

Spooky

K Koke

Retaliation is a must
Bally on, looking sinister
Prally on him with the biggest darg
Free corn like a dinner card
We from where the sinners are
We beat darg, we nah inna talk
The Milly Rock leave you in a trance
Somebody getting shot, we ain't here to dance
Somebody said "The opps", somebody let it buss
Somebody called the cops, somebody said it's us
Gang like Dillinger
I salt chips, no vinegar
Humble walkers, no Lineker
Big four-fifth, no miniature
Big V6, chrome cylinder
We lit, you're in no way similar

Spooky like Halloween
Fright night like Freddy
Mask on like Jason

Studying the art of war
I'm a boss, gun connoisseur
Going through the stages like I'm on a tour
Blowing up your base like a thunderstorm
Rolling with the Trey, rolling with the four
Rolling through the day, rolling through the morn
Kicking down the gate, kicking down the door
The spinners levitate and lift him off the floor
Hit him in the afterlife and give it to his corpse
His mother asking why but we ain't here to talk
Copper in the Glock, a penny for your thoughts
The chopper like a helicopter, give him hella corn
Bodies disappear like a teleport
Now somebody in the bin, what you telling for?
You ain't from the block like Jennifer
I'll show real, you'll get chopped, no editor

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