

# Wollan

Skillibeng

Yo, Bermuda Music  
Yuh sih  
Yo, Unknown T  
(Ay, Tefo made this one)  
Yuh sih  
Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp  
Grrrr, mmhuph, listen

All my gun boys crash on peds  
And they slap with tek, I'm so impressed  
Pretty gyal wan' a goon, and I love double pierced  
Gyal, show that breast  
Doowap one ping with the mask on deck  
That's two double 0 K-miles on a trek  
It's kung fu when I boot that trap  
Tell the nit back, "Show them pebs"  
Wollan  
Its kung fu, when I boot that trap  
.32 on my lap wanna kick like Jet Li  
Cocktail date got the thing on me  
I still got smoke don't stress me  
Got enough on my plate but the opps wan' test me  
Scheme, then rev out the ride like Dezzie  
It's' 021, what you know about pressi'  
Beat at the opps then we ball out plenty

Head shell  
True me number one them get vex  
Mix new wid old fashion an set trend  
Alien wid big ole Glock under me belt set  
Wull di suspense, nun expected  
Bare gyal fi fuck, mi don haffi text dem  
Me will buss head wid di old Keltec  
Bay don know how we cold and well dread

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Yuh doh haffi ask fi mi gun dem deh  
Spain town, seh fi tell some boy, weh a talk bout bad  
Mi fi run dem weh  
Brand new Glock fulla nine ball  
And me two clip dem and me move wid sense  
From a proving den, roll out from a boy  
Move him dead

Listen  
See, the opps love talk, go lift up your jumpers  
Bare torn wounds and punctures  
No need contour, can you arch back, pumpkin

She holds one tap, this badeen wan' function  
No stack, are you broke? Go re-up  
A lump sum, crash like two at your dum-dum  
She wan' more cocky, your friend keep crawling  
She keeps stalling, she loves obstruction

Extension, dis di EastSyde  
Den a bare dead man  
Pan wid di clip start drain headback  
Dem pussy deh nuh bad dem 'fraid like gyal  
Helicopter suh the chopper sound, when we roll out when yuh see the alien ma  
n  
Big fat shot inna the SLR mag  
Kill dem a weed we go blaze after plain as that

Fill up the mash, gang do the conduction  
I just wan' top, gyal I need concussion  
She got big breasts, now she want reduction  
What will I do when the machine needs some tucking  
Your body don't need no adjusting  
Kneels on toes, cah my yard ting bruck it  
We tour on the opp block, blew out the Corsa  
Duss it  
Bleaching cream, suh me put shot all over dem skin with the big .16  
Love shoot boy make the lidung and bleed  
Satan cyan say him evil than me  
GCT, one plus tax, me nuh 'fraid a dem now  
Inna them head shot a make hole  
Diss man, dem a dead inna dem town

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