

Anglo Saxon

Loski

Mad ting, mad ting
I'm in the field like Anglo Saxons
Joke man, don't me my rankin'
Still cool with the killlys no rampin'
Cool kid, gyal say I look handsome
Handsome, handsome
Man are lying on us 'bout tantrums
Make a boy lay down, not planking

My darling's gorgeous
Becky with the good hair, flawless
My mum a real mad man, torture
Put thunder in your face, scorcher
I ain't ever been rook, that's awkward
Take what, left what, extortion
We don't do warnings or caution
Get smoke liked Cali imported

Wait, someone's lying, innit
Me, I'm the truth they mimic
That's forbidden, muh, woosh, get him
Bet me, I bet they leg it
Ski demon, for any reason they stretch it
Ball so hard they jealous
We see them, start swinging our arms like tennis

If I make bands then the killy dem fed
Yardman ting, Popcaan, them dead
Hovis, Hovis, Ski love bread
Henny, I'm rollin', Team know meds
Hoppin' out cars and jump off peds
If she love us and them she a jez
The only thing I hate more than dem man there
Is a barbie that's rude and dead (Dead one)

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Make a boy lay down on my celly
He leave you in the dirt like Mike Pantelli
TJ on the block, Spinelli
Drain out the pot, he ain't making spaghetti

Little man on the wing, Martinelli
He was in field tryna pop his cherry
Rock that steady, sound of the box
On your marks, get ready
South East steps South West
And now we like step South East
With Finneas not Belgique
Bop with a mop, discreet
Free TG, free Ts
Stuck in the box cah the job complete
4 man are on that fleet
Turning the key, tryna lock that street

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More money than Omar (Wait, wait, wait, wait)
Facts
From young I always been a baller
Now I ball in a different job
Who you caught with a fishing rod
It's all lies, you're Nemo, lost
Bro OD like Postman Pat
Got himself a delivery job

I don't love these hoes but they love me
So they say
I ain't tryna cheat , I just want hat while switching lanes
Jail four times, I hate it
Mama, I know I got to change
Bro shoulda opened a barber shop
For how much yutes he shaved

Doing man bait, morn or late
Of course we dance, Ski go cray
Woosh, muh, dem boy there lame
Uh, leng, she think she bae
Back then bassi my hip and walk
Me and Milly, we flexed of course
Love my killy, dem boys on fraud
Do it like that Samurai swords (Ying)

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