus I never take back
And I stay strapped, shots fire at your head
I can let a nigga with a 16
I don't have to stop guys
And then I'll be the nigga you wanna try forget
But long time [?], so, it's like I'm a bonfire for them

Gotta strike me dead

If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead
If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead

Let me say 'oh' from the get-go
On the next year, I rep to the death
Best to accept it and let go
All of them are vexed because I'm fresh and they're retro
Depressed because I've been blessed with the best flow
They used to par in your sets, laugh at my kreps
They're not hardly a thread, why? Because I said so
I'm a general and they're all army cadets
Can't see again, ha-ha, I'm ahead
They never believed in my skills
Now I'm aiming at MCs like "F you"
That's my reason to kill
I'm a bidder by the labels, we'll be feeding the deal
Is that humble? Bite, keep eating your meal
I remember the days when the only thing that entered my brain
Was thoughts of me receiving the wheel-ups
Still I got teams on the street trying to back-stab me
But they can't catch me, better speed up

Gotta strike me dead
If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead
If I let them swing me around
On a tune or live on a set
If I let them swing me around
Gotta strike me dead