

Can't Dun

Tion Wayne

Uh, uh
Mm, mm
Uh, uh
Uh, uh (Grrt, grrt)
Uh, uh

Have you been Piccadilly with a gun? (Uh-uh)
Where you from? Shake your bum, shake your bum (Uh, uh)
Ever since I got rich, no average girl, love my African girl, baby, come (Uh-uh)
Does he run up a bill? (Uh-uh)
Gyal, wan' be my ying-yang? (Uh-uh)
Hustle hard like bin man (Mm, mm)
Now there's money to waste, they can't dun

She say I got money to waste (Grrt)
I'm in Leicester Square playin' poker (Yes)
Shout Snoop and step with a broom (Trust me)
And hit man's head, what a joker
Still run man down with smokers lungs, I'm a full-time smoker (You know)
Stuff four girls in a Vito (Yes)
If I hit this, she ain't goin' back to the owner
Stuff nineteen on a clip like G, already did with the G19
Marvelous brain when I kick back, smoke on my weed (Uh-uh)
It coulda been a get-backs or it coulda been AD's
Coulda been attempted, but it was a- (Yeah)
Now his face is all over my screen

Today, we only brought one skeng, but now I'm with M, there's two of us (Ayo)
)
We don't know who needs corn next, so we saved some mash like school dinners
Street life, it can go wrong
Gyal from NY comin' London (Grrt)
Sayin' that it beefs mine, that ain't what it feel like (Baow)
Caught him in a real life, sayin', "Wagwan"
Young boy love shoot like cameraman
This is interestin' for a bag of san
Think that you're sick? Try this flick
Watch a man just kick, Jackie Chan
Why you wanna get smoked like flavoured or Benson
Bought bro-bro new chain, don't mention
Don't know why the haters crave attention
Shoot, shoot, David Beckham

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Young beamin' pon' change my demeanour
Now I step way more cleaner
Really spend twenty-five racks in Celine for Celina
I got a Asian one, she a diva

Don't switch, got rich, but naturally wheeler and dealer
Twenty-five shots of Tequila
My guy, what you doin' 'round here? Where you from?
What you on? Where you from?
You don't wanna get smoked, Wiz Khalifa
Tek way dat gyal from her man
Pretty girl, come from Suriname
Like, all of a sudden, all these girls love me
When wrist wear turn Switzerland
Tryna run up a mill' (Ticket, ticket)
You ain't seen a hundred K bill
Like, you ain't really bad in the field
Broke boy, but I know how you feel (Yo)

Have you been Piccadilly with a gun? (Uh-uh)
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