

SHUSH (DOT ROTTEN & WILEY SEND)

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Swifta Production

Alright then try, no one can't tell if he's ninja man
Sucked off looking like ninja man
It's GBH if I injure man
You'd probably cry if I pinch your hand
Get slapped if you're with your gang
Got a safe in the wall where the picture hangs
You ain't a genie, round like Switzerland
Fuck you and your Insta fans
You'll get thrown straight in the van
Becah' my mans going on dumb for his age
Don't cry if you get thumped in the face
Swear on my mums life
When I seen you at Mist's show you hid under the stage
Yo what's under there? Dot dusting away
Think you're a animal? Come to the cage
Everybody knows you're cunt and a waste
You're stingy, never bought lunch for your mates
You're stingy never bought nappies or milk
Try hype up and then he got killed
Bad him up then I'll bad him up still
Still wants Mz Bratt fam he can't chill
I am not Wiley, I am not Will
I'll show Goku, I'm Kakarot still
Hes not a bad boy, man are not ill
Looks like a crackhead that'll rob tills, you nitty
Won't last for one week in my city
Little Dot you are the fool I pitty
Has nightmares when he sees my name
I'll tattoo my name on to your girlfriends titty
You little Randall snitch
The past two years you've been Banglez bitch
Now your an MC, angle switch
Boom, blow out your candles quick
Emotional wreck, can't handle shit
Put an L by your name like Samuel prick
Make man cry then sample it
Force man buj like sample it
Run up in your crib and trample it
I'm a big man when I manhandle kids
Dot Rotten makes me fuckin' sick
'Cause he's a wasteman but he's fuckin' sick yo
I don't know who you been, don't know who you been
Don't know who you been listening to
Who told you I ain't, who told you I ain't
Who told you I ain't bigger than you
Don't know who you been, don't know who you been
Don't know who you been listening to
Who told you I ain't, who told you I ain't
Who told you I ain't bigger than them
Bigger than Ben
Put this prick on the news at 10
Oi Dot Rotten you're losing again
Stop chattin' wass when you're using a pen
And if you don't learn I'll do this again
Snakey, no-ones rooting for them

Dot Rotten can't stay true to the end
And I fear Wiley's tooting again
The ones on meds the others on crack
I'm sick in the head, you both'll get smacked
Oi Dot you was in Nando's
Blacks hit you with a bottle of sauce and it cracked
In fact I, said Wiley I'll dust him as well
Where's my brother? Can't trust him as well
Spent twenty years tryna bust yourself
Ain't spent twenty minutes tryna bustin' Cadell
And if he hypes up I'll shush him as well
Shush, shush, shush him as well
Coming like skepta on Culture Clash
But I'll shush, shush, shush him as well
Spin Wiley then rush him as well
And the godfather? I'll put him in hell
Ain't gunna lie I don't hate my man but Dot Rotten you'll feel rushed from t
he shell, you prick
Jump on stage you'll get booed you prick
I'm being real, not rude you prick
Made Overload didn't clear that sample bankrupt
When you got sued you prick
You snake, you rat, you dog, you twat, you fraud
You cat, you dude, you prick
Talking shit for the last how long?
But today I weren't in the mood you prick
He hit rock bottom, oi Dot Rotten
You hit rock bottom
Should I Nando's bottle or gun butt him
Tell my man go and suck sittin'
Yo dot Rotten you hit, yo
I don't know who you been, don't know who you been, don't know who you been
listening to