

Movado "Slow Singing"

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Ready up inna steavle
Tek dem to a next level uh evil

[hahahaha...]
[Ayyyyy.....]

Dead dem dead
Its gonna be...
Slow singing, flowers bringing
Marrow, fly like pigeon in de evening
[mama crying]
Ball mama ball woi...
Mama, hey mama buy a reef for your son
Cuz he fuck around, now he gon die by my gun
I know you, know you gonna cry when you come
When ya, see him body lying on de ground
Gunshot fly true face
Tear him skin like curt'n
See your mama cryin cuz you leave her in a burden
Boy life erase, tomorrow him nah certain
Inform pon mi gun and mek ya dead before de iron
Curtin

Dem say war, mi step in and tek it ova
Boy face mash up funeral day dem have fi mek it over
Yes basically, it's like dem make it pon mi shoulder
And mi bus it like a square off an informer shoulder
Dem boy deh nah bad
Dem have a bag uh dream
[ball mama ball.....]
Police full de scheme de thugs dem empty de
magazine
[ayyyyy.....]
Now de endin of de bag uh thin
I tell man bout stop gunshot fly true de boi gabadin
You wanna, die fast or die slow?
My 4.4 mek ya didn't breed ya gyal
So ya kids didn't meant to grow
You know, we're heartless killers
Gunshot mash-up to ya toe
De gully side, that's how we roll

They said I'm evil, David Constantine
And dem cyarman is my war
No sanity in these constant time
Gunshot fly true dem dutty mind
Dem diss time
Alright Cubans, rise up de dutty nine

[hahahahaha...]
[ayyyyy.....]
Dead dem dead

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