Conflict

Gassed Up

There's no sense in questioning when no one has any answers
Pointless turn after pointless turn and when you draw the line you'll get fucked off major
Pride yourself with conflict
Fucked off major
Pride yourself with conflict

You wanna ruck, fucker, catch a flying headbutt
Face full of right foot, uppercuts and right hooks
You'll get your nose fucked, Daniella Westbrook
Shook, I'll take your life fool, body's getting undertook
Ain't in the mood tonight, you better fucking act right
I'm storming heavy like the Hulk and you're the featherlight
And when I'm done with you, man won't be standing upright
You're a Joker, I'm the nightmare, the Dark Knight
You should know when I've been drinking not to fuck with me
You chatting shit and then you're bound to catch a Tiger Knee
Not got a clue what you been thinking but I guarantee
I'll leave you drowning in the sea just like a Manitee

You better beat it just like Michael
Somebody tell them I'm a Rampage Jackson
Preston City you can tell by the accent
Tunes on tap we don't run out of tracks or bars
Over a beatdown we go hard
Over a bassline we go hard
Over anything we go hard
Every lyric's straight up, wheel up bars
But you know that, we've got gas up in the attic on a throwback
Nah don't chat about shifting weight, you've got a group of your mates on a blow back
You're not a bad man, you don't move in the bits
Put your watch on Insta a couple more times
You've got one Rolex, no food in the fridge
Tall, bright, lampost ting
Got a fizzy flow, no Tango drink
G.U. shows like a well stocked fruit shop, any time no doubt man goes in
Three more bars need to get the time in
Two more bars need to to get the rhymes in
One more bar and then Dan chimes in

Man these yout rappers need guiding
Like how a Japanese man sees gaijin
If you got a track then I fly right in
And again I pass by with the fly writing
Crimes rise high like the fives striking
Cause of my rhyming it makes guys frightened
In dark lighting, I be sharp sighted
Like a tall building, I be high rising
Hit hard headfirst, M. Bison
Rhymes deadly like white ricin
I'm plotting and schemin, devising
Doing this shit since day, I'm a titan
Catch me on your show, put your price in
Bars hit hard like shots from Mike Tyson And if I slide by mac dees give me them three double cheese and please put the fries in

There's no sense when nobody has any answers
Face full of guilt and a look that could kill
Make a mess, you could take it or leave
Time goes on, you're a broken man still

Gassed up right now I'm wit the crew dem
Don't battle I'ma lyrically slew dem
No law and order, my rules I choose them I'm a top gun in the game, Tom Cruise den
Man try to catch up and I lose them
So my bars are on a boil like Susan, Through them, I run da ting like the Jews then, we up in the club and the guys like who dem?

Lyrics Submitted by Gassed Up

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