

Turn

Headie One

Ghosty...
Munroe
Ghosty...
Munroe

Turn, turn, turn turn

Man need to find the lord, I got a lot to lose
Swing my shank with force, I don't use no knuckles though I'm in my Goose
Burnt my tracky and Givenchy runners, I was pissed I couldn't keep my shoes
Opps can't hang outside when I start to get over there in my moon
One Rambo ain't enough, so I jumped in the whizz and I twinned with two
I been a bad breed since school, in citizenship I'm tryna conceal this kitch
en
(Turn, turn, turn...)
I don't know how to follow the rules
(Turn, turn, turn...)
I was still tryna convince my teacher I'm a good citizen
You ain't ever gonna circle the opp block so much times, this dinger won't m
ove
Then continue the glide on foot, that's even more mileage in these shoes
Blood all over my 97's, now they're looking like Loubs
Had to off white way before Off-White, I still split Jerry Springer in two

Bad B calling my phone, had to tell her "calm down", I'm tryna stay faithful
When the opps get caught, it's fatal
We're the only ones with waps, they ain't got arms, them niggas disabled
It was tuna and noodles in jail, now it's smoked salmon with a toasted bagel
For my freedom, I'm grateful
I was locked up like Akon
Came home and I bought me a brand new wap, it was nuttin', there's more wher
e that came from
I've got more tyres than a Triggz song
My hood ain't one you can rain on, I'll draw my ting, no crayon
Leave that pussyhole bleeding like it's time of the month and a girl just ca
me on
My niggas can't sleep on a vio, I don't know how the opps can function
Had no clue that I brang my burner, 'till I tried clapping on junction
Straight M's or attempts any time that man buck them
Thought he was dead when I chinged up my man, what a poor misjudgement

Look, my tings set different, big fat sword and a Smithen
Gang spill juice on the opps, we don't do no half heart dippings
T-T 'rex, OT, get the hotline blinging
Gang slap corn in their block, so the opp boys know their position
And, free up my jailhouse mates doing Thameside living
I hate when they chat bare greeze cah they done no drillings
Opp block, back my shank and fish him
Shave man bait or bore him, bend your back if man dig in
Wave that blade, do more than bend you back if man dig it
Duck if man ring it, move back if you lack cah this ain't your average ching
ing
You don't know my face, since old school days been drilling
Grab that black gym back for the action, more time the gauge been hidden
My goon soon home cah his case got ridden
Free up double tap K, who was loose with the latest Smithen
Me and V9 had to pattern 'em up, what a great decision

I still gotta pattern up Mulli, big man lowe it and play your position
Slap that wap cah the 8 don't listen
Them boy love to talk on the net but really they're great with distance
I send shots to your boss on the roads and tracks, your empty threats are al
l fiction
Let's not forget that shh held a dipping, big man play your position
I'm the youngest tug' on the mission, them boy tried boot and their wap went
missing
Likkle man keep dissing, grip my shank, with the blade I'm swinging
Swing what shank? I'mma blaze and ping him
You're piss on your block, if you buck into us, we ain't giving out basic ch
inging
Turn, turn, the ding-dong spinning
Mhmm, turn, turn, the ding-dong spinning
Mhmm, turn, turn, the ding-dong spinning
Mhmm, turn, turn, the ding-dong spinning
Turn, turn, the ding-dong spinning