

Warning

K Koke

Warning Warning Warning Warning Warning Warning

Kokes here fam what you can't hear man
No fear gang you pricks don't scare man
Got your bitch near man chill with me and fear that
Tear tracks like I'm running in my Air max
Big straps big like the Bridge flats
Tick tack hit me I hit back
Kick back watch how I did that
Click clack on your clique cah ya cliques wack
This man watch a loada shit hit fans
You can't miss man VIP wrist band
You don't blow straps you blow air like a big fan
Don't hold back I go there I'm a big man
You're a victim left there when the stick bang
Listen I can have your man missing
Wishing he never got caught slipping

Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Where are all these straps that I heard about
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Where are all these straps that I heard about

You can't get me caught up
Don't know what you thought bruv
I get pure love pure koke the raw stuff
War us and get blown by a sawn off
Tortured cause I'm cold like a orphan
Kick a gyal belly like have an abortion
No telling liar liar stop talking
Liar liar on fire he's scorching
Don try a Ryder you'll be lying in the morgue king
Four fifth lift his wig like foreskin
For walkin in the ends like he's touring
Bore him tryna walk before he's crawling
Big man ting lemme school
How about lift mans wig in the morning
Catch him while he's yawning
Front door him on a raw ting
Done with the hype ting I'm sending out a warning

Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning

Where are all these straps that I heard about
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Where are all these straps that I heard about

Fix up low the mix up get you're shit tucked
Your bitch sucks her tits on my dick bruv
While your out raving she jumpin on some big nuts
I'm in saving tryna get my dick rubbed
My big dawg got a big dawg it spits hard
It lifts cars if you diss ours it barks
Big large big cars hood stars
You're a big fraud you're the type to go and get sarge
Act hard I'm the type to go and get large
Clap stars let him hype in the grave yard
I'm back bro like I was the saviour
I clap mine gone I'll see you later
I back my talk high 5 hater
The guns tall like a big sky scraper
No safety one in the chamber

Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Where are all these straps that I heard about

Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Warning bring your burners out
Warning
Where are all these straps that I heard about

Warning Warning Warning Warning Warning Warning

Warning Warning Warning Warning Warning Warning