

# El Gringo

Popcaan

Yow, St Thomas  
Woi! yoi! (Them a dead boy)  
Yow, Jelly Bads (Rum, rum)  
Yow, Dane Ray  
1 Law (Them a dead boy)  
Mobay, Grants Pen  
Eastsyde  
Atto (A wha'? Trouble)  
A fully auto (Weh)  
In a pussy face weh the bullet them gwan go  
Them know man a El Chapo, man a real El Gringo  
Shub the Uzi through the window

Burst him head, dead him dead  
Run go fi boy, them can't get 'way  
Bwoy, him a dead boy  
'Bout him a general  
Give him a funeral  
Rapid the 'K and make him blood run out like mineral  
You know we crazy  
You a dead boy

Yeah, bullet a sing like Luther Vandross  
Them a pussy like weh there in a them gyal draws  
Me celebrate him friend duppy with a one floss (Wha')  
Nineties a Unruly, a some mad dawgs  
Me have some bomboclaat dawg a Trinidad weh fully mad  
Pussy haffi dead all if me send them 'pon a cab (Woah)  
All when your house pretty, a your duppy we a rob (Trouble)  
'Matic them so pretty, them no jam and them no grab  
Dela the dawgs them hungry, send them a Dovecot Sunday  
Who don't dead haffi run 'way  
Elbow de dog them hungry, a where me bloodclaat gun there  
As long as road deh deh man a go there  
YG, man a gorilla  
You dead when time we yah  
People a fling your dead body like Guerilla  
Evil weh Grey, me call that one yah Capella  
Forty ball spin your fucking head like propeller (Weh)

Burst him head, dead him dead  
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Bwoy, him a dead boy  
'Bout him a general  
Give him a funeral  
Rapid the 'K and make him blood run out like mineral  
You know we crazy  
Him a dead boy  
Bad drugs (Trouble)

Stun them in a cars fast, fast  
Boy head could a tougher than a cork an torque  
Don't tell me fi cool, you know a dark man dark  
Me have spring field where bland like Zj Sparks  
Weh me do?  
Catch the pussy them a braff and laugh  
Forty ball in a face, a no bore nor dawg

Poppa Skull push the badness like a hold-on cart  
Law Boss done tell them say a 'Rolling Calf' (Weh)  
Badman send them a funeral home  
Father Bash know me will kill them alone  
Flatbush full a power like Karl Malone  
Whole day, whole night every killy a roam  
Shallow grave we a give them, no coffin, no wreath  
Turn on the draco, put in 'pon repeat  
Redman go murder 'bout ten a them  
Clip them wrap up like nanny head  
Junglist weh murder boy anywhere  
Him not even safe at the cemetery

Burst him head, dead him dead  
Run him go fi boy, them can't get 'way  
Bwoy, him a dead boy  
'Bout him a general  
Give him a funeral  
Rapid the 'K and make him blood run out like mineral  
You know we crazy  
Him a dead boy  
(Trouble)

Me no care a who fah badness them a use  
Pussy them run go start the war, and know ah them a lose  
You know me socks them full a shot me never left me shoes  
You love fi hype your dirty self, that's why you make the news  
Portmore, everything a connect  
Them know say me killas ever ready fi step  
MAC 90 me use and bruk up them head  
And me war budget can't hold in a wallet  
Not even police can save them bat  
Right out a him gate him lay down flat  
Him mumma run out see him a cough and gasp  
Left them house burn down, a gunshot an gas

Unruly! Woi yoi, wicked, wicked  
Rukumpeng, rudum  
Dead him dead  
Run him go fi boy, them can't get 'way  
Bwoy, him a dead boy  
'Bout him a general  
Give him a funeral  
Dead him dead, dead him dead