

Dis Mi Friend

Popcaan

So fucking bad and unruly
Hey Chrome me no tek chat from boy with a bladder hole
Haha a di peppa skull
Yo Boogie Ranks
Real Article do weh dem want do
M16 longer than bamboo
Dis man and di grave unno gan to
Haha, when me killa dem
AK dem start fi load
Not a man nor bus can cross di road
Pick up the caliber
Whistle and talk the code
A Gaza run out the globe

If ya diss me friend yah dead back
Copy copy copy copy
A di SK me use make your bread stop
Gi boy pass in the day fi go duck at
Shoot out your tongue from yuh love chat
From me born bad me nah pretend it
If me go start war me can defend it
Street vibes lead will make you scream like Tiffany
Bright light a tell djs and sick of me

Kwang kwang
Weh the bushmaster dat cause disaster
Yuh fucking try me a shoot weh yah liver for
Some boy fi know a we string dem a liver for
World boss me father the boss a the don dada
Ask Tiff or Kimberly or Itana
When me bust me gun make it sing like Ciara
Shot back weh your head like Rihanna Rah
Den me pay money to me damn lawyer

Diss me friend yah dead back
Rifle buns inna head tap
A di SK me use make your bread stop
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We born with bravery, black 40 and 12 guagey
We no beat man like slavery
Dem boy deh a baby, Gangsta City thugs a no lady
Full a rifle like the navy
Eh, so you know a mad rass and me drive pass
Copy copy copy M1 kill yah life fast
45 shot move on your face fast
There's no weapon on earth Poppy cyan wash

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