

Dem Ago Dead

Masicka

So who gas dem up
From dem diss the don dem a go dead man
You know the thing go

Who gas dem up?
Come we go buss the cylinder
Mathic inna lap, dawg half crack the window
We nuh fly kick inna chest, we nuh ninja
Whole a the strength inna me index finger
Buss the cylinder, colder than winter
Simple as you see me dawg me never left the intro
Tek weh dem life, you could a faster than the sprinter
Pussy a joke you tek badman thing fa'?
Buss the cylinder, tan inna your bed
Trigger haffi sub me kick one inna the head
Cut the fuckery, from you diss the don you a go dead
Dem find your body without the hand, without your head
Man buss the cylinder, things get dread
O357 left you thinner than a thread
Run off your mouth inna your skin me fire led
Somebody buy fish, somebody buy a bread
A nine night

From you diss the don you a go dead, bury dem
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From you diss the don you a go dead, bury dem
Likkle bwoy

Likkle bwoy, try fuck round the system
And love party fi kill dem, a quick kill
You see the Glock 32 a me inkin
That a bore people face and a strip skin
Me seh the pussy dem fake like lipsing
And waan cow me down
Me gun a fire, guneriah a dem only gun
Drive by 'pon dem endz and as dem hold the gun
All who a hold a vibes haffi hold the ground

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Inna your face me run me 3 star
We nuh run joke clown
You mussi waan bat fly
Ghost town feel like you a king
Pussy we buss the most cloud
So gwaan joke round till we buss your throat clown
Run him down, gun him down
Inna your face man empty da tek deh
Nothing nuh nice like when bwoy feel dem get weh
Kill dem

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