

Playground 2

Russ Millions

MKThePlug
Crudddd
Muaddd

Got more bands than your parents
Gyaldem say that they love my appearance
Got-got 'nuff corn, man's sharin'
It's a bag-five for the jeans man's wearin'
But, they know what I got
Whoosh, what? Your belly got shot
Back this and three these shots
Bang that dot, make man body pop

Yo (Yo), are you gonna back your cuz?
Them man hid so their cuz got bun (Oh no)
Man got bun up
Cuz got done up (Damn)
Your home got spun up
Make man lean if I lean with gun (Gun lean)
Boy, don't run (Where you goin'?), this shit's fun (Fun)
Mum best pray for her son (Hmm-hmm)
She looks good with a two bore tongue (Badders)
Yo, I wanna put man's face on a shirt (Hmm-hmm)
My opps don't learn
The friendship's weak so the bridge got burnt
Drive that boat, let's get tu'n
Them man are moist, I'm not concerned (Nah)
Skengman, fill up the pipe with worms (Fill it up)
Get rushed down, you must be burst
That's your bitch, I hit that first (I fuck her)
Need a mic like Jada (Hmm-hmm)
Let my VV's dance for a hater (Buss it)
'Nuff gunshots for a traitor (Bullet)
When I see you, nobody can save ya
Big Russ, not marga (Ayy)
I still got a crush on Zara (Ayy)
Top 10 original charter (Uh, ayy)
I'm main course, them man are some starter (Uh, uh, uh)
Can't hang up yourself like I (You mad?)
You would've tu'n pack but I gave man a bly (Pussy)
Reject who keeps switchin' sides (Woh, pussy)
So many blocks, can't find this guy (Woh, pussy)
No street boxin', no kickboxin' (Pussy, woh, woh)
Burst man's skin (Bullets)
Air this out, run with the wind (Bullets)
Why do they talk like they ain't been chinged? (Woh, woosh)

Got more bands than your parents
Gyaldem say that they love my appearance (Okay)
Got-got 'nuff corn, man's sharin' (Okay)
It's a bag-five for the jeans man's wearin' (Okay)

I might haffi tu'n up the council flat (Fuck it up)
Fuckin' tramp, can't pay his tax
Russ got racks, big racks, that's facts
I made this yute and it's only facts
Got bopped in your face, I can't forget that

Trouble plus you ran from ***
You left your car, I can't respect that
Got big-big waps to open head backs
When I see him, on God, it's lit (It's lit)
Bricks left you for a chick, you're a ritz (Okay)
Can't come 'round in your '04 plate
Whip got matchin' sticks, which one should I pick? (Which one bud?)
Bro, your whole life's shit
Back that wap but he didn't use it (Bullets)
What is your shoes? Stick to the music (Bullets)
I'm on all of them, don't confuse it (Bullets)
But, they know what I got (They know, woosh)
Whoosh, what? Your belly got shot
Back this and three these shots
Bang that dot, make man body pop (Bullet)

Got more bands than your parents
Gyaldem say that they love my appearance
Got-got 'nuff corn, man's sharin'
It's a bag-five for the jeans man's wearin'
But, they know what I got
Whoosh, what? Your belly got shot
Back this and three these shots
Bang that dot, make man body pop