

Dizzee Rascal

"Hold Ya Mouf"

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(feat. 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
What you do will come back to you
What you do will come back to you
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)

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