

Werd

"Put It Doon Ft Wardie Burns"

Visit "[Put It Doon Ft Wardie Burns](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Wardie Burns]

Vaga...

[Werd]

Yeah why you writing that shite? (Put it down cunt)
Drop the pen don't write (Put it down cunt)
Why you holding the mic? (Put it down cunt)
Just put it down son just put it down cunt [x2]

Scottish rap I like could count on one hand
I'm so fed up you count on one man
Well damn canny kick it I can-can
With your Flintstones raps your all just bam bams
(Bam bam) see your a fucking cartoon
Take my car in the town and run you cunts down
Like (crash) see we roll in platoons
We are crack on a track pure smack on the spoon
(Fucking right) yeah and you cunts really need it
Even when you free (that's right) I can read it
I don't believe ya nah your just cheaters
Aint got strips in the spot like cheetahs
Love to meet ya blood I will bleed ya
Have you cut up like a nice slice of pizza
I need preach I teach like a preacher
When I put it down get a kick in the ceesta

[Werd]

Yeah why you writing that shite? (Put it down cunt)
Drop the pen don't write (Put it down cunt)
Why you holding the mic? (Put it down cunt)
Just put it down son just put it down cunt [x2]

[Wardie Burns]

I took time at the table to add you up
Now you're minus a leg so I stand you up
See I divide emcees (over six postcodes)
Leave your woman in the mail (over six crossroads)
Put it down to death man I'm sounding fresh
I want a pound of your flesh fuck house arrest
Cunt I will note your name if we spoke the same
Poke your brain a'l snap like a broke your chain
Put it down cunt nah don't smoke the cain

But people know Wardie the blokes insane
I got mechanical arms I got mechanical legs
I never bit the fucking dust I bit the apple instead
See I spit the truth no a prolonged dancer
Flash in the pan cunt your stone cold pasta
So so-long bastards your no going faster
I'm a nasty arse hole I'm colon cancer

[Werd]

Yeah why you writing that shite? (Put it down cunt)
Drop the pen don't write (Put it down cunt)
Why you holding the mic? (Put it down cunt)
Just put it down son just put it down cunt [x2]

[Werd]

Verse two not me verses you
I hang you out to dry like I'm meant to do
Cunts hang on my lines yeah I bet they do
So I had to take them down like a peg or two
(Ow oh) how'd you like them apples?
Werd is banana's you don't want the hassle
To beef like cattle it goes unheard
But if you want to get a licking then you know that's it's
Werd
I'm an ace when I serve get a plate when I serve
I will take you out mate like a date like when I serve
Fucking great when it's Werd
But you hating on Werd?
Well come see me nerds on the street like a curb
So fly (yeah) go button your lip
I'm that buck-fast fuck rap shake it to bits
Put the fucking smack down like your shaking and shit
Fuck your mic cunt (what) you are taking the mic'

[Werd]

Yeah why you writing that shite? (Put it down cunt)
Drop the pen don't write (Put it down cunt)
Why you holding the mic? (Put it down cunt)
Just put it down son just put it down cunt [x2]

Visit [Werd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.