

Werd "Sos All Day"

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[Werd]

Check, S.O.S. Yes (Auld Reekie)

In Auld Reekie, Edinburgh, I built up my repertoire
Wrecking hard beats with my speech and etcetera
Going over net I impress like I'm Federer
Cheeky little A@tica I 'kilt' like the dressing (ah)
Dead emcees through lead I breath
I could ghost-write for ghosts put them under my
sheets
Of written lyrics see my spirits as they start to deplete
As the whiskeys almost finished while I write to this
beat
Speak, If I'm given half the chance
If I have to put my chips in and call it red or black
It'll probably hit the zero but I fight over that
You see I always seem to win and I don't even answer
back
In the long run, it's a marathon of tracks
Take a step at a time if you cant be divine, just relax
And go and find you're own path
This Scottish rap, I'm sorry mate I own that

(S.O.S) It's the Sons of Scotland
Shout 'S.O.S' when I'm done talking
(S.O.S) We got it on lock ken
So shout 'S.O.S' mate doing it for Scotland [x2]

An Auld Reekie rapper killing all you're geeky patter
We can a cheeky little pagger rather scrap the drama
I'm a walking target for these little Swagger-Jagga
Waka-flame type bastards known the name right
rappers (S.O.S)
We the best on the map mate
Wiping our feet on you're welcome like a mat take
One step back you jokes with a catchphrase
Knock knock, who's there? not me, my name rings a
bell
(bring bring) Cause you're boy speaks crack
But boy with a 'H' and in Scotland it's smack
Stay intact or attack you get pinned to the wall
Like a tack picture that, get a bat have a ball

With my whole team, award winning no smoke-screen
Less its the dope smoke roached with my home green
Has-been's some rappers they got burnt out
Flicked like my joint's so class 'A' with no come-down

(S.O.S) It's the Sons of Scotland
Shout 'S.O.S' when I'm done talking
(S.O.S) We got it on lock ken
So shout 'S.O.S' mate doing it for Scotland [x2]

I'm Edinburgh city's witty gritty sick cunt you getting
sick eh
Little lippy for the silly little kiddies
And their pretty little spits with mates acting like
groupies
Hip-hop aint for you get the fuck back to Uni
With you're bag-pack rap all you're chat like that
It got me thinking then inking out bad man track
Happy slap cats whack via sound of the jack
You lack facts, track back, you ever been that
Much of anything, anyway, everyday am better wae
Flipping on melody so heavily am telling ye
Remember me, I'm a fucking legend in the scene
If you disagree, you sleeping, you aint keeping with the
team
S.O.S. we the best, tell the rest, just to rest
We just write, you get left, we the set to inspect
See we set for success, set trends and invest
In the art from the heart, no impressed with the next

(S.O.S) It's the Sons of Scotland
Shout 'S.O.S' when I'm done talking
(S.O.S) We got it on lock ken
So shout 'S.O.S' mate doing it for Scotland [x2]

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