

My Sound

Kano

My sound's the realest
My sound's the real deal
Hold tight the ends, East Ham, Plaistow, Stratford
Canning Town, stand up, ayy! Hold tight the ends that [?] city
Got the whole ends and Richard with me
Man like Goose and my nigga Sticky
Ashmond just got the Richard Mille
Man can't call me no pickaninny
Big magnum cost a pretty penny
Couple LPs and a couple Diddys
Couple Liv Popes and a couple Iggys
All-white dance get shutdown
Ragga [?] just touch down
Gyal come with you, they're with us now
Boogie got jungle on lock now
I don't cut shapes, I just cut riddim
If it ain't Vybez, I ain't fucking with it
Rudeboys don't response for no dissing
Catch up inna big is a man's schism
Man have got the rum-pu-pu-pum-pum
Mek a boy run like he stole something
Run up on me, that's a madness
Rum-pu-pu-pum-pum
Hold tight the mandem on lockdown
God bless and keep your 'ead up now
Wifey was real, she did hold out
Dozen roses up her nose now My sound's the realest, we know
Shut down dance wherever we go
And we keep a big ting for those haters
And it goes po-po-po-po-po-po My sound's the realest, we know
Shut down dance wherever we go
And we keep a big ting for those haters
And it goes po-po-po-po-po-po Call me from rice, it was real then
Please buss a shot for your real friend Man like Fab and my nigga Smithy
Got the whole ends and Richard with me
Man just might fly up Manny
Link up the mandem up Manny
Got a couple bruddas up country
Hold tight [?]
My sound's the realest, we know
Shut down dance wherever we go
And we keep a big ting for those haters

And it goes po-po-po-po-po-po
My sound's the realest, we know Shut down dance wherever we go
And we keep a big ting for those pagans
And it goes (po-po-po-po-po-po)
Dem boy some haters
Hating for real
Those boys some haters
So we keep a big ting for those pagans
And it goes (everybody dead now) We either whine gyal or we stan' up
But badman don't MC Hammer
Made in the manor where the guns dem clap up
Don't need no Santa fi boy get wrap up
Must big up Marlene and Big Pat up
RIP Auntie Vicky, true champion
Down by the River Thames, [?]
Mum played [?] and she played Daddy
They scream no black role models on these streets
But man model Roleys out on these streets Tryna push a roller out on these streets
Tryna get a Rover out on these deets
Paid my dues, then get no receipt
This the motherfucking thanks I get from this scene?
Ten years deep, a thousand 16s
And man a headline but didn't receive
Let me bloodclart live, spit my bloodclart shit
I'm a forefather, that's my bloodclart kids
Tell a hater it is what it bloodclart is
Then tell a real sound man to bring back my ting My sound's the realest, we know
Shut down dance wherever we go
And we keep the big sitting for those haters
And it goes po-po-po-po-po-po
My sound's the realest, we know
Shut down dance wherever we go
And we keep a big ting for those haters
And it goes po-po-po-po-po-po
My sound's the realest
My sound's the real
My end's the realest
My mandem real

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