

Skinnyman

"Who? Me"

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Who? Me, listen..

This time when we splash, trust we're gonna splash
They're gonna come up runnin' and pun us with their
mash

Men are gonna stand firm, some are gonna dash
Some of them boys just ain't ready for the clash
When you don't see your life past you by in a flash
Cuz others wanna hate on the fat Jamaic' cash
Everything they've tried to achieve has even crashed
They're left walkin' up and down road lookin' brassed
Alas, most of them men are fassio's
Every two weeks they have to sign for dole
I'm on another level blood, check it, I'm-a roll
Rippin' down any spark with my famine toll
You don't know how that go, any way you want it
Settin' you which way, blood I'm on it, so run it

Who? Me, listen..

I used to roll deep with a crew of nasty soldiers
Now I hold heat, carryin' that weight on my shoulders
The way that I've been raised is too much to get over
The way the streets have tried to mould us then hold us
to the pavement

Now we're facin' modern day enslavement
Gettin' shift, lookin' at the world behind the jail fence
Twenty three hours locked down is how your day's
spent
Thinkin' 'bout the way all of my old school braves went
Cuz I been here puttin' it down for years
I watch my silence, screams will break the death ears
Nothings left here but a holy but fuckery
All over the country road is lookin' ugly, trust me
From the age of ten years old
Certain runnings that I've been through remain untold

Who? Me..

That's why I resurface, cause everything I hear sounds
worthless

Man who wanna play your part, they know your purpose
I know my heart, my rhyme's stomp full of curses
Makin' every one around me start actin' nervous
Call doctors and nurses, emergency services
Pull it back like cartwheel spin reverses
Check my verses, the way I'm puttin' 'em down
The way I'm shuttin' 'em down, I'm not fuckin' around
I'm cleanin' up town like some old street sweepers
In broad daylight, I roll with night time creepers
Whoever want to eat us, beef us or show my peeps love
The others can meet their Grim Reapers
Forget bein' six feet deep dug, it don't matter
After I've left ya with ya skull bone shattered
The heads that you see me roll ain't no rappers
Gun clappers who live like nuttin don't matter

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