

## 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 sterlign  
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 ma  
n!  
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 sti  
ffy  
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 preeing 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