Thiago Silva

Dave

Santan from the v-v x AJ
Man mystic with the pen like J.K
True say, I ain't really a drinker
But I got love for brandy like Ray J
Champagne popper, .44 chopper
In the black Nike bomber, heartbeat stopper
Half-heart MC dropper
45 wapper, leave you in states like KakÃ¡
AJ from the l-l x Santan
Man's got style on the riddim like Gangnam
Two young bruddas tryna eat off of music
But we used to eat off of pebs and the sand bags
Now we get money, music money
Money that could put your girlfriend in a handbag
White tee, Balenciagas, man bag
Left-winger with a long stick like a granddad
AJ Tizzy from T-H-E lizzy
And I'm all out for the Lizzy
I don't wanna look like you, you're broke
And I've been telling broke bruddas move like Grizzy
Still brandy but the hand ting fizzy
Probs be in bin if a man weren't busy
I'm a mic king, I'm a king on the mic
And I'll spin bruddas till the whole scene gets dizzy
Walk in the rave, smile on my face
Drink in my cup, hand in my jeans
Man talk tough, man look up, down, left, right
Straight to a bang in the teeth
Man still talk tough, man saw man in the flesh
Now man's tryna talk to my Gs
Nah, none of that, none, .45 drum
Run you right out of your street
Walk in the dance, chicks wanna glance
Hand on my hip, shank for the dip
If I shout "Oi", them man there best skip
Better tie up your laces tight and don't trip
Trip, get splashed
Couldn't care less about my man's gang
We're not fam, we're not friends or bredrins

You'll get tanned and binned, cock, then blam
Santan Dave from the Vale and Tracey
Duck man down on the road, I'm pacey
Two lighties on the phone, so facety
One named Jordan and one named Stacey
S with the S from the S, ask Showkey
Dust man down with a mask like Tobi
Tell a boy cotch, my man's telling me lots
But we are not Gs so don't watch my face
Ladbroke Grove is where I re- who?
Man get burst up in the G- who?
Came back with a fresh one, it's new
Don't come around for a two of the blue
I don't give a fuck if you're old or new
I'll just go on like black ball who?
Put a couple dead MCs in the grave
Trust me, darg, you can go there too
Trust me, darg, you can go there free
I'll never watch F-A-C-E
AJT from MTP
Nike lab tracksuit, Nike ID
Man got overly fucked in the beef
Pretty sure I landed a bang to his teeth
Man will get banged in the face by me
Not my bredrin, banged in the face by me
And me
Man talk tough, we'll see
Hit him with the left, right, left, right, left, right, right
One jab, then I duck, then weave
Come like Trevor from GTA
If I bang man's face, man bop, then lean
Kun Aguero, man dropped the shoulder feint once
Quick kick then I drop man's G
First time I link her, Nandos sweet
Â£9.95, I swipe, then eat
I one-two rap, she don't give hat
Thiago Silva, man block, then skeet
Had man screaming "Look, there's my man"
Hand in my pouch like "Where? It's not me"
Hand in my pouch like "Where? It's not us"
Turned to my G like "Where? It's not we"
So if you get boom with the .45 long
It's a critical hit, no chance to repeat
And if you see Arge in the cut with the dip
You're pissed so quick your team should retreat

But if you see Juss in the cut with his right hand tucked
You're fucked, your team should leave, G
If you see Rapz in the back with his hand in the bag
It's mad, we came to see Ps
Walk in the rave, smile on my face
Drink in my cup, hand in my jeans
Man talk tough, man look up, down, left, right
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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