

## Posh Ragga

## Sam and The Womp

Posh ragga  
You're just a blagger  
Nah!  
You can't come close to this swagger  
Paul on the sousa 'bout to blow the roof off  
The mouthpiece firm not rowdy as we move up!  
Hah!  
Nah brother its all bless  
All pass the full test  
The Wompettes giving you all this  
Give a man what he deserves kid  
The seeds are burning  
Its all relative and its working!

He's bitten by the sun  
He's got gold inside  
His body is persuaded  
To lose it's mind  
Not merely beautiful  
Not merely gold  
And the sun is your soul &  
This your heart should know

When time's tuff  
The Womp will save you  
The beats will cage you  
Into a world that made you  
Horns keep rippling all night  
Don't live with the small times  
Retired from the days of the small fries!  
Energy busting a melody with the recipe  
Its meant to be the skeleton man running a legacy  
Womp will soon drop in the shops for your service  
Don't forget to spread the word where ya heard this

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Ragga mentality  
Everyone lost their sanity  
Hah!  
Held down by gravity  
Nah!  
We are a family  
Gonna give it to you so sweet  
Whether you touring the west  
Or out in the middle east  
Straight off the shelf of the street  
A memory for the peace  
So make way given the straight face  
To all the masters constantly grafting

Musically with the artist  
Get the brushes out painting  
The picture perfect here regardless