

Kop That Shit

JayKae

I'm a beast when I jump on these hits
I spit flames, I'm hot, these man are just shit
I had to bring it up to Brum just to unload the clip
I'm John Wick with the stick
I've got some sick kids that'll creep through your crib while you're a kip
Or fly around the front with a brick
And don't get mad and try and come running out with your flick
Cause them four-four shots are good to put you to kip
I've got some kids I get weed off, they be moving like Jimmy
And they know I keep the hand ting with me
Shh got shot and now they're asking "Did he do it?" like Diddy
Cause he knows I'm on smoke like a ciggy
Glock's got seventeen on the back like Curtis' top
You should feel the way it kicks when it pops
I had to fly up to Cali just to set up some shop
Now I'm sending mids back to the pool like I'm Klopp

Make sure you got that shit
Make sure you got that shit
And if you ain't got that shit then cop that shit
But don't be a little bum and go and rob that shit, you get me?
Just go and cop that shit, you get me?
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You better cop that shit
Suited and booted, on my James Bond shit
I still got that stick, swerving ditches
Gears get shifted, everybody knows what MIST did
Sickmade living, keep shit lit
It was me and Jaykae on a visit
Now I'm tryna get some dough outta Misfits
Punch a man's lips in, I said punch a man's lips in
Let's have a straightener on the grass, you little grass
You didn't wanna help when I was brass
Aggravated bugs in a mask
Two hands on on a graft
Two hands on when I'm banging the strap
That's two grand gone for the old boom-bang
Settle the score, time to ride with the gang
Well planned sabotage
I'm in the bushes, army clothes
Whistle dot tryna camouflage

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And if you ever make a mess, you better mop that shit
I got a missus so my ex, I had to block that bitch
You got a chain before a strap fam, you are not that rich

2014, I was in the wok with MIST
I bought a gym and if I swing then I will off that switch
You got a spare room at yours and let me crop that quick
Thirty-two, I can't believe my life has gone that quick
I made 'em wait for my album, they're like "Drop that shit"
It's coming, I promise, pro never novice
I have to check myself cause sometimes I'm too fucking honest
I'm like "You fucking sausage", a few need to cop it
Need to stop snitching and start doing their porridge
Getting gassed off a bitch and start losing your profit
Now they ain't got faith like Christopher Wallace
Blud I'm swinging like Adonis, how bad you fucking want it?
Tell Aystar to hail up Thomas, 2Real

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