

## Squeeze

Masicka

Me know dem 'par, me know dem ends well  
Whole heap a blood, whole heap a spenshell  
Gun a squee-ee-ee-eeze (boom, boom)  
'Pon everybody  
Me know dem 'par, me know dem ends well  
Whole heap a blood, whole heap a spenshell  
Pull up!

You nah kill nobody  
That a lies, pussy 'top the noise  
Heart cold like Happy-Ice, pussy shotty flies  
Shallow grave man a drop the life, better watch the hype  
Cyaan be no Genah with your pussy appetite  
Pull up, and a knock it right, a the traffic light  
Brawling, have it inna day, strap inna the night  
Some pussy only bad when dem a chat inna the mic  
Rifle buss, your belly buss, your friend a drop inna your tripe (shame)  
Dash on 'pon a bike (brave), fly gone 'pon a kite  
Him mother a try wake him, but it no look bright  
She shake him, she shake him, him just a puke pint  
Him eye dem a lock dung, what a good sight  
Pussy talk straight, mek me buss your wind-pipe (boom)  
Never stop fight, boy weh you feel like  
A mussi true me get me Visa  
Man will put you inna the freezer  
Run a program

Me know dem 'par, me know dem ends well  
Whole heap a blood, whole heap a spenshell  
Gun a squee-ee-ee-eeze  
That a squeeze 'pon everybody  
A war dem want, it nah go end well  
Whole heap a blood, whole heap a spenshell  
Gun a squeeze (boom, boom, boom)

You no fi 'fraid, pussy call name 'K a fire tall grain  
Big bulldog aim bullet inna all vein  
You lock a small lane, that a pickney ball game  
Slap it inna head side, a weh you call pain  
Blood splash 'pon your gyal, the short shorts stain  
Deh with your gun, you should a pussyclaat shame  
Southside and Portmore a say fi fall rain  
Shoot anybody, wild and cyaan tame  
Banga dem weh hammer, nyamma dem deh  
The rassclaat Kel-Tec a stagger dem weh  
If a no Gaza a Genahsyde, that a them say  
Light up a spliff, with the grabba dem deh  
Then me chuck it 'pon me belly, me deh 'pon me ends, yea  
Crocs dem ready fi buss it up plenty  
The clip a empty, suck your mother, we no friendly  
So nobody cyaan call me fi any ??  
Kill dem

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Whole heap a blood, whole heap a spenshell  
Gun a squee-ee-ee-eeze  
That a squeeze 'pon everybody

A war dem want, it nah go end well  
Whole heap a blood, whole heap a spenshell  
Gun a squeeze (squeeze 'pon everybody)

Rifle a swing 'cross, pussy better think fast  
Me have me gun inna me hand, nah mek a thing pass  
You will dead inna your house, you feel the link soft  
Wrap a rope 'round your neck like a fucking scarf  
Select, select a gi' your chin half  
Face mash up, you see weh touch a thing, 'cause  
Kill your friend dem 'pon one every link lost  
The 'matic blast dem, lose weight like Rick Ross  
Buss your head and deh a road, dawg, we still floss  
When badness a teach, dem skip class  
Dem badness a make-up, lip gloss  
Wake up, which boss fake Dread weh kiss ass  
Know how much bwoy man put underneath grass  
"Weh dem gone, weh dem gone?" Family keep ask  
Nine bine buss him head like a cheap Clarks  
Cold and cyaan defrost, chop him up like meat parts  
Weh me say me have it  
See the likkle life weh you love better give God it (grung!)  
Have it fi the pussy dem me have it  
Fling, fling up one inna dem head it just a habit  
When me say me have it fi the pussy dem me have it  
One more duppy 'pon the strap me say fi add it (grung!)  
Have it fi the pussy dem me have it, have it  
Have it fi the pussy dem

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