

Sad Dark

Masicka

Masicka enuh

Yo, Razzy, tun up that inna the bomboclaat headphone deh

Sin City enuh

Same way so

Kurrent a kick enuh

Diivn inna the talking thing

Cah we bad fi real

See me...

Tell dem a rapid me fire, the shotti me fire

Me strapping dem clapping like hand in the choir

Cause not even prayer cannot heal dem guy yah

Dem chatting some liar, when machine gun fire

Blood wash him skin look like when matches burn tire

Just buy a strap me call that the umpire

Any time it rise bwoy out, Kurrent a kick

Like me strap with some wire

Frequent flyer, shopping, gun buyer

Me the streets dem a hire, fi decease dem guy yah

'Cause me bad like Alliance, plus 3 Empire

Pass me the steel, weh dem feel, Kintyre

We walk 'pon dem Ends like, "What's up"

Squeeze up the trigger till, that bruk

Shot burst, kidnap dem gyal, get me cock suck

None a dem nuh bad enuh dem just a chat tough

Mommy don't fret 'cause your son eva guard

'Cause the thug dem abroad

Send the gun dem a yard

Me an' me thug dem roll out inna the Honda accord

Dem a punk so me nyam dem lunch like a dog

Bwoy jus' a run dem tongue like a gyal

Pass me the wall cutter, head a bounce like a ball

New era a evil, Young General

When pussy violate a no Feds me go call

Me rise up a strap with the light 'pon the top

Then me line up a trap fi go bind up your block

When the 9 just a clap, some guys just a act

One bag a talk me a advise you fi stop

To police dem a squeal, me have poison fi rat

Just get a deal fi go license the Glock

So you know that legal

Fi kick dem up like Stephen Seagal

Hold on deh Razzy

Me spliff out

Me dem a Bomboclaat play with

You we never see Masicka quarrel

Strap with a barrel, fi knock inna forehead

A knockiss me par with, diss, that is retarded

White shirt red like it drop inna sorrell

Nah act like show weh you watch inna Carib

Kidnap your kid plus the catty you married

When me say dog, a no Rotti me guard with

Shot mek skin peel like it drop inna acid

No fingerprint 'cause me walk with a gloves

Never turn up a court 'cause the Lord a me judge

Can't catch me a stray me no party a club
Can't trick me with gyal me no fall inna love
Middle day, me a walk with a slug
Shot a fall like rain, a your yard it a flood
No garlic no rub 'pon me knife
Think a gyal yah fight
Pussyhole you a war with a thug
Go tell any one a me foes
The bomber deh close, turn man inna ghost
Razzy the Maggi sound like somebody weh hoarse
It polish like furniture from inna Courts
Smooth grip it no mek me hand middle course
Pebbles inna face, damage your pores
Me getting the money, banging the whores
Shot a kick, like Jackie Chan in the shows

Dem fi know we bad
Dem fi know we bad
Dem fi know
Me say dem fi know we bad
Kurrent a kick enuh, dawgd
Baddest thing alive right now

Think a that
A the MAK-90 me send Shane go buy
Gi' dem head shot, 'bout head hot
No fear no guy, Face a fry
Gun sing like Air Supply
When this clap, road block, not even plane no fly
Richie, every man 'pon the lane a killer
Diss me, every man inna dem lane a die
If you hear say Masicka gi' dem drape a lie
Like the tax 'pon the patty shot we raise up high
So a funeral, the whole place a cry
Buss the witness throat when the case a try
Run inna your yard, gate a fly
The boy wake a try, escape the I
Me lace a tie, round your bloodclaat neck
Ratchet up inna your face, misplace your eye
Under me spliff and rum, blood thick and run
So that take couple days fi dry

(Kurrent a kick)