

The clip load, so we nuh talk loud
Send brain go pussyclaat cloud
How some man fi say we fear dem
Peer crocs a walk 'round
What a pussyclaat thing
When mi run up 'pon dem
And tun it inna di rass crowd
Somebody get it
Jones Avenue

Buss my gun dem inna bwoy face
Anyweh at all
From you run up 'pon gunman
Head haffi go fall
What a thing when mi line up the crocs dem
Load up the gun dem
Kill 'bout three a dem pussy start fret
Same thing, Feds dem waan fi call

Spain Town buss dem head
Don't ramp with the bloodclaat swamp, a nuh blank
Pussy a copper and lead
Pass mi the Askela
One Genah, a one Genah
Dem a batty man dread

Man shot him and man watch him
Breath leave him body
Reema nah shot him and fled
Oh God, oh God, oh God
Tears haffi shed, Genahsyde

Anything run up inna we dead
Anything run up inna mi dead
Mi walk with it
Anything run up inna mi dead
Anything run up inna mi dead
Mi claating it

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Head haffi go fall
What a thing when mi line up the crocs dem
Load up the gun dem
Kill 'bout three a dem pussy start fret
Same thing, Feds dem waan fi call

If a shoot out, a shoot out
We never yet hide
When mi kill some pussy
Any man weh tek side
Three inna dem face, three inna dem head side
From the yeng, yeng, start a death ride
The gun a jump, fire buss your chest wide
Your friend a try run and him slide
Mi nuh have pity, mi have pride
Slap it inna him face, wa do some bwoy?

From mi tell the crocs spades up
Quick we run ya dung inna the street
And buss your brains up
Cah man a killer dem have killa friend
We never trod the same route
Pussy

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Anyweh at all
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