

# Sound Bwoy Bureill (Remix Instrumental)

## Smif-N-Wessun

Boom, bye, bye in a botty bwoy head  
The shottie fly now, the botty ly like dead  
2 shots dead to him chin, enemy a friend  
Fake the funk, I put the junk to an end  
Now who da rude bwoy, wan come tess dogg  
I find his family and ID 'em in da morgue  
I bet you never thought I bust led  
To prize, I'm a fortified blunt head just like a dread  
You can't tess the champion sound, you gettin' bucked down  
Recognize the boot camp click in a de Bucktown  
Gun thirsty little bastard, always blasted  
From the sess of chocolate, from my dick gastin'  
You say you number one wicked selecta  
I say you punani and I wetcha  
Keep the bull before I pull this here triggga  
'Cause you don't wanna tess me, when I'm tipsy off the liquor  
Like a punk they call McGirt, got his feelings hurt  
Showed his true colors, had to yank up his skirt  
Now he's in misery, tryin' to cop a plea  
Led to his head from gun clapper number 3  
See, lick off a shot you no dick rida  
Lick a shot punani, not gun fire  
Now everybody wanna be dongongon  
All around New York niggas be talkin' but we be stalkin'  
In the docks when the gun starts buckin'  
But in the day, be wary of where you be walkin'  
Don't, don't, don't  
You ever mention 'bout you wan tess the champion sound  
Leave it to de people that can you know that can  
When people see them a ball fa, leave  
Me naw sex, me ruff like the wicked you fe me  
The motherfucker that be buggin' over truth you see  
Original criminal run in town, crime pays  
That's when I practiced your act, if you wan get blasted  
By my nine shot, come around my block  
Pon the night spot  
In the Pine box, Murderah, Botty bwoy killa  
Golden power filla, we 'bout to get illa/Sound bwoy, ya got nuff reason to worry  
Cummin' wit my troops, we about to bury  
Betta pack ya dubs and move in a hurry  
Ease off sean  
Lookin' at my pager, it's about that time  
To load up the 9 and do my derelict crime  
Warriors, conquerors, the man before ya  
Mr. Ripper, AKA, the enemy killa  
My man wit the weed, is my man in deed  
And all you sucky-duddy niggas catch nots wit speed  
Talkin' 'bout you have sound, ah, my sound you wan tess  
You neva know that when it comes to championship

Is we dat have de management

And carry mack, use you for good use 'cuz wee de good crew, leaveLaud, some bwoy wan get dead tonite, duke

As I retrieve the 2-5 from my timboots

Target pon sight, trick up and cock

Adjust your pupils to see a dead bwoy walkNuff pussyhole gwan die dis year

Here comes the bootcamp, slide it to the rear

It's the rain cummin' like a hurricane lickin' shots

More untoachable than niggas wit de chicken poxSo emcees get lifted when I'm spliffted

Nigga guard ya grill 'cause Louisville packs the biscuit

In the session, Smif-N-Wessun, O-G's see gun clapper number 1

Wit my nigga D O GWe bring the realness, feel this boom, it's Black Moon reveal this

We come to let you know what the deal is

Straight up we serve justice, so if you can't be trusted

May you return where the dust isThere is many sound that's goin' around and goin' on

And gwan like a clown but I'm tellin' you, clean up your act

And come to de livestock 'cuz you a deadstock

From mornin' to de evenin', now everything changed

Songwriters

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