

TJ, fucker dem lose dem senses or sumthin'
Sumthin' wrong with dem
Sumthin' wrong with dem
Dem lick dem head
Dem muss lick dem head
Sumthin' wrong with dem
Sumthin' wrong with dem

Waterford...

Shot a spin like gyal a wine fast
Everybody affi duck the eagle a fly past
Skin catch a fire vampire Christ cross
Man a run and a lick up in a dem one another, ha ha
Glory be to god, glory to di king
At your funeral a choir dat a sing
Give yuh two clip of rapid an it bruk your fire pin

Knock it mek him drop so mi check him pocket
Di bwoi didn't even walk with a matic
A just feelings
Di pussy did a carry
Waterford man step out an knock it pon him
Man a knee lift
A mussy Donald Quarrie
Wi do dis easy
No alka no inna dis
Mi nah have nowhere to lock so much rifle and so much matic
Gaza man alone have about two dozen matic

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Sit down pon dem ends like it is a office
Push it dem a load slr broke chalice
A must rapture dis to bloodclart, man a vanish
Six pants an knock wid di M1 an couple Kalash
Do you feel it
Addi a di baddest
Mi get the grizzly
From down in at di valley
Sherlock and brook valley nah tell yuh sorry
Riverton have sum bloodclart
Gun I carry

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