

Dizzee Rascal, Hold Ya Mouf (ft. God's Gift)

[Dizzee Rascal]

Get me

We got a lot to talk bout

Raskit, Godsgift

Oi yo

What you do will come back to you

What you do will come back to you

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What you do will come back to you

What you do will come back

Hold your mout' (hold your mout')

Raskit dont give a shit (i mean)

Aint concerned, aint worried, dont mind

But you should watch your lip (i mean)

If you keep chattin in a hurry you'll find

The bottom of a 6 foot pit (i mean)

Dont care what creed, colour or kind

Bullets'll make you sit (i mean)

Make you relax, lay-down, unwind

Raskit dont give a damn (i mean)

Aint that bothered not much, dont care

Catch me if you can (i mean)

Its possible you will get hit with a chair

Talk like your the man (i mean)

If you want beef you'll get a fair share

Dizzee got a masterplan (i mean)

I'm a problem for Antony Blair

Raskit dont have a bar (i mean)

Dont have it from him, her or dem

I'll make a rudeboy say rarr (i mean)

With or without the use of a skeng

Remove you from your car (i mean)

Got a temper, its big like ben

And I dont care who you are (i mean)

Move to your boys, i'll move to your men

Raskit dont waste time (i mean)

Dont hesitate, dont pet, dont ramp

.22, .38, .9 (i mean)

These digits'll leave you stiff like cramp

You wanna test? thats fine (i mean)

You couldnt take Dizzee Rascal for a tramp

If you cross my line (i mean)

I'll leave you colourful, dazed and damp

I dont want beef today

Its not arms today

Lets keep it calm today

Lets be friends

I dont wanna write today

Lets not fight today

I feel alright today

Lets be friends

[God's gift]

You've got a problem blud?

Lets solve it blud

Gats and bora's blud

Hold your mout' [x2]

[Dizzee Rascal]

Yo, it dont make no sense to me

Why fella's dont wanna act sensibly

You better re-check your identity

You better re-check how you speak

You dont make no sense to me

If I switch I wont act sensibly

I'll make you care intensively
You'll be in a coma for a week
And I really cant come to grips
With how these fellas act just like chicks
But now I retaliate with clips
And now I retaliate with force
You should come to grips
With how you really should watch your lips
You better know we're some lunatics
And that we retaliate, of course
[God's gift]
You dont wanna feel the heat from muh (click click)
I roll deep wi' muh (click click)
I'm always on the street wi' muh (click click)
I eat wi' muh (click click)
I sleep wi' muh (click click)
And I can put you 6 foot deep wi' muh (click click)
Chat shit you get beat wi' muh (click click)
Roll straight sound be the street wi' muh (click click)
Try if im never on my feet wi' muh (click click)
I'm only on my feet when I bus' heat (gunshots)
And you just ran outta luck wi' muh (click click)
Say your gonna get fucked up wi' muh (click click)
Gunshots leave bodies bruk wi' muh (click click)
And I can make the whole place duck wi' muh (click click)
If you dont wanna get stuck wi' muh (click click)
Dont wanna get out the truck wi' muh (click click)
Cause you'll get jacked and gun-but wi' muh (click click)
And i'll leave your whole jaw bruk wi' muh (click click click click)