

Roll Deep "They Should Know"

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Flo Dan

Wiley start with the show

Flo Dan from the ghetto

Breeze from the venomous flow

Some boys to listen and some boys to think

Wiley start with the show

Flo Dan from the ghetto

Breeze from the venomous flow

Some boys to listen and

CHORUS:

Dom-P

They should know that we are just too hot

Representing for our block

Now we started we can't stop

I think I told you this before

My crew is just to raw

These players feel ensure

X2

Wiley

Yes check this lyrical talent

Everybody wanna be a mc

There's no balance

Willy is extravagant in a bashment

Blazing fire in the bashment

But stacking the paper is a must

And shots as we bus if you step into the square

I'll put a soundboy in the electric chair

I'll clash anybody, anyone, anywhere

I use to be a moralless, no moral kid

Now I'm a terrible kid

That made trims for the money and not the fun of it

Purple haze, we're bunning it

You see, we're running it

Top gunning it, tom cruising it

Prada booting it.

Willy Kat is coming back a day later than this

I got a, semi automatic spraying machine

And I'm erratic, I'm going on cold in the scene

CHORUS

Wiley

It's wiley and I'm gettin em hyper
And I get dirty like a baby diaper
Who that upon the riddem, I'm a lyrical sniper
All bad boys just flash yer lighters
It's gun season with a millimeter
Who wanna test them get defeater
We bun fire upon with our informer
Bun them with the red heat seeker
My crew lay low, we are shooter
See me flex in my new nikey booter
And see me flex in me new nikey suiter
Make the move for the doe in the looter
Bad brain just like a computer
Think you're cold but we are colder
Cause I'm a soldier
I'm gonna get hot and wreck this danger
And make the paper

CHORUS

Flo Dan

Them boy get bun in a revolution
Where is the gun?
Breezey hand me the gun
Somebody life gonna be dun
Them can't see me come
Pussy better get up and run
Cause two double o, four, three, two, one
Venomous crew, venomous what tongue
Life who, life what, life that are dun
Bun fire, bun fire, bun fire bun
Style that we bus, man a burst long time
It's gonna get bun and gonna get wind
Call that my time, under your time (anybody)
It's time I adjust you in MY mind
One time to the top on the rewind
So you can get beat up everytime
Just to make you shoosh?
It's me, they call me bare fire knight

CHORUS

Breeze

Too nasty so they wanna blast me
Wanna talk shit but they never walk past me
Oi how dare you chat like I fear you
I'm a top boy, no-where near you

My mind will scare you
Cause I'm far too deep
No cats pissing on the streets you see
But it's weak to creep so I spare you
Heard you got a girl in the west
With a double D chest
Come we put her faithfulness to the test
What, she letting off? oh yes
What, she sucking off? oh yes
Couldn't care less about the mess
Now I got another mistress
Nothing but nastiness, that's me
B-r double e-z, e
Never had an std
Skippy boy aka sleazy

CHORUS x2

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