

## **Smif-N-Wessun**

# **"Sound Bwoy Bureill"**

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Verse One:

Boom bye bye/in a botty bwoy head/  
the shottie fly now/the botty ly like dead/  
2 shots dead to him chin/enemy a friend/  
fake the funk/I put the junk to an end/  
Now who da rude bwoy/wan come tess dogg/  
I find his family/and I.D. em in da morgue/  
I bet you never thought I bust led/  
To prize/I'm a fortified blunt head just like a dread/

You cant tess the champion sound/You gettin bucked  
down/  
recognize the boot camp click/outta Bucktown/  
Gun thirsty little bastard/always blasted/  
from the sess of chocolate/from my dick gastin/  
You say you number one wicked selecta/  
I say you punani/and I wetcha/  
Keep the bull/before I pull this here trigga/  
cause you don't wanna tess me/when I'm tipsy off the  
liquor/  
Like a punk they call McGirt/got his feelings hurt/  
showed his true colors/had to yank up his skirt/  
now he's in misery/tryin to cop a plea/  
led to his head/from gun clapper number 3/  
see/lick off a shot you no dick rida/  
lick a shot punani/not gun fire/

Now everybody wanna be dongongon/  
all around New York niggas be talkin/but we be stalkin/  
in the dark when the gun starts buckin/  
but in the day/be wary of where you be walkin/

Chorus

DON'T...DON'T....DON'T you ever mention bout you wan  
tess the champion sound/  
leave it to de people that can you know that can  
when people see them a ball fa  
LEAVE!

Verse Two:

Me naw sex/me ruff like the wicked you fe me/  
the motherfucker that be buggin over truth you see/  
original/criminal/runin town/crime pays/  
thats when I practised/your act if/you wan get blasted  
by my nine shot/come around my block/pon the night  
spot/  
in the Pine box/Murderah...Botty bwoy killa/Golden  
power filla/  
we bout to get illa/

Sound bwoy/ya got nuff reason to worry/  
cummin wit my troops/we about to bury/  
betta pack ya dubs and move in a hurry/Ease off sean/  
Lookin at my pager/it's about that time/  
to load up the 9/and do my daily crime/  
warriors/conquerors/the man before ya/  
Mr. Ripper/a.k.a. the enemy killa/  
my man wit the weed/is my man in deed/  
and all you sucky-ducky niggas catch nots wit speed/

Talkin bout you have sound/ah my sound you wan tess/  
You neva know/that when it comes to championship/  
is we dat have de management/  
and carry mack/use you for good use/'cause wee de  
good crew  
LEAVE!

Verse Three:

Laud!/Some bwoy wan get dead tonite duke/  
as I retrieve the 2-5 from my timboots/  
Target pon sight/trick up and cock/  
adjust your pupils to see a dead bwoy walk/  
Nuff pussyhole gwan die dis year/  
here comes the bootcamp/slide it to the rear/Starang  
cummin like a hurricane lickin shots/  
more untouchable/than niggas wit de chicken pox/  
So/emcees get lifted when I'm spliffted/  
Nigga guard ya grill/cause Louisville packs the biscuit/  
In the session/Smif N Wessun/O-G's see/gun clapper  
number 1/  
wit my nigga D-O-G....

We bring the realness/feel this/boom it's Black Moon  
reveal  
this/  
we come to let you know/what the deal is/  
Straight up we serve justice/so if you can't be trusted/  
may you return where the dust is..

There is many sound thats goin around/and goin on/

and gwan like a clown/but I'm tellin you..Clean up your  
act/  
and come to de livestock 'cause you a deadstock from  
mornin and now is evenin/its time fe tings to change.

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