

# Daily Duppy

Unknown T

(R14)

Listen

Fresh out the cage for a slaughter  
Damn, I was stunned when the case got brought up  
It's just me and my bros like Warner  
Hold up, wait, let me take that corner  
Burst in whip and replace that quarter  
See how the weights transformer  
Back roads, TT and it's crisp like Walker  
Bag full of whoosh but who's the informer?  
Look, ding dong trips with t'ree-double-o's  
Don't slip 'cause we lurk in order  
There's PCD's with the Trident vests at my door but I ain't no talker  
The opps try come with a script got flipped and them boy wrote off, no author  
I see bare man dust when they saw that Corsa  
Splash, splash, bare Fiji water  
Opp block trip with a bally, my bro got knicked with a boarer, boarer  
Now he can't fly out or move round the border  
Cah he keep serving probation order  
Pass the ting over, the bread got watered  
Park the two blockies, now they got sorted  
Ugh, broski's taking the piss, how you taking a pic with a waigon's daughter  
?  
[?] tried put me to test  
I hate when they ain't tryna dish out a evs  
Man sit on remand and stress  
Cah it ain't a game, it's life or death  
Fresh, fresh on a streets  
Man threw up the beef  
Any mash that I want, man gets  
The feds try knick me for what now?  
Hold up, that's not me like Skep  
Look man know I got a tiny temper  
Lemme cool off, baby girl don't stress  
I go STK then I call her  
Got two bills, she got two in her breast  
Hotel Raddison Blu, I'm bunning a zoot  
Gyal, come here and bill some zegs  
Listen, come with the chip gyal  
Give me the drop on the opper's address  
Roads too smokey, no salmon  
I was locked up, tryna work on my album  
But there's pagan boys in the jailhouse  
Way too much that I can't even count 'em  
A few, a few opps in a wok, who found them? Us  
My Queen Counsel told me that the evs was dead, let's take it to trial then  
I done two times walking out of the Bailey  
Go stay low from the siren  
They see man run on the back roads  
Swinging my boar, it's force I'm applying  
Look, jailhouse ting  
Bro bros tryna lurk and he froze, let me go and grab my ting  
They done too much chat, had enough of the opps, bare reboars hyping  
Besides them, CPS and Tridents move like rap is the cause of violence  
Deja vu, I bust all indictments

No more jail cah my freedom's priceless  
CID still onto the 9ers  
I'm in the jailhouse swinging my arms  
Got beef in the marsh, lurky with the lifers, ugh  
Big drip, call that "Chanaynay"  
Watch me go whip that O, no silent  
Oh, see one of the jurors sleeping in court  
Then I'm giving the usher a silent note  
CPS, they know that the verse weren't right  
In the court with the Trident, don't  
I've been lit before they paid me  
Buss down tints, drive by in the ride with smoke (Ugh)  
Breeze out the car, there's an opp in the 9  
It's us, lurking through in a dinger  
I put two plus two in a spinner  
Buss, if not then we lurk with a chinger  
Poke or shave him smoothly with a clipper  
He can hold one too cah he been on the fence and he's way too inner, inner,  
inner  
Brozay's losing the plot in the hood, feels like I'm living in Black Mirror  
Ghost, ghost, move like Big Tipper  
We serve food in our capital  
TT coming in hood and extra like Yinka  
There's OT flakes in a bake  
Watch it marinate rocks and we chop that dinner  
My little brozay's tryna move with an Uz'  
Cah there's bare bloodstains when he bust that trigger  
Airborne blood all over the dinger  
Whoosh, first in the pool like Liver  
Pull up then gun anyone that's similar  
A yout got hella ching stripes, no Tigger  
Now we got bare red juice like Bigga  
Free my cody then fly up COT then chop up the shape like Triller  
Tik Tok, gun man stance in the function  
Wind up your waist with my hand on my trigger (Ugh)  
Rotate and flip like my flick knife babe  
Honey, shake those hips (Ugh)  
I can't get lidge rips cah the firearms, jakes interrupt man's trips (Ugh)  
Real check, no ins, that's back to the compound thanks to the pigs  
I'm the best at my age, no fibs, who can flow like this?  
Fuck off