

LM Cheerleaders

"The Don of Dons"

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[Intro: Super Cat]

Well hear Dis!

Original Dan die hearted dog heart

Haffi put de old iron pon dem

Me cyaan live inna no peace ca de whole a dem

Informer dem an dem a cause problem

Chop It!

[Chorus: Super Cat]

Koo mama koo mama ma koo saw

Dem nah go do me like dem do mi friend Tenor Saw

Mama koo mama koo mama ma koo Saw

Dem nah go do me like dem do mi friend Big Poppa

Aay! A wha dem fa me sey a wha dem a do yah

Ba a nuff a dem me hear sey dem a born gangsta

Ba a when me check it out de whole a dem a poser

Oonu tell dem dem wi run up inna wi Bushmaster

Boys! Perplex de flex an man a go queue de trigger

[Verse 1: Super Cat]

Sey dem a shotta dem a shotta - Man a straight shoota

An straighter den de guy weh clap Martin Luther

For murda is a word weh some a dem only heard a

Oonu tell dem a de Rappa Dappa Dan dem a falla

Oonu tell dem Mr. Cat a DanceHall Emperor

Oonu tell dem Rappa Dan a Ram Dance Master

An inna de dancehall a music me charged fa, sing!

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Super Cat]

When De Don of Dons put de ting pon dem

Original Don of Dons put de ting pon dem

Original Don of Dons put de ting pon dem

De Don of Dons put de ting pon dem

Because me cyaan live inna no peace ca de whole a dem

Informer dem an dem a cause problem

Carry mi name gone a station to superinten

Sey de Rappa Dappa bustin up a Mack 10

[Verse 2: Super Cat]

Sey de Rappa Dappa causing pure problem
From New York City to de clock a Big Ben
De whole world a shout de Rappa Dan come again
Tell dem true gangsta never have no need fe pretend
A bag a duppy men dem men deh send a Maypen
So bad bull inna Pen a Man nuh fraid a none a dem
Fa man a leaf a root a man a branch an stem
Car wha me luv sey dat a Mercedes Benz

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Verse 3: Jadakiss]

Uh, you know me, K-I-S-S, Kiss of Death
LP soon come for ya, bless bless
I don't give a fuck about ya rock size
Nigga my guns is grandfather clocksize
The Winchester, the Thompson, the Bushmaster
They it, break something off and they push past ya
And you know they say, that it's better to kill 'em than
rob 'em
Cause informers are problems, set 'em in water you
could dissolve 'em
Cause it's a rat in every hood and everybody knows em
To whom it may, I'm the Don Jada
Specialize in purple haze, cocaine in the Mon-tega
Arm, leg, leg, arm, head, probly get nice
When I'm be-yond dead, get ya shit tight
You dudes is bitch, wear 'em if ya shoes'll fit
The game ain't changed, the rules just switched

[Bridge]

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