

S.A.S. "A.T.M."

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Verse 1:

Mayhem:

Yooooo, the kid with the accent's back
Trust May, I must say he's a handsome chap
That went from selling grams to rap
Now I put up to the club, big wheels, chromy things
attached
And I drink 'til the Henny gone
Name ring like the celly on
Cuz the waist linked to the semi arm
The way miss move her thong when she twerkin' is
bizerkin'
She gettin' drawn like a curtain
She like cor blimey, Mayhem your grimey
Cuz even when I'm up in the sheets the.4's by me
Diamonds up the piece it's all shiny
Still without a backstage pass the whores find me
And they know who the man be
Ice grill on the watch, the chain looking angry
Drop the coupe, I'm hardly mackin'
Now La Kid knock more boots than Charlie Chaplin

Hook

S.A.S.:

This is for all of my G's (all of my G's)
All about money, they ballin' with cheese (ballin' with
cheese)
Where ever we go we rolling them trees
And rip shows, get dough, get low, then we breeze
(Repeat)

Verse 2

Mega:

Yooooo, they love how I'm speaking
This bangs in the club like Bloods when they beefing
It's the drugs that I'm chiefing, bub's got me wheezing
I keep it gritty from Finchley to thugs up in Neasden
Wrist glist, great charm, big whip, Range long
See me on the strip wit' them Slick Rick chains on
Yooooo, oi u got the name wrong
When I spit it distinguished and English in the same
song

This is the remedy, all the chickens befriending me
Mega diss her while bredders lick her like Hennessy
She up for going down like a see-saw
We da men dem dat the gal dem fiend for
Tint my ride, put rims on side
And I won't need Xzibit and them to pimp my ride
See the Dips poppin' them snubs, they walkin' with
heaters
When lickin' shots in the club and I ain't talking tequila,
mira

Hook

Verse 3

S.A.S.:

Mayhem:

Ball in the Lex, ah man they all wanna sex
What you thought we was posh like Victoria Becks (No)
I smut chicks cuz at this pimp game
May La Kid is undisputed like Snipes and Ving Rhames
The lead spark it, give you a head target
Walk up in the club, they roll out the red carpet
Like goddammit it's dem, bandanas and gems
Mega, Killa, Santana and Jim, oh and me
Mega:

I came in the exit, my name, yeah you guessed it
I ain't playin', I'm saying my names on the guest list
I got models and my face on some next shit
I just pop bottles and liase with the best chicks
Sippin' Don, let's get it on, where I'm at
DJ's play this, they drop bombs like Iraq
Stuntin' it's nuttin', you pretty, we provide that
Plus the weed we bunnin' is sticky like a fly trap

Hook 2x

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