

Oi, who's that boy Lethal B?  
Oi, who's that boy Lethal B?  
Oi, who's that boy Lethal B?  
The one who rides bikes  
And just don't give a D  
We're like uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B  
Uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B  
Uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B  
Draw bare girls, draw bare beanie  
Hey boy, what's the case? I can tell by your face  
When you're in the wrong place  
When you're in the wrong game  
And your rhymes are lame  
And you sound all the same  
All I want to do is make money and claim  
Girls wanna go on like a little hotshot  
Your man's a top-shotter and so what  
Nowadays no-one really cares what man you got  
It's the year 2/1, anyone can get popped  
I'm off the hook this year  
Gettin' mad money off the lyrics this year  
When I enter the room bare mandem will stare  
Look at that boy, he thinks he's a top br'er  
Nowadays you know I don't really really care  
When I go rave I don't go screw br'er  
Draw bare girls draw bare number  
Hey what did I say  
Be careful yeah, bare thugs in here

Oi, who's that O to the Z?  
Oi, who's that O to the Z?  
Oi, who's that O to the Z?  
Another bad man inside the party  
Like uh oh, who's that O to the Z's  
Uh oh, who's that O to the Z's  
Uh oh, who's that O to the Z's  
My lyrics so chilly they leave a cool breeze  
Hold the mic and I'll flex  
I'm a lyrical architect, O to the Z on the set  
Step on the mic 'nuff thugs get vexed  
When I bang girls I use the Durex  
What next? I rock the Club Rex like Aztecs  
What venue's next? Bop straight through with my Avirex  
Girls wanna breed and go on like skets to More Fire Crew  
Punk'a send threats  
Burn them with lighter when they chat wet  
Lyrics them crunch like a cornet  
Watch us rip up the set I bet  
O to the Z to the Z, I to the E, Ozzie B  
Step 'pon the mic to get them lively  
Rip up the vibe with the MC

Oi, who's that N double E?  
Oi, who's that N double E?  
Oi, who's that N double E?  
The one with the thugged out mentality  
Like uh oh, there's that N double E

Uh oh, there's that N double E  
Uh oh, there's that N double E  
Born in the ghetto and I don't give a D  
Understand, check out the dangargan  
Any man diss any man in my gang, get banged in the jaw  
Forehand, backhand, lyrics them are flowin'  
As if they were quicksand  
Rockin' Wallabees like the Wu-Tang Clan  
Man them wanna playa-hate us 'cos we're nang  
Monitor our lyrics and runnin' bare scam  
See man on road and you wanna get prang  
Don't question if I've got a 9 milli  
Forget the zoots and blaze on a philly  
If you really wanna see a nigga get silly  
You can hold a big one straight to your billy  
Everybody wanna know what be the dilly?  
How come More Fire flex so jiggy?  
Don't ever take us for no hillbilly  
Us man are hot while the rest are chilly

1-1 2-2 fast heat don't screw rat tat tat tat  
My gat bust and bless you  
1-2 1-2 Neeko ah pass through  
Cardiac arrest will send  
A boy 'pon a curfew  
3-3 4-4 5-5 6-6  
How you gonna catch me when I'm on my R-66?  
Ridin' through the rain and the snow cold blitz blitz  
'Bout to go link a girl and suck off her tits tits  
Oi, who's that More Fire Crew?  
Oi, who's that More Fire Crew?  
Oi, who's that More Fire Crew?  
Say what you wanna say, do what you do now  
Like uh oh, we're that More Fire Crew  
Uh oh, we're that More Fire Crew  
Uh oh, we're that More Fire Crew  
With lyrics brand new, you're 'bout to get slewed