Bashment Boogie

Roots Manuva

Over blown in at the zone, Come check the poet,
Natural shiznit and nobody to show it,
Step up to the bar in the clean clothes
Know my incredible edible, My new talk tongue
Most crew in the world seems highly strung,
Sit down in at de corner and me beat me drum,
Soon get the vision of the big long sum (sum),
Its Saturday morning, you're playing the lottery,
It could be you, it could be me,
Fuck that, lets get this plan together,
You were born to go live in a place
With nice weather.

Chorus -

Fire fluid in my belly, I'm flaming hot,
If this is your hustle, this is all of your crops.
We take that shit roll from just 2 G a pop,
I like a shamen who dont shout that much,
Ain't it funny, reflecting on the drama it took to get
hook up,
Big tings gwaan for us now,
Each time we come we get dangerous now,
I paid my dues in community studios,
Late night sessions I refine my flow,
I got you blinging from the good fire, the fee
marshall,
Mackin to the modes in my council flat castle,
And we don't partial, whos the rascal,
I wont ask you for..

Chorus -

More style, more vibe, niceness we bring
You hear me MC now me going try sing,
Shimmer down, every posse just shimmer down,
Go get the pound,
Max relax now, we don't want stress,
Some o dem in a sequin, some in a string vest,
Bashment boogie we dress for impress,
Step out the bar and me smell well fresh,
Splash on cologne and we ready fre bone,
First thing we do, we haf're pick up da phone,
Yo golden G, I beg you don't make me late,
The coach is gonna leave about quarter past 8,
Pack me batch up, pack me dubplate,
Pure love we get when we step through the gate,
Rootsfi disco, get pon de go,
Stepping out the room and every body know
every time we come we have to take you down low,
See we cream me toe and me elbow
sitting at the front row

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