

Werd N Deeko, No Equal

[Werd:]

Yes it's SOS

Soon as we write the rest

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[Werd:]

I tax your rings like I'm Sonic or Tails

Attacking with the Knuckles if the battling fails

Bump you like Dale

Take your shit like the reepo

Closest thing Jamie gets to ching his dog Chico

So people that's only on my space and bebo

But not in the street

Fuck your fucking ego

Your shite like fucking Seebo

Fuck these kids like peedos

Your cheesy as cheetos man they just no equal

They ain't the hard type

Nah they the fag type

So we leave their lungs pierced wheezing like bag pipes

I guess we kilt up

But still no cheques

Not checks on a kilt or the ones in chess

I want the money man check whose best

Guess who heck man it's funny the text

Kind of makes mad fun of the rest

I won't rest

Till your hands clap together like your under arrest