

300 Sparta
What's the palaver?
Ching out your bredrin's bloodclart
On lane, that's Gaza, wounds, not plaster
Step with splash, can't Maga
Back then with Ian and friends
And Bud and friends, not Gaga
All of my Barbie boujee, cutie
Gold one dressed in Prada

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Family stepped in dodgy
I know that he's got it in the bag
Splash and brag
Do it like Sav, ching that lad
I fell in love with the bands
She fell in love with man
In West End, buying up Gucci
Dressed in BAPE, got me feelin' like the man
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Beef still cookin', splash, not whoopin'
Big man, mind where you're lookin'
Lurk for the opps? Bro, no, you shouldn't
Caught little man and he talkin'
Jump out whips and get dutty
Last time me and Mad Max
Lurked 'round in the area
We almost took down mummy
Should've wore a vest, ching out your chest
Unlucky
We splash, it's funny
Tryna turn opp to duppy
We lurk for the score and kill, she all on man
She hold this mash, I know she real
They snap on rides, we step surprise
They dash in field

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Wish pon me like Teddy
Use two hands, I'm steady
Them boy better be ready
Many, many time I see them jetty
I'll do it for bro, I'll boot
Cuttin' through bricks
You turned quick
Pull up on her, she cute
Hold on, darling, bro-bro
Look, I swear that's neeky Trudes
Them boy crash, crash
Mash up their car, some suicide youts
No barber man but I trim
Rim, fassy, I'll make you swim
15 inch with the teeth
Shit, then fuck up your skin

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