

What you gonna when the crashers summon?
What's that smell in the air?
Put it in gear and let's go hunting
That week, we gave them a hundred
Du-du-du-du, bands on me
Noddy or leave
I don't want no discussion
You ain't tryna make bread or nuffin'
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Girls on man cah the music bangs
Nuff times dat she wet her panties
Man love chat 'till I step 'pon flats
And her legs get wee like bambies
Opps outrageous, giving out statements
Tryna crash corn at families
Beef intense, so I cop me a skeng
Tryna rain on 'dem, Ashanti
Free K-Crash, he was doing up Viking
Why you gotta be so wassy?
Girls on me, and I like her loads
But she moves too young like Ashley
Would wife a gladly, but she don't get me
All she wanna do is stress me
Stay away from trident
Y.AM just violent
He's not tryna impress me
Big.45 with a Muay Thai kick
But the kickback kick like Jet-Li
Doing up houses bit by bit
But the bit bix loves Coke and Pepsi
You already know dat I beat your chick
If you don't want wood just let me
Man just ran when I wave that stick
Cah the shotgun long and hefty
Miles tryna catch 'dem fishing in C
Mans been to the C, there's plenty
Think about me
I was raised in the C, had two shotguns at twenty
Trident on me, IC3
Roll with the blue like Bentley
She was on me, nuttin' ain't free
True say the kid been trendy (Mally)

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410's wet, what?
Splash him, and splash his friend
Ay, ay, Y.AM Sav 'mence
He'll do him and do his friend
Oh gosh, he went on the bloody net
Talking hella nonsense
I'll splash him and splash his friend
Trap stack, man can't do it like TS
Man need to low all the vocal
The boy try speak and he still got beating
You got chinged and he left you
Question: are you gonna back you bredrin?
Kick down doors like Kung fu
Wave it around and now everyone is stressin' (du-du bow)
They ask, "Why we ain't social?"
'Cause most mans fake and they ain't in my interest
Look at you, splashing on cotton
I'll just sip on my tea and left him
Boy better have that plan
Cah me and the g's investing
Skengs, ding-dongs, rolls of work
I'm poppin' it eas' on a next ting
Bro-bro, set that trend
You better do that shit like your best friend
Filly, 4-1-0, F-Blocka be the best ends
You couldn't be gang
Ahh, man, you stressin'
As we say round here, "You dun out 'ere, that's a lesson"

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