

Don't Even Think About It

S.A.S

Don't even think about it, don't even think about it
Don't even think about it, don't even, what's really good?
Don't even think about it, don't even think about it
Don't even think about it, don't even, we're really hood?

To the sound of the pistol
I'm in the V, wit the keys hittin' Leeds and I'm back down in Bristol
Gats rattle your top, and shots fly quickly
Snap, crackle, and pop, it's not Rice Crispies
Up in London (Bo) I'm a O.G. (Bo)
Through the dungeons (Bo) to the cold streets
If you snitchin' I'll catch you, slippin' and clap you
Cuz May got brains and balls bigger than apples
Who slicker than that, but of course I floss
In that cherry red porsche with the sports exhaust
I'm a G but it cost to floss
I will slew you then take the next flight back across the shores
You better behave or learn a lesson in rage
I'll step to your stage with a weapon, vest, and grenade
Like aye, aye, when May spray the 'K
I'll have your loved ones mourning like the break of day, pray

Once upon time there was Mega & May
And we started to (What) get cheddar from yay
Mega:
Flippin' raw packs, more stacks (Bo) what you call that (Bo)
Not at all rap brother this all facts
(2x)

To the sound of the trumpets
I'm gettin' pounds, flipping pounds, out of town northbound eating crumpets
When I spit it I slug 'em, do not try stick me
Paint a picture of London I'm not Guy Richie
It's never me oh (Bo), when you owe me (Bo)
I sold kilos (Bo) on the low key
I bubble and stash pay, hustle for cash (Hey)
Set up shop with hard rocks like the cafe
I zone when I spit (yeah) the throne I'm a sit there
Loan cheddar while you owe Mega like the wrist wear
I'm the King like Stephen, I'm torture
Get money off the books, I ain't even a author
Like whoop, there it is, the coupe there it is
22's like hula-hoops, there it is
I send fire mate, while your empires fake
Cuz they got more floors than the empire state, say

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(2x)

Yo we not from H-World, but May's a Globe Trotter
Been around the world with coast to coast scholars
Back on dem roads, I posed and sold scama
Body armor, we roast and ghost drama

Fuck a lame whore (Bo) I got 'caine raw (Bo)
S.A.S got the streets buzzin' like a chain saw
We Dipset top-a-fellos
That'll pop the metal and turn your muthafuckin' top to jello, hello
Who rocks more jewels than Elizabeth
What is you illiterate, forget about the lyrics I spit
It's more than rapping B, I'm packing see
And what you call a scar is a scratch to me, fam
I was making grands with my family
Now I'm the best man like my mans getting married
Coke, E's, keys of the sticky trees
I decided to double my cheese like it's Mickey D's, please

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(2x)