

# Olympic Chinging

Loski

Gyal said she in love, oi hold this mash, come show me that's real  
(Olympic chinging, Taze or Loski did him)  
{Charge in the place, everybody get done}  
{Dot dot wave everybody get one}  
(I love Mr WOT Entertainment)  
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Olympic chinging  
In the trap I could've broke my hands  
On the other side, I could've broke my kitchen  
Nuff time man lurk for the opps  
Three man, 4 shanks, whole squad get dipping  
I don't know how that prick never died  
Gave 22 wounds but the boy resisting  
I don't do Netflix and chill  
I get uck, mash bands and drill  
I see man dash, dash, trip, splash, back start spill  
Ask them, how kickbacks feel? (Oi Taze)  
Gyal said she in love, oi hold this mash, come show me that's real  
And my brodem sav  
If I had one wish it would be a license to kill  
Oi calm down  
I'm on main road chinging  
Free SA, two shanks get dipping  
MizMac step, backroad get wet  
Fed chase, go home with his samurai dripping  
Up front, better play your position  
Talk on my name, I'll slide where you chilling  
12 gauge pump, no beam what I'm gripping  
Dem man chat 'bout bands  
Spent 8 on my shoes and my shotty still kicking  
'Mount of times that we ridden  
JoJo rip while I do the fishing  
Fantastic vibe when the opp goes swimming  
Manbag, many spins on mittens  
Gorgeous with a boar tongue oh my  
Skeet on her mouth and them boy there kiss it

Russ, splash addict  
Please don't panic  
Cock back, slap it  
Qwoof, qweff, splash him  
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Please don't panic  
Cock back, slap it  
Qwoof, qweff, splash him  
Her pumpon's tongue  
Grip my pokey, come here, don't run  
Chatting like hoes, they soon get bun  
I beg you ride out, please akh just once  
Yeah I'm in that [?] you fucking nonce  
Russ with the rush, one splashy don  
Please go quick, it's getting shit  
Running you down is fucking long  
Leaving your bro is fucking wrong  
Dip dip splash, wet any mum's son

Man chat shit on the net then run  
Come like holding wounds is fun  
I'm confused like who's this don  
2-2 bells and a... who's on  
Your bae knows me cause she sings my songs  
It's okay, slide down them thongs  
Olympic chinging  
Taze or Loski did him  
Two hands, one eye, chest high  
Can't lie, big Russ won't miss him  
Dem boy some victims  
Came to my block and ran with your kitchen  
If we don't ride, why?  
Tell me who, who the fuck bored up little...  
In the flesh, my man cry  
Just chat 'pon the net and lie  
Ain't on piss, they just hide  
Ain't on piss, them man just hide  
Big boy waps, make a boy ride  
Tek man's soul, make a boy fly  
Fuck off so [?]

Chase him, hope I don't lose him  
Gruesome, shoot him up and go move him  
Who's indoor? Get booting  
Gruesome, olympic chings for a human  
Boom bow just skrr off  
Close that case cause you're gonna need Sherlock  
Big blunts man burn off  
Show your face, little man you ain't heard of  
Charge in the place, everybody get done  
Dot dot wave, everybody get one  
Head, chest, back, neck, belly or lung  
When I stopped that whip, everybody did run  
Belly on who turn opp boy wooly  
Lemme get the drop, let's lean, let's boogie  
On site fully  
Lemme get the drop and see what's goody  
I go rush to ride cause he would  
Might have stabbed your gyal cause I could  
Brilliant bang, that's your [?]  
I didn't take your gyal but I should  
Olympic chinging, I ran up and did him  
You left your friend, good riddance  
Gloves and mittens, dots like krillin  
Leave man fly like pigeon  
Arts and crafts  
Carve man down til it hurts when he laughs and farts  
I ain't never tried martial arts  
That gyal there too rass, [?]  
Said she loves my art, I'm an artist  
Big man ain't on man like rahtid  
Likkle man better not chance it  
Roll and pitch him  
Two 9s, 357, that's 10 man liftin'  
I got a plan but it coming like mission  
Drain the blood and then fish him  
Brain on the bludclart kitchen  
Still got blade in the bludclart [?]  
And flame on the bludclart riddim

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