

Smif-n-wessun, Sound Bwoy Bureill

[Verse One:]

Boom bye bye/in a botty bwoy head/
the shottie fly now/the botty ly like dead/
2 shots dead to him chin/enemy a friend/
fake the funk/I put the junk to an end/
Now who da rude bwoy/wan come tess dogg/
I find his family/and I.D. em in da morgue/
I bet you never thought I bust led/
To prize/I'm a fortified blunt head just like a dread/

You cant tess the champion sound/You gettin bucked down/
recognize the boot camp click/in a de Bucktown/
Gun thirsty little bastard/always blasted/
from the sess of chocolate/from my dick gastein/
You say you number one wicked selecta/
I say you punani/and I wetcha/
Keep the bull/before I pull this here trigga/
cause you don't wanna tess me/when I'm tipsy off the liquor/
Like a punk they call McGirt/got his feelings hurt/
showed his true colors/had to yank up his skirt/
now he's in misery/tryin to cop a plea/
led to his head/from gun clapper number 3/
see/lick off a shot you no dick rida/
lick a shot punani/not gun fire/

Now everybody wanna be dongongon/
all around New York niggas be talkin/but we be stalkin/
in the docks when the gun starts buckin/
but in the day/be wary of where you be walkin/

[Chorus]
DON'T...DON'T....DON'T you ever mention bout you wan
tess the champion sound/
leave it to de people that can you know that can
when people see them a ball fa
LEAVE!

[Verse Two:]

Me naw sex/me ruff like the wicked you fe me/
the motherfucker that be buggin over truth you see/
original/criminal/run in town/crime pays/
thats when I practised/your act if/you wan get blasted
by my nine shot/come around my block/pon the night spot/
in the Pine box/Murderah...Botty bwoy killa/Golden power filla/
we bout to get illa/

Sound bwoy/ya got nuff reason to worry/
cummin wit my troops/we about to bury/
betta pack ya dubs and move in a hurry/Ease off sean/
Lookin at my pager/it's about that time/
to load up the 9/and do my derelict crime/
warriors/conquerors/the man before ya/
Mr. Ripper/a.k.a. the enemy killa/
my man wit the weed/is my man in deed/
and all you sucky-ducky niggas catch nots wit speed/

Talkin bout you have sound/ah my sound you wan tess/
You neva know/that when it comes to championship/
is we dat have de management/
and carry mack/use you for good use/cuz wee de good crew
LEAVE!

[Verse Three:]

Laud!/Some bwoy wan get dead tonite duke/
as I retrieve the 2-5 from my timboots/
Target pon sight/trick up and cock/
adjust your pupils to see a dead bwoy walk/
Nuff pussyhole gwan die dis year/
here comes the bootcamp/slide it to the rear/
Its the rain cummin like a hurricane lickin shots/
more untouchable/than niggas wit de chicken pox/
So/emcees get lifted when I'm spliffted/
Nigga guard ya grill/cause Louisville packs the biscuit/
In the session/Smif N Wessun/O-G's see/gun clapper number 1/
wit my nigga D-O-G....

We bring the realness/feel this/boom it's Black Moon reveal
this/
we come to let you know/what the deal is/
Straight up we serve justice/so if you can't be trusted/
may you return where the dust is..

There is many sound thats goin around/and goin on/
and gwan like a clown/but I'm tellin you..Clean up your act/
and come to de livestock cuz you a deadstock from mornin to de
evenin/naw everthing changed...