Freeze

Ocean Wisdom

These man want test my gang
Want test my creeeeeeeeeew
Freeeeeeeeeeze
These man can't stop my gang
Can't stop my moves, my crew collect them
Feeeeeees

Look, I don't pick coins off the roadside
I'm worldwide
I don't know nothing about no likes
In fact I don't know nothing about ghostwrites
But I know a little something 'bout wrote mine
Oh my, they're so Mayan
They're predicting shit but they're so lying
Looking at man like I'm no Simon
Like they're bossing me I get so Simon
Get so violent, start clotheslining
O in here like blowdrying
Got hoes on the pole, I ain't no fireman
Got bear on the pole like cold climates
Oh my, they're so admiring
How the O rolls through like a known giant
Looking at man like I'm no Simon
Like they're bossing me I get so Simon
It gets tragic, I swear man is embarrassed
Just like how the fuck did they manage?
Just like how the fuck did they cope?
If that was me I swear I wouldn't have it
Man's got all the flows that you got
But you can't hack the flows that mans chatting
Hancock called and said "d'you know what
That's too much might to match when O's rapping"
So what do you reckon? Do you be willing
Like you'll probably be following second
Everybody in my city got a hobby for heckling
Til I roll up and they realise the prodigy step in
And then they shush
Quiet, big man might throw you in a bush
Quiet, big man you can't tell me about push
Might push, push, push 'til I can't push
Can't tell me 'bout woos
Old school like actual soccer
I catch a couple mandem claiming that they're casually blotting
I afa roll up on em tell em all to pack up and stop it
And a couple mandem on the wing, and regretting their shottin
And everybody love it when I tell em bigady-bobady
Yeah they love it when Wizzy tell em bigady-bobady
Got a couple mandem chatting to me shit at philosophy
I ain't really tryna hear it, I ain't listening properly
But blud, you would get pounded and ate
On the high street or your mum's or your mate's
Man's got a sick flow
Your flow sounds like my flow did in 2008
Scrap that, got thousands of drawers
And I press best
Leave galdem a sore
Cause man's got a big [woo]

Your [woo] looks like my [woo] looked in 2004
How's that for a pause?
Niggas don't rap anymore
No panache anymore
Its all acme and wore
Them man saying same stuff that a man said before
She want at me and talk
Like her photos hiding her acne and warts
Like I won't notice that's she's naturally raw
Blud you pressed that and it's actually awks
So while you're pressing these
Heterosexual, bisexuals and lesbian tings
I be fuckin intense at festivals
But I ain't fuckin' in tents, that's grim!
She be clucking for sumtin
She be sucking on sumtin
She loving the way that we link
I swear these man they want test my gang and a brudda don't know what to thi
nk!

These man want test my gang
Want test my creeeeeeeeeew
Freeeeeeeeeeze
These man can't stop my gang
Can't stop my moves, my crew collect them
Feeeeeeeeees

Yo
Wake up
Get a job
Shit your pants
End your life
Move house
Kill a pig
Stab a dog
Mend your mind
Chase a dream
Make some cream
Fuck a tramp
Jump a ramp
Make a steak
Wake and bake
Blend a rap
Get a grand in debt on crack
Get a slap
Have a tea
Get down on your fucking knees
Fuck the police
Rape a rubber duck and leave
Walk away
Talk to Frank
Walk the plank
Buy a coat
Slice your throat
Get a driving license quote
Live your thoughts
Jigs and saws
Sprinkle bits of piss and board
Close your mouth
Open it
No regrets
Close your legs
Stroke a dog

Feed the puss
Eat your dins
Do the dirt
Keep it fake
Ring your mum
Speak to me
Burn a bridge
Eat your cake
Play the game
Bend the rules
Grab it by the head and balls
Ride a bike
Kill a fish
Make a soup
Hoover up
Meet the king
Touch the queen
Say a line
Save the graf
Paint your face
Fry an egg
Work it out
Wave goodbye

Wake up
Inside
Four walls
One life
Last night
Fiendish
Decent
Sunlight
I can't
Shake these
Dog days
Sometimes
Exchange
Brain cells
It works
Sometimes
Untie
Love life
Before
Heartache
Music
Fades out

Red sky
Feverish
These days
Dead weight
What's your
Name love
How that
Flesh taste
Fuck that
I wake
Migraine
Pounding
Half baked
Heartache
Bars
Outstanding

Some days
Hell stays
Round like a
Foul stench
Other days
Heaven stays
Out on a
Parkbench
Twin peaks
Watch that
Climb every
Mountain
Sport Nikes
Snort white
Lines in the
Fountain
That's us
Who are you
I've made my mind up
You best put my name at the top of the line-up

These man want test my gang
Want test my creeeeeeeeeew
Freeeeeeeeeeze
These man can't stop my gang
Can't stop my moves, my crew collect them
Feeeeeeeeees

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!