

# 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 Grizzly  
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  
£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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