

Wollan

Unknown T

[illegible]

All my gun boys crash on peds
And they slap with tek, I'm so impressed
Pretty gyal wan' a goon, and I love double pierced
Gyal, show that breast
Doowap one ping with the mask on deck
That's two double 0 K-miles on a trek
It's kung fu when I boot that trap
Tell the nit back, "Show them pebs"
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Its kung fu, when I boot that trap
.32 on my lap wanna kick like Jet Li
Cocktail date got the thing on me
I still got smoke don't stress me
Got enough on my plate but the opps wan' test me
Scheme, then rev out the ride like Dezzie
It's' 021, what you know about pressi'
Beat at the opps then we ball out plenty

Head shell
True me number one them get vex
Mix new wid old fashion an set trend
Alien wid big ole Glock under me belt set
Wull di suspense, nun expected
Bare gyal fi fuck, mi don haffi text dem
Me will buss head wid di old Keltec
Bay don know how we cold and well dread

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Yuh doh haffi ask fi mi gun dem deh
Spain town, seh fi tell some boy, weh a talk bout bad
Mi fi run dem weh
Brand new Glock fulla nine ball
And me two clip dem and me move wid sense
From a proving den, roll out from a boy
Move him dead

Listen
See, the opps love talk, go lift up your jumpers
Bare torn wounds and punctures
No need contour, can you arch back, pumpkin

She holds one tap, this badeen wan' function
No stack, are you broke? Go re-up
A lump sum, crash like two at your dum-dum
She wan' more cocky, your friend keep crawling
She keeps stalling, she loves obstruction

Extension, dis di EastSyde
Den a bare dead man
Pan wid di clip start drain headback
Dem pussy deh nuh bad dem 'fraid like gyal
Helicopter suh the chopper sound, when we roll out when yuh see the alien ma
n
Big fat shot inna the SLR mag
Kill dem a weed we go blaze after plain as that

Fill up the mash, gang do the conduction
I just wan' top, gyal I need concussion
She got big breasts, now she want reduction
What will I do when the machine needs some tucking
Your body don't need no adjusting
Kneels on toes, cah my yard ting bruck it
We tour on the opp block, blew out the Corsa
Duss it
Bleaching cream, suh me put shot all over dem skin with the big .16
Love shoot boy make the lidung and bleed
Satan cyan say him evil than me
GCT, one plus tax, me nuh 'fraid a dem now
Inna them head shot a make hole
Diss man, dem a dead inna dem town

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