

Aye free my brother mars  
Free all the crashers  
Gang

Aye aye mars stop twitching boy  
You know I see you gang  
Argh argh gang

In bed with twists and turns  
I check my day  
And see I'm free lad I got shit to burn  
I brush my teeth  
And hit the road  
Shit I get straight to work  
She wanna sit in bed all day  
But this bitch needs to learn

I ain't no scrub  
See I ain't bummin'  
See my shit comes first  
I go wherever I want  
No need to be concerned  
If I run out  
I know the plug  
So he gone hit me first  
You don't want smoke  
I think its best that you go sit in church  
I call that shit reverse

Karma  
I been seeing comma's  
I wake up and she gone give me top in her pyjamas  
I'm gon' call up C  
And we gon' see if they want drama  
Then kick up my feet  
And probably smoke some marijuana

In bed I twist and turn  
I grab a shank I find an op  
And lad I'm twisting first  
They drop a diss I drop a addy  
Let my youngins lurk  
They'll chew your fuckin face  
With hollow tips that's easy work  
Them boys can't break the curse  
Spook em' like Halloween  
I'll pull that kitchen with that mask  
Cause I love how they scream  
I know they see me in their dreams  
I know they never sleep  
I get em' chopped on a Friday  
But this ain't the thirteenth  
Tell me who want beef with me

Dramas  
I'm dealing with drama

Keep a eye out for these snakes  
I can't get bit like a piranha  
Do me dirty once  
And I'm gon' pay you back with karma  
Do you like the way Obama  
Caught up with Osama  
Two Glocks two sticks  
Two blocks two bricks  
I came from rags to riches  
My shit ain't average  
Came out the mud with savages  
Fuck who want war with us  
Just know we ain't no amateurs  
Ain't trustin' no one  
Bitch I'm scandalous

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I'm hoping they don't notice me  
But I can't over think  
I do a drill and  
Kill my conscious  
Right before I sleep  
I'm on the field sword and shield  
I do it for the team  
I leave em' open  
Like I'm Moses when he part the seas  
Every dog has his day just like a calendar  
One foot on the gas forty-five up in the passenger  
They talkin all that war but  
Ain't the same caliber  
We grew up in the jungle  
Them boys know like David Attenborough  
They outside lookin' jealous bout the gang  
It's not bout how I'm talkin  
When I'm saying that I slang  
I'm retired now I kick my feet up do my dance  
I pull out the bands  
Send my youngins round to let it  
(BOP BOP BOP BOP)

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