

Uummm!!

Giggs

Niggas want to talk like I'm passed it
'Cause I took long to start this, like I can't spit
Like I ain't been making hard hit after hard hit
So I think it's time for that Walk In Da Park shit
Woolly hood, that's a hard diss
Sitting down inside my parked whip, banging hard Fix
Hollow Meets Blade and that hard shit
Came up from the dirt like a parsnip
Y.G. rolled up looking sharpish
'08 plate R6, I'm like 'ah shit'
Our bits ain't the part which you should start shit
Ours click, empty cartridge, you can ask Smidge
You can ask Dits
Spend touch him in the foot, make his arse limp
And I'm on a mad one 'cause I'm half skint
Got a hand full of rocks right behind my car's tint
Park quick, there's an art's whip
Pulled up into the McD's, got a large drink
Passed him in the car park and I asked him:
"If you got the light lined up and dark in?"

Uummm! [x7]

Parked up and I barged in
First we were getting black-balled on a 'nam ting
Gave up a couple times still, like I can't win
Now everybody's eyeballs on my dark skin
Chicks gasping, laughing
And they're asking:
"When's the next video shoot, when's the casting?"
Niggas that didn't want to know want a part in our ting
Now they're lurking round like a fart's wind
Charged in to some far ting, in some dark tings
Dark ting came and asked why I ain't dancing
Asking questions 'bout Spend, told her ask him
But you know that nigga's got spots like giraffe's skin
Jump in to the deep end when you can't swim
I jumped in, crept up, like a shark's fin
And you niggas' barrel don't spin like a parked rim
So I turn the heat up on niggas like a draft's in
Oh yes, one last thing
When you niggas talking 'bout bells, know that ours ring
When you niggas talking 'bout hell
That's the place that I dwell
So the stories I tell I put my heart in

Uummm! [x7]