

Born Killa

Masicka

All dem a talk wi a bloodclaat killer
And mi a go dead wid mi finger pon the chigger
Mi gun deh yah no, anything a anything a
Mi seh mi a go dead wid mi finger pon the chigger
General like Dudos, rassclaat Fletcher Miller
Mi seh mi a go dead wid mi finger pon the chigger
Because man a born criminal
Dead sinner
Man a murderer, bread winner

Mi bumboclaat life no sweet like vanilla
Born killer, all sinner march wid da tall thing yah
War winner
In a dem suck pu-y face mi buss one in a
Forehead a crack like the glass paw Paul Beemer
Pu-y come a war wi a small spinner
Yo rass skin a bun up
War naw simmer
Mack 90 pass mi a clip mi squeeze off
Woozie in a hand mi a real bomboclaat fiber glass bringer
Yeh, from the dan seh fi war the six pants in a the car
Portmore mi grow but a Grandspen mi spar
K sound like bass weh deh pon the guitar
Slam yo face out a place wi left man pon the tar
Cantaberry no f rise a long SLR
Cockbern Pen Glock burn dem, dem cancel the war
And all a who a call up mi name
Gwaan go tell mi fans in the star

All dem a talk wi a bloodclaat killer
And mi a go dead wid mi finger pon the chigger
Mi gun deh yah no, anything a anything a
Mi seh mi a go dead wid mi finger pon the chigger
General like Dudos, rassclaat Fletcher Miller
Mi seh mi a go dead wid mi finger pon the chigger
Because man a born criminal
Dead sinner
Man a murderer, bread winner

Pu-y, mi naw go tell yo seh mi cyaa dead
Huggin's man naw run, south man a warhead
Warhead fire skull crack like scowl egg
All when mi friend dem beg peace mi naw beg
Bwoy haffi dead wi squeeze the rass led
No nine night hi no
Leave the rass bread
Buy a suit case please meck a fast fled
All a yo friend dem a dead to
Waltom shot dem pussy deh fi mi
Dem mi no like yow
From bwoy fi dead, God know right now
It a go f up if mi buck up in a 5 O
Because mi naw run left the boss brico
Drive slow pon them corner the light low
Like snow so mi hear cold, am I nice now
Any pussy dis, any pussy dead
Mi crack it in a nay bwoy head