

Werd "Bar Exchange"

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[Werd]

Remix remix

Get on your dancing shoes

Remix bar exchange

[Deeko]

Right do this Sons of Scotland

S.O.S. Werd and Deek

[Werd]

You rappers fuck around you take after your ma

We are a fucker of a pair like a double D bra

Best in the game on the ball like Kaka

So you know I will blow like I follow Allah

They pick us like a damn guitar

To be in the space that you're called a star

I'll be blunt like the skin of a cigar

Like a bar tender a attend to my bars

Work on bars chin up cunt

You don't want a fucking scar from the chin up cunt

Get called Tony

My doe fold like calzonis

In my pocket with Es keys and pre-rollies

I aint no phony jabronie talking balonie homie

I clearly show ye some gory stories with your cronies

Sliced like pepperoni

Because for flows they owe me

Jesus Christ with a Knife

Now Get holy

[Deeko]

I write song packing a punch harder than Tyson

Spits poisonous like the venom out of a python

Winking at your bird with a bitch under my right arm

So come on come on come on over here to get done

You don't know me you probably never will

Go to clubs with a knife in my belt dressed to kill

(Looking sharp)

Giving me daggers fuck you man am giving you
daggers

Pick one which one to enter your abdomen

You're only half a man

This shit is getting embarrassing
Punching the lights out of on transvestites
Immaculate mind
Compulsive theft a snatch what I find
Steal your watch give it to Werd
Just to pass the Time
Fucking hoodlum
About to blow up with my music like Muslims
On the 26 bus going to Luton (Fucking hell)
The Al-Qaeda of rap will snap then
You'll get bombarded with tracks
Like I will hi-jack your whole cipher

[Werd]

Aint you heard Werd funny like stitches
Stitches is witches get when I chib ye's
Get a couple teams on cunts like grass pitches
Fuck a grass slash if he's spraffin your business
My plan hit hitches
Still hitting no riches
Spare change play pitchy av no grew up strictly
Underground sound and Deek is still with me
Since we made with me
Fuck that it's history
Got sound like the Ministry and it's full of misery
A have piff epiphanies so gifted in delivery
Mics am addicted to so fuck how you picture me
A leave a fool in disarray and tell them read a
dictionary
A literally take liberties to cunts with stupidity
Indivisible most lyrically spit hot like high humidity
Like weather that you're felling me
I flow on solar energy
Son shines so advanced I battle with telepathy

[Deeko]

Could kill a rapper with 8 bars
Show up at the funeral
And read the eulogy just to finish him off
One of the last real rappers alive so don't panic
While I'm hi-jacking you're mind
Prepare you for crash landing
Sitting quiet when am speaking my mind
They can't stand it
If my crew was ever part of a riot
Then I planed it
Don't ever give me daggers a'l give you a fucking
sword
Push it into your temple until you one with the lord
My styles in your face the kind that can be ignored
Swore to never rhyme poor that's something I can't

afford
Sitting staring at the floorboards feeling board
Agitated trying to make this CD player record
Got a list of whack rappers who think they've got it
locked
While am sitting backstage at their shows ticking a box
Like that's him Yeah him too
He know he's gonna get it
S.O.S. Deeko and Werd just so you don't forget it

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