

The Truth

Masicka

Yo

A who dem a try diss
Dem pussy deh know weh dem a do (joke thing)
Weh unno know 'bout zinc fence, board house?
(One bag a idiot)
Gunshot a fire, unno a liard
Run which bumboclaat?
(Wha' gwaan?! Hello)

Trigger press, face sink in, brain jumpy
Grants Pen fire sixteen and pumpy
Diss who, me? Pussyhole you a junkie
Countless duppy man mek inna the country (Waltham)
Ready fi bleach like Kartel, rass hell
From me get cross like Bounty
Which Lord evil? The pussy dem a monkey
Shot a buss, body jus' a jump like bungee
Me nah look no hype, me no bloodclaat hungry
Me friend dem wild like crocodile dundee
Me bada, faga, warn some hombre
Gun a buss, any man try confront me
Bomb a clap, man a drop like humpty dumpty
'Pon you block, hammer knock
Cyaan see we come fi dem don a cat
Dem a talk 'bout gyal crunchy
We no suck pussy, we no tan so hombre

None a dem cyaan bad me up round yah
Drewsland a wha' do batty bwoy 'donia
When you see da chrome yah, clown me a the owna
Me colder, none a dem cyaan run uptowna
The sound a the rifle put dem inna coma
Maski, wild life crocodile cobra
Me a the rassclaat young general soldier
Jamie, step with the K 'pon your shoulder

The pussyhole tell producer don't voice me
Boost up you battyman friend dem fi fight me
Circle you yard like you woman invite me
MAK-90 me point it, buss dem head nicely
Pussyhole glad Kartel get lifey
You a big game head, you no mighty
Becah you cyaan run the place barefoot
And me weh shot dem out a the Nike

You never grow inna the ghetto boy, friend you a follow
You and you battyman bredda name Lallo
The tip dem hollow, from you diss me a sorrow
Shot a flick inna marrow, gyal piss dem a swallow
Dre hand straight like a bloodclaat arrow
Glockburn Pen none a my gun dem no borrow
Shane
Any boy diss Subkonshus
Man jus', fling dem inna grave weh shallow
Me sick inna me rassclaat head, dawg me parrow
Eagle a squeeze, brain fly like sparrow
Run out a clip, me no run out a ammo

Who you a trick 'bout you have gun 'pon you?
You coward like gyal, 'donia man weh hang you
Gun inna me hand, me no bad inna no songo
You diss me a church, a drum and piano
Me a go show you say you a badman shadow

Rifle a rise and people a dead
Fly teeth inna head, mama weak and a beg
Man in the street and a roam with the steel, man a fled
A dog dem a fuck and a sleep inna bed
You cyaan tun no Ras, you a freak, you a dread
You cyaan step to me, shot a squeeze, you a dead
You shirt man leave inna red
Then me fuck you gyal mek she feel up me peg

Hear him no 'bout Don deh yah, Don deh yah
Pussy, you no see real badman deh yah
'Bout Don deh yah, Don deh yah
Pussy, you no see real badman deh yah

Yo, wha' do them?
Dem a try style man thing
Have some likkle waste man a try diss man
A weh you feel like? Pussy
Uptown you born and grow enuh
Weh you know 'bout street life?
Weh you know 'bout ghetto life?
Tell you likkle bumboclaat idiot friend dem 'round you
Fi no bada sing no song cah me nah answer dem
A you fi answer
Long time you a gwaan like you bad
You no bad no time
You badmind
Subkonshus me say enuh
Hello! Wha' gwaan?
Young general hear that
Unno a idiot round deh so
Jamaica fi know that too
That me a tell you