

## Shoot First

Nafe Smallz

We got money, guns and weed  
Fucked nuff gyal dem gyal [?]  
You will get drape up from mi .17  
And yuh nah wake up from yuh likkle dream  
We got dracos, M16  
Nafe know dem cyaan fuck 'round we  
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We ain't sendin' shots online 'cah we bust it in real life  
Tour on it, bet the whole block get terrorised  
When the truth don't work, see the whole 'em tell lies  
RS dingers, so it's smoke and tail line (Baow)

Shoot first  
Popstar 'cah we let tools burst  
Spirits in the air, man's too burst  
Rockstar with this heavy metal, let's go, let's go  
Still, I put my crew first  
Still, the trenches too cursed  
Never been a ting to get you turfed  
All I gotta tell 'em is two words (Let's go)

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She took it all night long, no rest for the wicked (Nah)  
In the palace, still stressed how I'm livin' (Yeah)  
Still out on the strip throwin' sets in the pictures (Ooh)  
Up now, I was puttin' press in the tickets (Jugg)  
Now the plug callin', nigga need addresses for the pound  
Only trust in the Lizzy, I ain't ever had a doubt  
She give me that neck soon as I touch down (Woo)  
She soakin' wet tryna get the rub down  
She wanna dance to reggae and calypso  
Fuck the clips, oh, on my hips, oh  
She wanna dance with a nigga, man her ting so- (Nah. nah)  
I cool off, watch her bruck off her hips, oh

Let's shoot first  
Popstar 'cah we let tools burst (Ooh)  
Spirits in the air, mans too burst (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Rockstar with this heavy metal, let's go, let's go

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