

# Trained to Kill

Ghetts

You want me to die, but I'm alive  
You won't survive if you ain't on my side  
You don't wanna war  
I'm trained to kill

Dead him on sight  
All black double R, get him on bike  
You won't hear my weapon on strike  
I ain't the get along type  
These breddas want stripes, they better not set upon I  
Show me a bit of respect, I'll flip in a sec  
God told me forgive and forget but I know this nigga's address  
If I type that in the sat nav  
I'll be there soon in a three-door hatchback  
I've been doing this music ting for a minute now  
This just seems like a flashback  
But it's so for real, you know deal, I road the steel  
I ain't going to go home with guilt cause

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Like I was in the army  
Same regime since 18  
But I was in wars before that  
No vest on, that's what I call rawback  
If you don't know where the war's at  
Come outside, it's right here on your doormat  
Knock knock, who's there? Ghetts  
Ghetts who? Gets you  
I gone mine, so where's your strap?  
I'm a serious guy, you're Borat  
If you're sure that you're bad  
I store mash in a whore's flat where the floor's cracked  
This poor lad couldn't be more gassed  
Never knew he would get smoked like a scorebag  
Warned him once but he chose to ignore that

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You won't survive if you ain't on my side  
You don't wanna war

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It's like they want me to die  
Forcing my hand  
Forcing a retaliation  
I'm easy  
But I will warn you  
I'd just rather live life  
Make music  
Make dough

But man have got me on a next ting

Dead-dead him on sight  
Winters get hot, if I see my man  
In the internet shop, dead-dead him online  
Shoot the boy, leave the computer moist  
Clockwork, dead him on time  
When shots burst 7 from 9  
I get pleasure from crime, forever on hype  
Dead-dead-dead dead-dead-dead-dead-dead-dead him  
Take it old school and b-b-behead him  
Take him local and cave his whole chest in  
Bruce Lee with the 1-inch punch  
Not me but bullets might come in a bunch  
Rats wanna back boy dem?  
Rat poison come in a lunch  
I might come through bunning a blunt  
Chilled out, ready to kill now

You want me to die, but I'm alive  
You won't survive if you ain't on my side  
You don't wanna war  
I'm trained to kill  
I'm trained to kill  
I'm trained to kill (you want me to die)  
I'm trained to kill (but I'm alive)  
I'm trained to kill (you won't survive if you ain't on my side)  
I'm trained to kill (you don't wanna war)  
I'm trained to kill