

Know My Ting (feat. Shakka)

Ghetts

Yeah
IncredibleRun out of rum, re-up the car
You know my ting
She wants to laugh cos of the 'ha', ah
You know my ting
Dark skin or light, ain't got a type, ah
You know my ting
We spend pounds, you make sounds, ah
You know my ting
Fam, you know my ting, fam, you know my ting
Fam, you know my ting, fam, you know my ting
Fam, she already know my ting, she ready to go home and ting
Fam, you know my ting, fam, you know my tingRude boy
Got your baby in my new toy
I made her be National
I took Nat west before you Lloyd
My turn
I was in this queue before you joined
Eye this, night shift
She don't deserve no penthouse viewpointDon Gorgon, Don Dada
Dun all of them mans badder
Mr Lover Lover like Shabba
And all the peng tings in the manor
No skeletons in my wardrobe
Just bags worth of swagger
What the fuck's that on your torso?
That ain't worth the hangerRun out of rum, re up the car, ah
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Fam, you know my ting, fam, you know my tingBad man
Yours wife's postcode in my Sat-Nav

WiFi code in my iPhone
 Leave the toilet seat up and smash that
 So many condoms in the trash bag
 Man's gonna think its a gang bang
 Man's got a girl doing cartwheels, backflips, handstands
 Don Gorgon, Don Dada
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Songwriters

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