

Gunfingers

Tinchy Stryder

Yeah, yeah
They better start clack now
Tinchy Stryder round mine right now
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Tinchy Stryder round mine right now
Cloud 9, uh

Line up, you ain't on the line-up, boy
Don't act bright, you ain't in the limelight, boy
Fall back, you ain't on the frontline, boy
You talk hard ball, you're on the phone line, boy
Oh boy, oh boy, I'm the golden boy
Promise you there ain't no holding, boy
I'm not folding, boy, run up on cliques
On some James Bond shit with the golden toy
In grime, done been the golden boy
Promise you there ain't no holding, boy
I'm not folding, boy, run up on cliques
On some James Bond shit with the golden toy
Outfits without the backpack, boy
Dressed in style like the platinum boy
Real talk, you best allow that boy
In fact, he's here, let's allow that boy
Feet to the ground, stick to the plan
You're acting a clown, let's have a man
You know me, I dun know you know me, man
And there's not one thing you can show me, man
I'm Stryderman, watch how I dark a man
No attention-seeker, man
They can't see me, man
Keep it ninja, man, keep it ninja, man

Yeah, let me see the gun fingers
Don't stop popping off gun fingers
Raise that MAC, yeah, gun fingers
And it's not a long ting, just gun fingers
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Don't stop popping off gun fingers
Raise that MAC, yeah, gun fingers
And it's not a long ting, just gun fingers

Uh, in E3 we pop the sickest loud
We make the snoops and the whistlers proud
Ask about me, man, they call me Cloud
Sick show up at the illest crowd
You missed the boat, long left the harbour
Hope that you're coping, all that palaver
Yeah, take a bow
Here comes the best MC right now

Listen, uh, Strydes, I keep telling 'em
Again and again, I'm quite savage with a pad and a pen
Oh shit, I've gone and done it again
I've got the girls putting up gun fingers like a ragga event
It's like I'm back at a 10

I'm fully-equipped, you know I'm setting levels to this shit
You keep chatting about there's something on your hip
Next thing you're on it, then you're lying on the drip so
So step back, who's that? E3 menace
You had a hard life, but you don't know what hell is
Said you're from the bits, you know who Beg is
You don't know Shoot and you don't know Emmis
If you come at my crew, you might perish
I'm closer to heaven, stuck a full I blow smoke at the sky, my eyes reddish
Bars and bass is my fetish, let me see the, let me see the

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