

Werd N Deeko "Bar Exchange"

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[Intro:]

What's that whos this what's this man
Aye right cunt (huh) S.O.S. (haha)
Who the fuck wanna (Werd)
Nae Cunt (uh)

[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 ain't 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
A make them 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 headed to Luton (Fucking hell)
The Al-Qaeda of rap will snap then
You'll get bombarded with tracks
I will hi-jack your whole cipher

[Werd:]

Ain't you heard Werd funny like stitches
Stitches is witches get when I chib ye's
Get a couple teams on cunts like grass pitches
And fuck a grass slash if he's spraffin your business
My plan hit hitches
Still hitting no riches
Spare change play pitchy not blew up strictly
Underground sound yeah 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 kidding me
I flow on solar energy
Son shines so advanced we battle with telepathy

[Deeko:]

Could kill a rapper with 8 bars
Show up at the funeral
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 (get
it)
My styles in your face the kind that can be ignored
I 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
When am sitting backstage at 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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