

Werd

"Bomb Threat"

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[Werd:]

This is Werd n Deeko
Scotland UK to Iowa US
This is a B-side beat

[Deeko:]

I grab your neck to grab your attention
I am a bastard
Rip out your eardrum if you don't recognize the accent
I dinny think your comprehending or understanding
Put us over the rest interpreted as a fraction
You hurting us when asking what happened to the
mixtape
What happened to the people that said it would never
happen
Coming up with the tracks the best Scotland's got to
offer
We the number one franchise beat the Loch-ness
Monster
We north of the border but we planning to expand
Want to blow so we doing ciphers with Taliban
Went to the record companies who wanna sign us am
Trying to pull strings and climb the charts like am
Spiderman
I'm fucked-in my writers hand
It's not masturbation
When I move on new tracks like Edinburgh city station
Edinburgh cities favorite we are top two dead or alive
And that's just off the first mixtape

[Werd:]

A lyricist rapper emcee slash writer
Slash faces a fighter tighter than virgin vaginas
Son am brighter fire for joints call me lighter
Kick the mic like miters till you dig it like miners
It's off the hook like miners when they breaking the law
Am no a battle rapper rather pager breaking your jaw
Scotland we breaking the wall we're the illest you saw
Want to play a fucking game we make it sicker than
Saw
Cause dead in the middle of little Edinburgh city we

stay busy
But we're still no heard of like a sound fucking bizzzy
It's a pity pretty nippy and shitty
But we knew it was tricky
Get sick eh all you typically picky little kitties
Plus I wouldn't waste a little bitty pitiful breath
Trying to amend if I offend in the text
Dead class bomb threats hit the club and best bets
We gets nights jumping like they where on chess sets

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