

Nothing Long (remix)

S.A.S

(Don't you know) Don't you know
(So many things they come and go)
So many things they come and go
(Like your words and voice stay true) But we're here to stay
You get me?
Just like the love I thought I found in you
(And now I'm mad, baby I'm mad)

Uh, uh, what's happening, still drinkin' and staggerin'
Leave em' blinkin', I'm stabbin' 'em, now we linked up with Cam again
Still traffickin', I ain't stock-shottin'
And my youngin's a roll, they got their blocks poppin'
With that raw yay from London to Broadway
They hustle in broadday like fuck what the law say
(Oi Oi) I know they wanna see me under
Push keys with my eyes closed, Stevie Wonder
But they boss food, hit then pop wit' flame
You need to know we speak in codes if we coppin' 'caine
And you can't move Pookie if you rock a chain
Man dem put the fight over ice like ahockey game
Mega's gettin' hoes that's up in them centerfolds
I step in the dance and smellin' like Kenneth Cole
Listen fam, you a bagger boy
While we run the roads like a marathon
See me now

Oi Oiiiiii
Our brothers make dough
From Harlem to London, still duckin' feds in them plain clothes
Yea, Yeeeeeeah
That's how the game goes
Explain it to you further incase you act like you ain't know
Yea, uh, that's what the gyal dem saying
(Remix) yes, that's what the man dem playing
Uh, uh, sipping on suttin' strong
You see who she rubbin' on
I told you it's nothing long

Yeah, I'm back, I'm bubblin', hurry, attack the oven
Pass it right through customs, yeah it's crack in London
Good, you stay, for me, it's a new day
Killa gon' move yay throughout the U.K.
You never seen a profit, I'll sell a fiend a rocket
Tell the prince, princess, king, and queen I got it
And it's top-notch, clean Cris, pop scotch
My behavior's flavor, run and get a stopwatch
12 gauge, chopped off, 9 mill Glock cocked
The hell wit' a doorbell, I'm coming in, knock knock
Kick the door in, broke the middle and the top lock
Pop ock, told 'em hurry up now, chop-chop
24 seconds now with 3 on the shotclock
3, 2, 1, hot shot for you hotshots
And you not hot, me, I'm New England cold
Got on a igloo, swingin' on a penguin's pole

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This a new day and a new May fam
For my shottas alike, the U.K. man
We stay in name-brand, change twice a day
Haze down to Rephan dapper, he a made man
We that same gang, let it aim, bang
Hit your frame and top, watch your brain hang
Empty out, reload with the same hand
Trigger squeezin', it's Killa Season, I ain't Cam
My life's a movie banned from TV
If he the flu then fam, I'm T.B.
May so gutta but fly with this rap ting
Worldwide shotta, show The Wire how to crack-sling
Fear what, scared not, we was trappin'
On their blocks to the socks, we was matchin'
We'll bring trouble your way
The U.K.'s N.W.A.
It's Eurogang

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