

Giggs "Middle Fingers"

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Chorus

Put your middle fingers up x3
And scream fuck y'all ni**as
Put your middle fingers up x3
And scream fuck y'all ni**as
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**as
Put your middle fingers up x2
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**as
Put your middle fingers up x2
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**as x2

Giggs Verse

Ni**er put your middle finger up now
All you other pu**y ni**ers duck down
Ni**er put your middle finger up
Get the ringer out ama get them ni**ers touched
Fuck it ama fill em up
Man will turkey ni**ers ama get them ni**ers stuffed
When its dinner time, and we let them spinners frost
Pass it over here ama show you how to swing a ?
Getting money so a ni**er stunt
Check my bank account you see how them figures jump
Get that alcohol, now a ni**er drunk
The realest ones, that am still amongst
Man like jimmy on da rocks dat will spill along
When were on the battle field think them ni**ers run
So if you wanna dis me better bring a gun

Chorus

Put your middle fingers up x3
And scream fuck y'all ni**as
Put your middle fingers up x2
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**as x2

Verse (Gunna)

Ill let it ring out, when that beef calls
Ni**ers squashing beef like there making meat balls
Fuck peace, I just keep that piece full
Fuck police ni**er I don't need rules
Bring the piece like Gandhi, show him to Jesus
Pick up the piece, let them pick up the pieces
Yeah, (Gunna)

Turn your lights off when that nine releases

Like amen, put your lights out on your day in
If I get that low down, I ain't waiting
Let that 3 8th spin
I ain't playin, ni**er I don't play
I ain't a pimp but I can make that pu**y pay
These ni**ers playing, but they can't press replay
When I press on the spesh and blow his chest away

Chorus

Put your middle fingers up x3
And scream fuck y'all ni**ers
Put your middle fingers up x2
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**ers x2

Verse (Killah Ki)

Ni**ers rapping good, but cuz they ain't live the lie
I've been in mad beef had to grip ma nine
So fuck your rapping lies, still got a trapping life
Half a box of the duck ???
This is real ni**er music
South London, pecknarm, trust me we do dis
We grip and we shoot sticks, we trap and we move
bricks
Here in the UK, if you never knew this
We beef south from the queens house
Yellow brick blocks, that be the deep south
Peckham boys black gang, ni**ers know what were
bout
Soon run the rap game cuz I ain't got no doubt

Chorus

Put your middle fingers up x3
And scream fuck y'all ni**as
Put your middle fingers up x3
And scream fuck y'all ni**as
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**as
Put your middle fingers up x2
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**as
Put your middle fingers up x2
Fuck, fuck, fuck y'all ni**as x2

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