

Yo

New Pooooomplex

I'm clocking them fake rappers  
Eating oxygen cakes  
Go home, listen to Boy Better Know  
I sold more than the box ever made  
But if you're on my side  
Chill, relax, and enjoy the ride  
I'm not a one hit wonder boy  
Trust me, I make music all the time  
Someone's [? ] shotting today  
Everybody's got something to say  
If I quick this music to my road  
Half of you guys will have nothing to play  
See I hear this stuff all the time  
You think you can write bars like mine  
Look on your lyric books and you'll find  
3, 14159

I only make badboy tunes  
So when there's all five man in the room  
All communication stops  
'Cause if you don't hear me, then you're doomed  
You can't test me, you might be yeh pro  
I don't care, I'm mighty and so  
When you see my mix album on the shelves, cop that  
It's a deal like Ikea  
On the Boy Better Know CD you'll get  
Bare tunes from JME, you best  
Play my tunes at full volumes and shout  
Shh hut yuh muh, rudeboy, poomplex, diickhead  
You know I'm the best  
Your favourite MC, there's no contest  
Lyrically I'm ahead of the rest  
Pooooomplex

I wear my own dance  
Man see me roll on own arms  
Turn them, shh hut yuh muh, there's no [? ]  
Rudeboy, wipe your lips, why just [? ]  
I've got my own T's  
Man see me and think I got p's  
Turn them, eyo fam, you know me  
Still hustlin for my food to eat  
I only go pops, the? is a must  
Plus if I can't get into the pool club  
If not then I'll go make a dub  
I don't do collabs  
Hold me down like I've got?  
But I'm slipping, washboard abs  
[? ], are you mmmmaad?