

# Don't Even Think About It

S.A.S

Don't even think about it, don't even think about it  
Don't even think about it, don't even, what's really good?  
Don't even think about it, don't even think about it  
Don't even think about it, don't even, we're really hood?

To the sound of the pistol  
I'm in the V, wit the keys hittin' Leeds and I'm back down in Bristol  
Gats rattle your top, and shots fly quickly  
Snap, crackle, and pop, it's not Rice Crispies  
Up in London (Bo) I'm a O.G. (Bo)  
Through the dungeons (Bo) to the cold streets  
If you snitchin' I'll catch you, slippin' and clap you  
Cuz May got brains and balls bigger than apples  
Who slicker than that, but of course I floss  
In that cherry red porsche with the sports exhaust  
I'm a G but it cost to floss  
I will slew you then take the next flight back across the shores  
You better behave or learn a lesson in rage  
I'll step to your stage with a weapon, vest, and grenade  
Like aye, aye, when May spray the 'K  
I'll have your loved ones mourning like the break of day, pray

Once upon time there was Mega & May  
And we started to (What) get cheddar from yay  
Mega:  
Flippin' raw packs, more stacks (Bo) what you call that (Bo)  
Not at all rap brother this all facts  
(2x)

To the sound of the trumpets  
I'm gettin' pounds, flipping pounds, out of town northbound eating crumpets  
When I spit it I slug 'em, do not try stick me  
Paint a picture of London I'm not Guy Richie  
It's never me oh (Bo), when you owe me (Bo)  
I sold kilos (Bo) on the low key  
I bubble and stash pay, hustle for cash (Hey)  
Set up shop with hard rocks like the cafe  
I zone when I spit (yeah) the throne I'm a sit there  
Loan cheddar while you owe Mega like the wrist wear  
I'm the King like Stephen, I'm torture  
Get money off the books, I ain't even a author  
Like whoop, there it is, the coupe there it is  
22's like hula-hoops, there it is  
I send fire mate, while your empires fake  
Cuz they got more floors than the empire state, say

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Yo we not from H-World, but May's a Globe Trotter  
Been around the world with coast to coast scholars  
Back on dem roads, I posed and sold scama  
Body armor, we roast and ghost drama

Fuck a lame whore (Bo) I got 'caine raw (Bo)  
S.A.S got the streets buzzin' like a chain saw  
We Dipset top-a-fellos  
That'll pop the metal and turn your muthafuckin' top to jello, hello  
Who rocks more jewels than Elizabeth  
What is you illiterate, forget about the lyrics I spit  
It's more than rapping B, I'm packing see  
And what you call a scar is a scratch to me, fam  
I was making grands with my family  
Now I'm the best man like my mans getting married  
Coke, E's, keys of the sticky trees  
I decided to double my cheese like it's Mickey D's, please

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