

## Dice Raw

### "Dead End"

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Oh

This tune goes out too the chick I just met, at the train station

With her skinny jeans on

Her little indie pumps

You now what I'm talking it about

Y-Y-You know I was speechless when I saw you

But I got a girl

So it's dead end

Listen

I step out my yard with a new flo,

Skinny jeans on and my hats low,

Happiness fam that the new cro,

I clock Bnp ahah, no

They say that I'm short but I know,

So I look to my leg and repated negro,

Like a toaster I collect dough

My lyrics are felt so no need to use biro,

My Flows tight like two thongs,

I roll with the mandem that are too strong,

I lay low like futon and everybodys like: yo what's wrong?

I'm about to bust cause I've been waiting at this stop for to long,

There's a wifey draught I clock one girl but me gotta crusie on,

Don't look now,

Keep walking,

Cause I got a girl at home,

Waiting for me

And if I do look now,

Will I ever, get over you?

Cause it's a dead end, it's a dead end, it's a dead end

Oh oh

How about we get a little closer?  
Cause tonight you look hot like a samosa,  
You be the melody, I'll be the beat  
I'll play you cause I'm the composer

This is my composition  
Followed by ammunition,  
New addition, expedition, definition  
Change position

I know you like electro  
I know you like electro

Don't think I didn't clock you,  
Listening to them tunes in your headphones on the  
train opposite me  
Oh... my girl

Don't look now, keep walking,  
Cause I got a girl at home,  
Waiting for me  
And if I do look now,  
Will I ever get over you?

Two legs entwine, as I refine on Gods design tonight,  
I do a little rhyme, take a little time, so I hold you right,  
You and me together just think,  
I would take you for a nice drink,  
I would tell you the reason why but the verse is done,  
Arghh shit, my pen just ran out of ink,

Already we at home, ready to bone  
And she gone and I'm thinking to myself,  
How the fuck she getting home?  
I know I didn't flop like millenium dome,  
And I'm taking over control like Ken Livingstone  
I roll up your thighs and your ready to moan,  
But listen my mums at home,

I like you a lot so please just stay,  
I don't know why you wanna go away  
Ayyyyy!

Oooh Ooooh  
I know I like you but ooooh noooo,  
I got a wifey at hoomee,  
She can cook much better than you  
She looks much better than you  
She does it better than

Ooooooh Ooooooh

I know I like you but oooh nooo,  
I got a wifey and, oh oh  
She can cook much better than you  
She looks much better than you  
That's why I'm thinking maaannnnn!

Don't look now,  
Keep walking,  
Cause I got a girl at home,  
Waiting for me  
And if I do look now,  
Will I ever get over you?

Cause it's a dead end, it's a dead end, it's a dead end  
Oh oh

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