

# SOS All Day

## Werd (SOS)

[Werd]

Check, S.O.S. Yes (Auld Reekie) In Auld Reekie, Edinburgh, I built up my repertoire

Wrecking hard beats with my speech and etcetera

Going over net I impress like I'm Federer

Cheeky little tica I 'kilt' like the dressing (ah)

Dead emcees through lead I breath

I could ghost-write for ghosts put them under my sheets

Of written lyrics see my spirits as they start to deplete

As the whiskeys almost finished while I write to this beat

Speak, If I'm given half the chance

If I have to put my chips in and call it red or black

It'll probably hit the zero but I fight over that

You see I always seem to win and I don't even answer back

In the long run, it's a marathon of tracks

Take a step at a time if you cant be divine, just relax

And go and find you're own path

This Scottish rap, I'm sorry mate I own that(S.O.S) It's the Sons of Scotland

Shout 'S.O.S' when I'm done talking

(S.O.S) We got it on lock ken

So shout 'S.O.S' mate doing it for Scotland [x2] An Auld Reekie rapper killing all you're geeky patter

We can a cheeky little pagger rather scrap the drama

I'm a walking target for these little Swagger-Jagga

Waka-flame type bastards known the name right rappers (S.O.S)

We the best on the map mate

Wiping our feet on you're welcome like a mat take

One step back you jokes with a catchphrase

Knock knock, who's there? not me, my name rings a bell

(bring bring) Cause you're boy speaks crack

But boy with a 'H' and in Scotland it's smack

Stay intact or attack you get pinned to the wall

Like a tack picture that, get a bat have a ball

With my whole team, award winning no smoke-screen

Less its the dope smoke roached with my home green

Has-been's some rappers they got burnt out

Flicked like my joint's so class 'A' with no come-down(S.O.S) It's the Sons of Scotland

Shout 'S.O.S' when I'm done talking

(S.O.S) We got it on lock ken

So shout 'S.O.S' mate doing it for Scotland [x2] I'm Edinburgh city's witty gritty sick cunt you getting sick eh

Little lippy for the silly little kiddies

And their pretty little spits with mates acting like groupies  
Hip-hop aint for you get the fuck back to Uni  
With you're bag-pack rap all you're chat like that  
It got me thinking then inking out bad man track  
Happy slap cats whack via sound of the jack  
You lack facts, track back, you ever been that  
Much of anything, anyway, everyday am better wae  
Flipping on melody so heavily am telling ye  
Remember me, I'm a fucking legend in the scene  
If you disagree, you sleeping, you aint keeping with the team  
S.O.S. we the best, tell the rest, just to rest  
We just write, you get left, we the set to inspect  
See we set for success, set trends and invest  
In the art from the heart, no impressed with the next(S.O.S) It's the Sons of Scotland  
Shout 'S.O.S' when I'm done talking  
(S.O.S) We got it on lock ken  
So shout 'S.O.S' mate doing it for Scotland [x2]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>