

Ting Dun

Ocean Wisdom

Dun dun dun dun
Diggity dun dun
The bigger the breda the harder the hitter
The harder the punch thump
The fact of the matter I'm bigger and badder
I couldn't be unsung
I beg all these rappers invest in an atlas
You're still in your mum's drum
Dun dun dun dippin' out of that
Dun likkle man ting
I can't be riskin all of that shit
If I'm on a mission tryna be the king
That's kinda dumb
Done diggin in a rut
Tryna see if something shinier than what I'm diggin' with
Disciplinin' an then I vision it
Bigger fish they wanna mirror it
I'm not a copycat
But the classmates wan' copy man
I had to camouflage a lickle bit
I felt a lickle violated if I'm honest
And a nigga lookin' at me in the wrong way
Is going one way
I'm on a runway
I'm on a plane now
I'm going somewhere
They wanna level with me
That's some day
I'm on big big big business
Ca with the pen and pad they couldn't mirror dis
Them man are lickle man
Dem mans some lickle fish
I'm kinda oceanic
Did you get my drift?
There on a dip dip dip do suttin
On the high street in a new suttin
That's my wave I recoup what I've spent, I ain't really tryna lose nuttin I'
m done
Nothin' I'm dun

Ay you know what? The whole ting dun
Ain't lying fam the whole ting dun
Said the whole ting dun
Dun dun dun dun diggity dun dun

It's like, dun, dun dun
Diggity dun dun
Look at the thumb
Look at the gun
Look at 'em run
Back of the tracks, uh
Back in the basement
Back in the raps
Back in the trap
Packin' a mac in the back of the Ac'
What happened to rap?
Can happen to you I just happen to rap

And this where it's happening at
Where rapping is back
I'm asking what happened to that?
Too many flashin the vac [?]
Two and they're flasher than racks
Two in your back
I'm doing ya two and a half cause ya'll wasn't doing the math
This algorithm
Just a fraction I'm so efficient
While in addition
I'm subtracting they whole division
With precision
Written by yours truly
Who he?
Old schooly
Freshmen do not move me (Oo-wee)
Nothing to prove
When you ain't got nothin', nothin' to lose
You fools, you will be nothin' but food
Cause I ain't got nothin' to do
Methods the dude
The room is lit, I'm setting the mood
Setting the rule
Turn a vegan to a vegetable

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Ay, trappin' and rackin' up
Stash in the attic or
Shackles in Attica, asafa asafa
Back of the track for them fattier rapper atttttattttattttaattaa
Don't interrupt man
You nowhere near bad enough
Tryna catch up wid us
Na go der sa, ya hing now [?]
Ménage à trois wid her
With a quality camera
Puffin' the annanas
It's mano-e-mano
Ain't nobody better
Mi llamo the Swagga Don
I got the energy enemy better be
Readily ready for all of da badder man
I, me and myself and I
Look how I multiply
Look at the rising tide
Look at them try defy
Clock em behind the eye

In a rap attack I'll wrap or tackle em
Pick a pattern I will batter them
Ineffective with your chatterin'
Inefficient with your stamina
In denial, they should pack it in
Inappropriately natterin'
Independently embarrassin'
Introverted yet so arrogant
It's apparent you ain't managin'
It's apparent you are stammerin'
It's apparent you are panickin'

It's apparent you are parrotin'
It's apparent you a pain
I never saw such a mug in my life and I don't wanna see you again
The M and the E and the T and the H
And the O and the D ain't the same
So bring it to Wizzy or Meth on the track and we cookin' the frame in the pa
ve
The ting dun

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