Sound Bwoy Bureill

Smif-n-Wessun

Boom bye bye, to a sound bwoy head,
We don't promote no nasty man, dem hav fi dead,
Givin' him two shots dead to him chin, enemy a friend,
Fake the funk, i put the junk to an end,
Now who da rude bwoy, wan tess de o.g.,
I find his family, to identify he,
I bet you never thought I bust led,
To prize, I'm a fortified blunt head just like a dread

You cant tess the champion sound, you gettin bucked down,
Recognize my boot camp click, outta bucktown,
Gun thirsty little bastard, always blasted,
From the sess of chocolate, from my dick gastin,
You say you number one wicked selecta,
I say you punani, and I wetcha,
Keep the bull, before I pull this here trigga,
Cause you don't wanna tess me, when I'm tipsy off the liquor,
Like a punk they call mcgirt, got his feelings hurt,
Showed his true colors, had to yank up his skirt,
Now he's in misery, tryin to cop a plea,
Led to his head, from gun clapper number 3,
See, lick off a shot you no dick rida,
Lick a shot punani, not gun fire

Now everybody wan be dongongon,
All around new york niggas be talkin, but we be stalkin,
In the docks when the gun starts buckin,
But in the day, be wary of where you be walkin,

You see sound bureil and we don't take dat fi fun
Its the boot camp click
And you your gettin' done
Me sing sound bureil and we don't take dat fi fun
It's the blackhart scavenger you know your gettin' done
Me sing sound bureil and we don't take dat fi fun
Tess smif n wessun rasta know your gettin' done
But me say sound bureil and we don't take dat fi fun
Tess de boot camp click and you know your gettin' done
Me sing

Me naw sex, me ruff like the wicked you fe me,
The the other half, that be buggin' over truth you see,
Original, criminal, run in town, crime pays,
That's when I practiced, your act if, you wan get blasted
By my nine shot, come around my block, pon the night spot,
In the pine box, murdera' sound bwoy killa, fantili filla,
We bout to get illa,

Sound bwoy, ya got nuff reason to worry,
Coming wit' my troops, we about to bury,
Betta pack ya dubs and move in a hurry, ease off seen,
Lookin at my pager, it's about that time,
To load up the 9, and do my derelict crime,
Warriors, conquerors, the man before ya,
Mr. ripper, a.k.a. the enemy killa,
My man wit the weed, is my man in deed,
And all you sucky-ducky niggas catch nots wit speed,

You see sound bureil and we don't take dat fi fun
Tess de boot camp click
You your gettin done
Me sing sound bureil and we don't take dat fi fun
Tess de smif n wessun and you know your gettin done
Me say

Laud!, some bwoy wan get dead tonite duke,
As I retrieve the 2-5 from my timboots,
Target pon sight, trick up and cock,
Adjust your pupils to see a dead bwoy walk,
'Nuff pussy hole gwan die dis year,
Here comes the bootcamp, slide it to the rear,
Its the rain, hurricane still lickin' shots,
More untouchable than niggas wit the chicken pox,
Dreads and fros out to get the dough like this quick
From now until louisville still packs the biscuit
Nighty now, smif n wessun, o.g.c.'s it's the beast from the east
Wit gun clapper number 3

We bring the realness, feel this, boom it's black moon reveal
This,
We come to let you know, what the deal is,
Straight up we serve justice, so if you can't be trusted,
May you return where the dust is

There is many sound that's goin' around, and goin' on,
And gwan like a clown, but I'm tellin you, clean up your act,
And come to de livestock 'cause you a deadstock from mornin' to de
Evenin', now everything changed

You know, sound bwoy dead so we lick off dem head man for real
Its smif n wessun long side blackhart scavenger
Ridin' through and when we look a when we look and say

Tell dem fi come if a trouble dem want
Boy we a go lick dem wit de finesse and charm
Tell dem fi come if a trouble dem a look
Take a look take a look in a camp lyric smoke
Tell dem fi come if a trouble dem a want
Boy we a go lick dem wit de finesse and charm
Tell dem fi come if a trouble dem a look
Take a look take a look in a scavenger lyric smoke
'Cause every page full a style
And full of a fashion
We don't believe in pirate material
My lyrics no rush and
Well original christen and stamp
Wit de seal of approval, original true posse
Give me de siganl
Put dem to bed and give de bureil
Me say sound bureil and we don't take dat fi fun

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