

## Dizmas

### "2 Far"

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You really don't have to do this,  
Why do people jus ask for things when they don't really  
want it  
They should jus shut up

Uh uh uh uh (whaaat) uh uh (im your fitness instructor)  
uh uh uh uh  
(i jus wanna make my money, you make yours) uh uh  
uh uh uh uh uh  
(it's time for some exercise) uh uh uh (what) uh uh uh  
uh (make money  
Or shut up) uh uh uh uh uh

Yo, i don't promote no violence but if that boy gets  
arrogant O  
Leave that boy in the basement so,  
Done with the bat get up jus walk  
I'm not a female beater but if that girl gets facety O  
Slap that girl all hasty cos she might be buff but she's  
not ruff  
I can't believe i'm hearing that boy thinks i'm not  
dangerous  
Let me draw his girlfriend home cut no slack she'll  
never go back  
Marriage, love, wife please!  
All that talk is stupid plus i don't believe in cupid cos  
Sometimes mo times everyone 2 times

[CHORUS]  
Who do they think they are  
U push me too far  
LOOK i don't care who you are  
NO i'm a super, superstar  
Who do they think they are  
U push me too far  
LOOK i don't care who u are  
NO

Yo, yo i don't obey no policemen cos they forget they're  
human uh  
Get excited quickly but, he aint got a gun i'll kick him

and run (tell him)  
Don't talk to me about roaming cos queen elizabeth  
don't know me so  
How can she control me when i live street and she lives  
neat  
I love raising conscience but there's jus too much  
violence uh  
I can't stand no nonsense uh  
Book me, watch me, hear me, pay me  
I've been far too friendly now  
Everybody wants a favour but i'm not no ones saviour  
cos  
Where was you when i was blue?!

[CHORUS]

Yo, talk in the mike i'll talk neat  
Talk to your wife i'll talk sweet  
Talkin tough i'll talk wid my feet  
Rascals raw like red meat  
Talk act talk rough  
Talk sexy talk buff  
Certain girls talk rough  
Talk anything, anywhere, any stuff  
Yeah we got style, we'll get cash  
Yeah we got style, we'll make cash  
Certain man talk trash  
Act funny act flash  
Bring your bora, bring your mash  
Get banged, get bashed  
We don't care who they are, where they are  
If they wanna bring the beef we aint far

[CHORUS]

I was hot steppin in my nike m sneaker  
You didn't know i was an mc beater, defeater  
Giving the mc a sleeper  
I'm in to win fairly i'm not a cheater  
I'm starving, hungry ready to eat her  
Your drinks sweet but my drinks sweeter though  
I'm getting stronger bro your getting weaker bro  
I came straight from the gutter lay low  
I'm a ninja turtle u can't step into my circle  
In a sound flash i will hurt you  
Paper, astor, liverpool  
Anyone wanna make paper they put they're face on the  
floor and chew  
That's what a want  
I wanna true ting a double bed fling with a true ting  
Wiley, rascal that's the bum ting

Gyal wanna bang on my bed  
No long ting!

[CHORUS x2]

Shutup no one can't say nothing ever  
I'm your fitness instructor

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