

Roll Deep "Wickedest Ting"

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CHORUS:

Me and my crew, we're the wickedest ting
New talk on road, the wickedest ting
The weed that we smoke, the wickedest ting
Gal dem know its, the wickedest ting
Nike boot to your flex, the wickedest ting
Big money man' earn, the wickedest ting
Them boys aren't ready for, the wickedest ting
It's no long ting, the wickedest ting

Breeze

First thing's first

(Expense) reverse

Thinking that my tongue will make your ear drums
burst

Had a little problem and it needs to be nursed

And I'm panicking cause it's getting worse

It's my saliva that'll harm the cross fader

One for the treble that'll burn through the middle

And hooks you spike tight like a book minder

Coming from the x-files h-friers

And it's been going on for a while

Running like snot but it sticks like honey

Ya'll think it's funny

People think it's worth a lot of money

So I give an sample to scully and mulder

Gotta write it up in a little black folder

FBI wanna rub my shoulder

It's over... before it gets any colder

So I gotta say it's over

CHORUS

Wiley

Everyday I'm gonna stay low like a shadow

Forget everybody now I'm going on narrow

See me fly like a sparrow

Sharp like an arrow

Lyrics like mellow

Make them boy parrow

And they wanna come pile with me

But I don't wanna know

I aint been on road for six months I got an afro
Now I gotta get a hair cane roll
You didn't know we're gonna hit em with the venomous
flow
See me blaze
I'm cold on the streets of rage
Hit em up on the stage
Just turn the page
I'm a money maker (huh)
Ready for the dapper
Me and my crew we're gonna hit em with the slammer
Gonna take it to the neck
Better check out the lyrical vet
I'm a big mic man on the set
When I get cold you better know I'm gonna
Wreck the track
Hurt the track
I'm hot on the track

CHORUS

Flo Dan
Them boys are to die
Aint on no long ting no lie
No more mr.nice guy
Why
Because them of thought man was a nice man
So them come take liberty of a big man
Them never know man was a smart man
Couple grand, that makes you a dead man
One phone call we send for the hit-man
People die and no names get mention
People get prang, flo dan too nang
Drive by shooting in a transit BANG BANG BANG
Sounds of the gunning from my hand
It was all over and the fat lady sang
Here another man with the mic in my hand
Every stageman I ram
Don't give a damn
Them boys aren't ready for the big weed
Big jaw
Big boy this money man.

CHORUS

Breeze
Alcoholics makes me vomit
And I'm gonna insert and my whole crew's on it.
Alaskin sess, Afghanistan sess, acaponic, skunk, white
telesupersonic
Keys in the bonnet, car's looking new

Air conditioning inside it too
So I smoke the weed till dem eye's dem bleed
Don't think my luv is on twigs or seeds

Wiley

I'm the original cause I'm a lyrical G
They no they don't wanna test cause they can never
see me
I wont do a thing if you pay the fee
When I get drawn I'm gonna buzz like a bee
Gwarn them boy with a big lightning
It was a eight point six so it might been a dream
What, my gun's dirty time for a clean
And I keep the limit at about sixteen

Flo Dan

(Haha) don't ever bring war my way
I know you don't wanna lose your life the same day
It's not the long ting it's not the lay lay
Somebody get bunned when flo dan start to spray
Okay
Bad one upon the riddem that we play
God knows that we write lyrics everyday
God knows that we eat food everyday
God knows that we smoke weed everyday
(Smoke that)

CHORUS

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