

## **Master Shortie "Rope Chain"**

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(Chorus)

I got a rope chain  
You got a rope chain  
We got a rope chain  
Yeeeeeman

I keep it old school  
You keep it old school?  
I keep it old school  
Yeeeeeman

I'm reppin london city  
You reppin london city?  
I'm reppin london city  
Yeeeeeman

My name is master shortie  
You know about master shortie  
I know bout master shortie  
Yeeeeeman

Let me tell you about the my time  
Where youths like their beef and they grime  
And prepared to draw for the nine  
If you're in the wrong place  
At the wrong time  
But I'm not like them guys  
I had to open my eyes  
So I could prevail, and I could excel  
Make my music so it sells  
My inspiration comes from god  
So I'm grateful  
Look at the way I'm spitting it down  
Like it's bloody april  
I'm that good guy  
I walk around with a halo  
The only bangers these figures  
Are mashing  
Are sausage and potato

(Chorus)

In my dreams I'm wrapped in palms  
Sometimes I'm wrapped in arms  
All my tugs around me  
Trust me  
They roll with straps and arms  
Want me to convert  
Throw away my bible and psalms  
I'd rather do my music  
Spend all my money on garms  
That's why I look so sweet  
That's why I keep so neat  
They say that I'm a gyalist  
I know all them freaks  
But I'm surrounded by tugs  
Make sure it's not forgotten  
I've got the hood on my back and trust me  
We ain't made of cotton

(Chorus)

And when the rope chain swings  
The girls grin, they like  
Hi, my name, I'm on anything  
They call me kase  
Otherwise mr benjamin  
I'm like a scar  
On the skin I won't fade in  
The name kase but  
Call me amazing  
First time placed in  
Nah I ain't changing  
And my swag's correct  
Watch the way I move  
And the rope chain  
Swings on my neck yep

(Chorus)

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