

Lyrical Combat

Giggs

Isn't he a stunter?
My yout', is he on the jumper?
Dumper, dumper, better hit the bunker
Cocaine; nigga's just a punter
Puncture, puncture, I just got a puncture
Got a little brownin', everybody wants her
I just left a function, got a little drunker
Sippin' on that Cognac, little bit of ganja
Jumpman, jumpman, nizzy in the jumper
Got a pump action, listen when it thunder
Thumper, thumper, thumper
Knowing those plates ain't legit on the bumper
Bumper, dumper
Slam dunk, I'm a dunker
Get your cheques in, you get your little lump sum
You little prick or get your nigga lumped up
Younger, younger, nigga was a younger
Always with a borer, nigga was a lunger
Never had no paper, nigga was a sponger
Always on a madness, nigga was a bungser
Sleeping, slumber
Got your nigga's number
You little pricks, man'll put you niggas under
Yeah I was a blick little nigga, wah da bumba?
Drop man, sick man, kick him like a kickstand
Come with that stick that's kicking like IP Man
Hollowman, hitman, holla man, quick fam
All of them girl want Hollowman's wristbands
Hollow got 'em sinking, Hollow got the quicksand
Any feature, Hollow takes the piss, fam
Taking all your chocolates, lemme get your crisps fam
Bully in the playground, kicking all the kids down
Niggas invested, nigga's obsessed with
Lickin' this TEC in niggas' intestines
Niggas is destined, this is his destiny
Niggas get sniping, niggas get Wesley
Nigga so wet that nigga just wet me
Niggas all Nesquik, niggas is Nestlé
Niggas just pest man, niggas so pesty
Niggas get popped, blud, drizzle like Pepsi

Nigga I'm on that, physical contact
Contract's official, judicials are on track
Long strap combat, kick like Ong Bak
Residuals on tact, you miserable wombat
Deliver the strong crack, gorillas are strong back
The spinners are compact, you niggas don't want that
For dinner, it's long, ahk
Want dinners? I'm on track
Not ticking, I want cash
Listen, it's not that
I'm on business, merging
Feds in prison and birding
Earners earning, flipping and turning
Got the neighbours twitching that curtain
It's okay though, I'm still serving
I got the mash still ripping that bird in

I got the bag, can't fit in that sterling
One slap, man spin and man whirlwind
Lab rats, living like vermin
Matte black whizzer, that's German
When I pat, that kitty gets purring
And I stab my dick in, that's squirting
I'm surfing, for certain
So many verses that they can't verse with
Can't get their head around it, can't turban
Might get cheddar out, start churning
My living is illegal
Ard Doe, I'm beginning on a sequel
Artist, only thing I'm missing is the easel
Niggas doing cartwheels dipping from the evil
'Til the filth come sniffing with the Beagles
When they should be nicking all the paedos
Violate, and I'm visiting your peoples
Pop pop pop, and you niggas is the weasels
Man turn tables, lifting up the needle
Man pop tarts, man's sticky with the treacle
Man pop darts, man's tripping in the Beetle
Man is real like a nigga was a Hebrew
Staying in jungle, visit in to Seaview
With couple yard man, whipping on an eagle
You could go missing if you need to
Fishing in the sea too, ditch him in the deep blue

Yeah, man have got pills, and powder
Selling that chowder, man are like "Yowzas"
Grams in my trousers
We left the house with about four ounces
In the ting powered by M Power
Air full of high octane and sour
Out here when it's baking, making bread out of flour
Way out of town in the sticks
Sick of these sycophants - sickening. Stick em' with six staffs' -cripple man!
Niggas putting out the same shit, yeah, we sick of that
Psychopath pickled in Courvois and Yac
And the triggerman all part of the bigger plan
"Oh, what you saying? You just being the bigger man?"
"You just doing you? How'd you figure, fam?"
You fuckers insignificant, kicking like Liu Kang, this thing's different
This take off's magnificent, merking
You're a little ting, different
This situation getting sticky, chatting to this bimbo, she's giving me a stiffy
We made the car smell iffy
And nah she never gets lippy
Sipping on spirits, spots in the city
£60 of diesel in this German beast
I'm swerving the police, I'm busy
Busy body, she's preening the seat, she
Felt the need to say that she'd never heard of me
But then again for real she also said
She didn't know that cows came in burgundy
It's all unfolding perfectly
This weed's working, going through my circuitry
Spent so long in purgatory
I'm part of the furniture, it's cool, no urgency
I'm paralytic, permanently
My vision's blurred but got this bird in Bermondsey
And she's a certainty

I'm hurting certainly, not inadvertently
I'll leave her in emergency
With broken vertebrae, is she gonna learn today?
I ain't prepared to sway
You ain't prepared for this, it's fair to say