

[?] in the night and we gone with the wind
Some rappers done died, man I did it again
Gettin' them wins, you be taking them L's
If this shit was the law, I would be president
Irrelevant, straight to the top man I be levelin'
You copy my style 'cause you be revenant
Again and again and again and again, man this shit never end
But I put an end to this shit if ya'll nigga's don't quit I'm gon' make me a
list
Yeah you gon' sleep with the fish, and found dead in a ditch, you don't even
exist
No mo'
Fuck [?] I give shits no more, fuck [?] I just rip that flow
Dope D.O.D. & Słoń and Wombat, we are ready to get that dough

Alright brudda [?]
Man I'm heaps sick, no MC's ever been iller
I'm a fiend for the cheap liquor
When I sink tins, but don't get pissed if I bet bitter
Dig deeper and dream bigger
Dope D.O.D. & Słoń on beat with a singular
Try putting me on show, nah
Bitch, I could have you spinning out like a G-Whizzer
[?] 'cause I been wit it
Wanna get the job done, mask on mask off

You hit a blunt like Elon Musk
Then pass on when I blast off, that's SpaceX
Then I cast off 'till I'm Brain Dead
That's Wombat's with the Brain Dead

Brain Dead family, D.O.D army
Everywhere we go, we're the ones you don't wanna be
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Gadka wżarta w bit jak farba w panel
Ja nie zwalniam, znowu kat za majkiem
To mój standard, nawijam i zgarniam kasę
Łapiesz? To BDF alma mater (surprise)
Wjeżdżam jak analny gwałt
Tym smutnym cipkom się dziś zawali świat
Gdy gramy, pod klubem wyją alarmy aut
A Dope'y na scenie robią cannabis gang
Chcesz lajki i hype, chcesz hajs i laski
Chcesz być super stary jak te Adidasy
Ja chcę tylko kurwa ci te wargi zaszyć
Włączam Skynet, to czas armii i maszyn
Nie spać, zwiedzać, zapierdalać
Sceną gardzę nadal, chcę karki łamać
Zróbmy napad na bank w czarnych balaclavach
Ostrze kata spada, suko shut the fuck up

Ever heard the sound of thunder
Kill 'em with the cowabunga
We livin' in the land down under
D.O.D., Słoń, Wombat

Mortal Kombat we on that (what's that)
Put the flame to your contract ('nuff said)
Delete the names in your contacts
Leave no trace of your punk ass
Boombity bye-bye, livin' in the age of sci-fi
Drop 'em in a ditch somewhere out back, no light, no life, no wifi
Better watch where you aim that side-eye
You get left on the curb like a drive-by
Same old song, hoodie back on, and we gone in the nightlife

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