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 endNow 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 dreadYou 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 trigga
'Cause you don't wanna tess me, when I'm tipsy off the liquorLike 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 fireNow 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, leaveMe 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 blastedBy 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 seanLookin' 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-ducky niggas catch nots wit speedTalkin' '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 untouchable 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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