

KRUZ CONTROL

JayKae

You little beg, you better pay your dues
Come against me, you'll lose, trust me
Round here, people don't care about who
I'll beat up man, get bruised
Man don't care about platinum plaques rude boy
That's why you got bruck down shoes, look like canoes
Tempa T's little bitch tryna pipe up, blud I'm confused
Oi ding dong, ten o'clock news
Hitman, your boy's about to get slewed
Smoke this prick and save a man twos
Don't ask what it is, whatever you choose
I'll smash man's head with a bottle of booze
Walk past them while they're in queue, see ya
Never seen a million views, see ya
Hurts that I'm bigger than you, see ya
Merk him once and I'll merk him twice
You're a tramp who only wears merchandise
You smelly bastard, it serves you right
For a free T-shirt, he will work all night
Oh yeah, you wanna fight?
From South but you can't go certain sides blud
Nobody's scared of your nursery rhymes
You're way down the road and I'm first in line
Buy two Nike tracksuits in a year
One on your birthday, one on Christmas
My man's dusty, how's he dissed us?
On about whistle, I'll blow off your whiskers
Throw man way over there, discus
Really a fan, make you want pictures
Spotify, 1800 and what?
I said Spotify, 1800 listeners
Come off Spaces and go get a job
You ain't gonna make it, you're just a nob
You ain't got shit but you'll still get robbed
You'll be stepped off your line so you're gonna get lobbed
You come Majors and you begged it still
Back then Koz weren't your bredrin still
The last MC that tried this shit
Got slapped in his face and he legged it still
In Vader's words, Invasion Alert
Any mic, any set, any stage we will merk
I'ma stay 2Real till I'm laid in the dirt
Don't make me put man's face on a shirt
I get ten bags for a sixteen
But it'll take you three years just to pay for a verse
Get a GoFundMe just to pay for your hearse
Man can try a ting but it ain't gonna work
What OT trips have you done?
You little tramp, still look like a bum
He's been making tunes about shotting food
But he ain't ever sold one crumb
He went OT for free, he's dumb
Man like you can't come to my drum
Mind them talks, get run outta Brum
Little sket so I gotta get some
And it goes oh yeah
Got a skin fade, not a quiff, oh yeah

I can turn a MILF to a MIF, oh yeah
I can turn a box to a spliff, oh yeah
Gonna need a doctor for this, oh yeah
Might get boxed in the lips, oh yeah
Might drop a box in the bits, oh yeah
Don't get lost in my bits, oh no
Cause the mandem's running this ting all year