

Outsiders

Giggs

Oh my word

We don't like outsiders, we don't like outsiders
I know off-key yardies and some low-key naijas
Southside OG, OG southsiders
Strip club on Friday, I might throw some fivers
Yeah, finders' keepers, so I hope it's finders
I let the white go cheapest, and let the dope fiends find us
We're standing outside Keisha's, this was about '05-ish
Was handing out these pizzas, man had to duck these sirens
You nigga like these pilots, we don't like these pirates
Silencer, we gon' light these silent
Yeah, violent yout, he's lookin' like he's violent
I don't trust that yout, he's lookin' like he's Trident
Loud pack, that's what we like, we buy them
Fry them, you see them eye dem red, he's lookin' like he tried them
Little bad mind yout, that's why a man don't like them
But his bitch look good, I'm lookin' like "Alright den"

We don't like outsiders
We don't like outsiders
Bloodclart, in sex
We jump out like spiders
We be them ride out youts
Yeah, that's right, we riders
Cuh man are God bless youts
These likkle man need guidance

We don't like outsiders, we don't like outsiders
I just stepped outside, inna mi socks and sliders
Eastside OG's, the OG eastsiders
Man ain't got a skateboard, but you know we're grinders
But I've got the peng food, crushing up in grinders
It's like I'm on the D Block, man are straight ruff ryders
Them bwoy, they are plastic, just like the new fivers
Look, shit will get drastic, I dare a man try us
Swear down, it's a long ting, I swear down, it's a long ting
Them man there are on stuff, them man, they are on tings
Spare me the long talk, look, spare me the long ting
I can get a man boxed up, like my name was Don King
Got the thinking boxed up, like I just when shopping
When will it stop? But I ain't stopping
When will I flop? But I ain't flopping
Haters stare but I ain't watching
Nobody ain't got time for that
Look, if a man ain't inna my circle
Nobody ain't got time for chat

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Yeah, that's right, we riders
We just lodged them feds
Yeah, that's right, we drivers

We don't like outsiders, we don't like outsiders
We send them shots, send them gliders
Let's put 'em to the test, let's see if he's a riders
None of your dogs ain't got nothing on none of my rottweilers
I got the bird call, 'cause I got insiders
Connected to the road, connected to the insiders
I got the thugs on lock, and I got the getaway drivers
See a man bumblebee, I got the army of my beehivers
Us man are hunters, them man are good hiders
Get a hole in your hat like one of them old school visors
Bu da bup bup, them man there ain't from my corner
Them man there ain't from my circle
What do we call them man? Outsiders
No one cares about them man there cuh
What do we call them man? Outsiders
Them man there can't get in the dance cuh
What do we call them man? Outsiders
Man'll go Brexit on them
Pull out the ting, flex it on them (Blap!)
New ting, test it on them (Blap)
With the big ting, bu da bup bup

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