

# King Of The Corner

Fast Food Orchestra

Six in the morning wid di gal on your chest  
Bum bum then you hear dem com  
20 cops mekk a raid on your den and try fi catch you  
You rise fi arms wid di blood in your eyes  
Pump pump you shoot dem heads  
Who was it, who talked, who gave dem di information  
Could it be the en of king of di corner  
Could you lose your streets and hoods and all lo lo lo lo  
Is your best friend dat bad informer  
Yes he talk to much, yes he informs he tell dem al bout you I lo  
lo  
Dem a com like a bomb and find so many drugs  
Yeah so many drugs in the box so many drugs in da house  
And you kill the cops, kill the cops  
10 pm wid di gun in your hand just ready to leave your flat  
Dressed like a king with di golden rings and money  
You're G and dawgs wait the boss in the streets  
They will shot all dingos heads  
Bloody mood in the hood now everybody knows you're cominng  
Me a see dem a policemen but they Dun know  
Haffi show dem Mi rules and laws na kyaan done  
Hot steppa, big killa, G-king pon the corner and likkle more  
Mi bredda mi a king in dis war mi see enemie a come  
Mi nuh waan dem policemen, dem haffi know mi a di don, dawgs kill  
dem all  
Wi comin on strng and alla dem informer now watch Wa a gwaan  
Yes wi a dweet wid di M16 wi show dem rules  
Alla di while rude bwoy bad bwoy fi tell dem know