Grung dem! Hah!
Bomboclaat, Genahsyde
You hear me a say now man
Country I
You know Masicka how the thing go
Grung dem
Yo, Paco General
Bomboclaat, no bad like we

Dem no know 'bout badness yet, dem just don't know
Only bad behind the mic inna the studio (grung)
Me pull up a heckle and kotch
And tell him fit it up back
And him a ask me weh this fi go
Gun 'pon me belly everyweh a so me go
From you diss, you're dead, yo man and everybody know
Real life murder, me thing a never show
Real life murder, me thing a never show

Me see man a talk tough, but me hold me calm (boom)
From the hammer lick the pin bredda, you know weh gwaan
We fire corn and man a fold up the amount a soul weh gone
Wet dem up, dem know the storm
The boy fi kill we dog, that no sure fi born
Bag a man a dead, we full a corn, like we own the farm
Slam it inna head, boy turn off cah the chrome is on
Squeeze the trigger so till all me index finger bone deformed
Paco General go kill dem off and that's the only plan

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When this rise, believe it, don't bother feel like me nah squeeze it So easy man a beat it boy dem a look dem cyaan believe Dem a send threat, checkmate, too late, him don just get wet Him spot the rake and run gone fi him gun and dead before him reach it Shot a fly like JetBlue, fly through vest, fly through chest too Him join the back a the line fi dead and him a the first one get through Him friend dem dead too, we run Mister Dead crew Boy dem a shuffle like card

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Kill dem one one, country I, tell dem gang bang
Dynass dress up like madman
And creep up 'pon dem bang bang
Drizzle dress like business man, link up screw dem and vision
Mastermind just set the plan, with the deh waan line each gang
Bow crafish, dem a crawfish
Every man slack off when me pop off this
Why you stop smile, take your last breathe
Closed casket and none a dem no know weh cause it

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Me bad from the early stages of the embryo Sniper tun over the buffalo Nyam him breakfast 'pon him owna patio When mister dead ring you phone Beg you do, no say, "Hello!"