

# Werd N Deeko, Bar Exchange

[Intro:]

What's that whos this what's this man  
Aye right cunt (huh) S.O.S. (haha)  
Who the fuck wanna (Werd)  
Nae Cunt (uh)

[Werd:]

You rappers fuck around you take after your ma  
We are a fucker of a pair like a double D bra  
Best in the game on the ball like Kaka  
So you know I will blow like I follow Allah  
They pick us like a damn guitar  
To be in the space that you're called a star  
I'll be blunt like the skin of a cigar  
Like a bar tender a attend to my bars  
Work on bars chin up cunt  
You don't want a fucking scar from the chin up cunt  
Get called Tony  
My doe fold like calzonis  
In my pocket with Es keys and pre-rollies  
I ain't no phony jabronie talking balonie homie  
I clearly show ye some gory stories with your cronies  
Sliced like pepperoni  
Because for flows they owe me  
Jesus Christ with a Knife  
A make them holy

[Deeko:]

I write song packing a punch harder than Tyson  
Spits poisonous like the venom out of a python  
Winking at your bird with a bitch under my right arm  
So come on come on come on over here to get done  
You don't know me you probably never will  
Go to clubs with a knife in my belt dressed to kill  
(Looking sharp)  
Giving me daggers fuck you man am giving you daggers  
Pick one which one to enter your abdomen  
You're only half a man  
This shit is getting embarrassing  
Punching the lights out of on transvestites  
Immaculate mind  
Compulsive theft a snatch what I find  
Steal your watch give it to Werd  
Just to pass the Time  
Fucking hoodlum  
About to blow up with my music like Muslims  
On the 26 bus headed to Luton (Fucking hell)  
The Al-Qaeda of rap will snap then  
You'll get bombarded with tracks  
I will hi-jack your whole cipher

[Werd:]

Ain't you heard Werd funny like stitches  
Stitches is witches get when I chib ye's  
Get a couple teams on cunts like grass pitches  
And fuck a grass slash if he's spraffin your business  
My plan hit hitches  
Still hitting no riches  
Spare change play pitchy not blew up strictly  
Underground sound yeah Deek is still with me  
Since we made with me  
Fuck that it's history  
Got sound like the Ministry and it's full of misery  
A have piff epiphanies so gifted in delivery  
Mics am addicted to so fuck how you picture me  
A leave a fool in disarray and tell them read a dictionary  
A literally take liberties to cunts with stupidity

Indivisible most lyrically spit hot like high humidity  
Like weather that you're kidding me  
I flow on solar energy  
Son shines so advanced we battle with telepathy  
[Deeko:]  
Could kill a rapper with 8 bars  
Show up at the funeral  
Read the eulogy just to finish him off  
One of the last real rappers alive so don't panic  
While I'm hi-jacking you're mind  
Prepare you for crash landing  
Sitting quiet when am speaking my mind  
They can't stand it  
If my crew was ever part of a riot  
Then I planed it  
Don't ever give me daggers a'l give you a fucking sword  
Push it into your temple until you one with the lord (get it)  
My styles in your face the kind that can be ignored  
I swore to never rhyme poor that's something I can't afford  
Sitting staring at the floorboards feeling board  
Agitated trying to make this CD player record  
Got a list of whack rappers who think they've got it locked  
When am sitting backstage at shows ticking a box  
Like that's him Yeah him too  
He know he's gonna get it  
S.O.S. Deeko and Werd just so you don't forget it