

## Tone

Ed Sheeran

Yeah, Slumdon Bridge  
Mr. Red, Catfish  
Back me up  
Let's go

I'm out to bark again, ball cracked on the target, demolish it  
Don't jump, I just see, nah, took a swattin', then  
Think while I jump back on the beat, like I need audiences  
To speak too like a leech, needs to retrieve blood  
Should I creep into these ambient sounds with the speech? Obvio  
us  
Witness the retardedness with cerebral palsy, that's several pa  
uses  
You might need a coffin with holes on the top of these tubes to  
receive oxygen  
You buried alive like a freak, six feet  
Clawing and snatching and clawin' like a cat  
And a dog and a rat  
And a hog in a pen  
With a frog and all there is to eat  
Is frog and they  
Beat each to a pulp with nails, teeth and jaws and then  
They fight to the death for at least a piece off of them  
See that you back to bars again, he's all asleep in coffin, man  
I'm all, they all that's been, ever was at the start of it  
You mention the squad and then  
You mention the god of pens  
Not of it, but I'm harder then  
Flesh I'm harder than titanium brass plates that are polished i  
n  
Sticking emcees off like a fly trap, or a bobby pin  
When I rap I'm astonishing  
I attack tracks like a train track strapped to a bomb and send  
Shockwave's that's what I made, got this bastard popping then  
I spit on my pop's grave without apologin'  
Take shits on shih tzus  
Pisses on igloos  
Throw it up to the whole fucking world, it's sick too  
Vomitin' stomach fluid like you just ate shit stew  
Did I say shit again? Do I give a shit, dude?  
Neither does [?] or they [?]  
Swimming in this ocean no, he just moves  
What I'm trying to say is, it's my motherfucking ocean  
And I crossed it  
Built a bridge, the Slumdon Bridge, holla!