

Crocodile Dem A Work

Masicka

An' yuh know mi never did a go murder him
Kalado a big waste man, you know
Lift up two a that and forward
A true we love kill

Load up every rass gun
Real killers a walk down
Fire ball a fire hard
Crowd haffi start run

Little attention di country you waan gi you
Suck you madda cah Bounty nuh waan see you
Gwaan sing you little gal song dem Ne-Yo
Dump him ova Rio

Riffle a wave slap five inna ears
Man a dive inna grave, you a try fi be brave
From box truck and marble and bicycle days
Man a step with the gun me mother frighten fi days
Coke you a tek a something white you a blaze
Pussy joke you a mek 'bout you we try gi' me page
Any weh me see you man a fly 'pon the stage
Buss you suck pu@#y face with di mic 'pon the stage
Me left hand nuh miss, me right hand nuh gaze
Boom, points from the case left you lying 'pon yuh face
You lie inna you song me know the don inna you place
Nobody nuh listen your song inna your place

You get lock up, what was the case
Visa fuckery you drop of ah pace
Me go a Sting, what was the case
Nuff, nuff shot you think a Ruff Cut Bass
The gyal dem say you have a suck, suck ways
You can't say Alliance Killa nuh trust gays
Genahsyde bad like Ebola plus Aids
Buss gun, fuck gyal, smoke grades

When you hear head a find inna dirt
9 it a burst, somebody drive inna hearse
Genahsyde, Crocodile dem a work
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From me little and a grow man wild inna earth
Three inna your face me nuh fire buys inna shirt
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Pussy you full a gun talk
You full a words, wonda if a di rum fool dem or di herbs
Muss be your little friends dem or the girls
Rifle shot drive through dem and reverse
We nuh bruk shop, pussy, me nuh pick purse
And we nuh too talk we gi' you the clip first
Thirty five doctor, twenty six nurse
Cyaan patch up your bloodclaat head when it burst
Shoulda listen to your mother, she say follow me go church
Little wanna be a inna you the hollow tip a search
Sidung pon endz inna Walla B, a try falla frenz

Man walk up like a bank clerk

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Kill dem, common sense wah gwaan, weh dem know pain
Rifle tun on, man gone dawg, pure flame
Management drop him, take back di gold chain
Shot loud, chrome aim, black cloud, more rain
Bag a fuckery lyrics with you poor brain
Old brain, oldness, pussy pick up four grain
Headshot close range so you know me clothes stain
Bury dem a bury like weh di black four name
A nuh song alone we lock down the whole lane
Strap down fi bore brain, pop down you so lame
Boom inna face five man give you
You war song a joke beg me write one fi you

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