

## Worst

Skept

Fuck what you heard  
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Fuck what you heard  
My g's are the worst  
Fuck what you heard  
My g's are the worst  
Diss me, that's a curse  
Late night on a purge  
Four man in a Merc  
Door slam and then burst  
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Fuck what you heard  
I been up in the bits  
Trapboy can't go broke  
They hollering for a fix  
Manna' back in effect  
Money, power, respect  
Try man for a brick  
Hit the rave then I flex  
Fuck the word on the curb  
I've been up in the game  
Put a hole in a shirt  
Man getting lit like a flame  
On the strip, fuck a search  
Grab a tool, put in work  
Gyal a pop it and twerk  
Still with gang on the lane

Doing road, skrr'  
Do the road skrr'  
See your hoe, I swerve  
Tell 'em fuck what they heard  
Do a show on your turf  
Stepped in for the search  
Man bagged with that bird  
Six braps and then rr rr!  
Man's road, man's curb  
They clean man's dirt  
Girly giving man err  
Out ere looking skrr'  
Trackie un-der  
If I touch her, she gon' squirt  
When I lose, I come first  
Try diss me, that's a curse

Purple, smokin'

Mix the henny, make a potion  
Hit the road on a madting  
Cause up bare commotion  
Ting, loaded  
Catch us slugging, get folded  
Bread, get Hovis  
Run it up and just hold it  
Dem man are informers  
Dem man are some talkers  
Over here we keep quiet  
I ain't heard or saw shit  
About business, man important  
Phone ringing, they calling  
I'm whippin' up, put the fork in  
'Til the dough reach enormous

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Gimme likkle this, gimme likkle that  
And the warlord come with the warlord chat  
Got gyal 'pon belly, got gyal 'pon back  
Come fi murder this riddim, and war 'pon that  
Gyal turn on people and try come back  
Nah likkle yute, man it don't work like that  
Man, fuck what you heard, man it work like that  
Ay yo my gyal, look on the curb 'pon that

I know you heard about us on the curb  
If I said that I got bro then that's my word  
Wrist work, flexin' till it hurts  
With the driver, whizzin' and skrr  
Take a next step, put it in thirds  
Call up, call up, in the corner, corner, they can hold no search  
Top Boy, I'm cooler  
When you see the name, gotta big it up first  
Ain't got one, can't lift man skrr  
Baby birth, then man lift off skirt  
I see your girl chillin' man's merc'  
Section Season, fuck what you heard

There's something that I think you should know  
I been on the edge, man I beg you please don't push me bro  
See I refused to pay attention to you pussyholes  
You Benihanas, you get chopped up like some sushi rolls  
I told 'em a million times  
Us man are in control  
Theresa knows Britain is mine  
On the frontpage covered in gold

I tried to show man wah gwarn  
See my man rubbing his nose  
Now man have got life on track  
Them man are still out there troubling hoes  
Oh no

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