

# Wickedest Ting

Roll Deep

Me and my crew, we're the wickedest ting  
New talk on road, the wickedest ting  
The weed that we smoke, the wickedest ting  
Gal dem know it's, the wickedest ting  
Nike boot to your flex, the wickedest ting  
Big money man' earn, the wickedest ting  
Them boys aren't ready for, the wickedest ting  
It's no long ting, the wickedest ting

First thing's first  
(Expense) reverse  
Thinking that my tongue will make your ear drums burst  
Had a little problem and it needs to be nursed  
And I'm panicking cause it's getting worse  
It's my saliva that'll harm the cross fader  
One for the treble that'll burn through the middle  
And hooks you spike tight like a book minder  
Coming from the x-files h-friers  
And it's been going on for a while  
Running like snot but it sticks like honey  
Ya'll think it's funny  
People think it's worth a lot of money  
So I give an sample to scully and mulder  
Gotta write it up in a little black folder  
FBI wanna rub my shoulder  
It's over... before it gets any colder  
So I gotta say it's over

Everyday I'm gonna stay low like a shadow  
Forget everybody now I'm going on narrow  
See me fly like a sparrow  
Sharp like an arrow  
Lyrics like mellow  
Make them boy parrow  
And they wanna come pile with me  
But I don't wanna know  
I ain't been on road for six months I got an afro  
Now I gotta get a hair cane roll  
You didn't know we're gonna hit em with the venomous flow  
See me blaze  
I'm cold on the streets of rage  
Hit em up on the stage  
Just turn the page  
I'm a money maker (huh)  
Ready for the dapper  
Me and my crew we're gonna hit em with the slammer  
Gonna take it to the neck  
Better check out the lyrical vet  
I'm a big mic man on the set  
When I get cold you better know I'm gonna  
Wreck the track  
Hurt the track  
I'm hot on the track

Them boys are to die  
Ain't on no long ting no lie  
No more mr.nice guy

Why

Because them of thought man was a nice man  
So them come take liberty of a big man  
Them never know man was a smart man  
Couple grand, that makes you a dead man  
One phone call we send for the hit-man  
People die and no names get mention  
People get prang, flo dan too nang  
Drive by shooting in a transit BANG BANG BANG  
Sounds of the gunning from my hand  
It was all over and the fat lady sang  
Here another man with the mic in my hand  
Every stageman I ram  
Don't give a damn  
Them boys aren't ready for the big weed  
Big jaw  
Big boy this money man.

Alcoholics makes me vomit  
And I'm gonna insert and my whole crew's on it.  
Alaskin sess, Afghanistan sess, acaponic, skunk, white telesupersonic  
Keys in the bonnet, car's looking new  
Air conditioning inside it too  
So I smoke the weed till dem eye's dem bleed  
Don't think my luv is on twigs or seeds

I'm the original cause I'm a lyrical G  
They no they don't wanna test cause they can never see me  
I won't do a thing if you pay the fee  
When I get drawn I'm gonna buzz like a bee  
Gwarn them boy with a big lightning  
It was a eight point six so it might been a dream  
What, my gun's dirty time for a clean  
And I keep the limit at about sixteen

(Haha) don't ever bring war my way  
I know you don't wanna lose your life the same day  
It's not the long ting it's not the lay lay  
Somebody get bunned when flo dan start to spray  
Okay  
Bad one upon the riddem that we play  
God knows that we write lyrics everyday  
God knows that we eat food everyday  
God knows that we smoke weed everyday  
(Smoke that)

[Chorus]