

## Nothing Long (remix)

S.A.S

(Don't you know) Don't you know  
(So many things they come and go)  
So many things they come and go  
(Like your words and voice stay true) But we're here to stay  
You get me?  
Just like the love I thought I found in you  
(And now I'm mad, baby I'm mad)

Uh, uh, what's happening, still drinkin' and staggerin'  
Leave em' blinkin', I'm stabbin' 'em, now we linked up with Cam again  
Still traffickin', I ain't stock-shottin'  
And my youngin's a roll, they got their blocks poppin'  
With that raw yay from London to Broadway  
They hustle in broadday like fuck what the law say  
(Oi Oi) I know they wanna see me under  
Push keys with my eyes closed, Stevie Wonder  
But they boss food, hit then pop wit' flame  
You need to know we speak in codes if we coppin' 'caine  
And you can't move Pookie if you rock a chain  
Man dem put the fight over ice like ahockey game  
Mega's gettin' hoes that's up in them centerfolds  
I step in the dance and smellin' like Kenneth Cole  
Listen fam, you a bagger boy  
While we run the roads like a marathon  
See me now

Oi Oiiiiii  
Our brothers make dough  
From Harlem to London, still duckin' feds in them plain clothes  
Yea, Yeeeeeeah  
That's how the game goes  
Explain it to you further incase you act like you ain't know  
Yea, uh, that's what the gyal dem saying  
(Remix) yes, that's what the man dem playing  
Uh, uh, sipping on suttin' strong  
You see who she rubbin' on  
I told you it's nothing long

Yeah, I'm back, I'm bubblin', hurry, attack the oven  
Pass it right through customs, yeah it's crack in London  
Good, you stay, for me, it's a new day  
Killa gon' move yay throughout the U.K.  
You never seen a profit, I'll sell a fiend a rocket  
Tell the prince, princess, king, and queen I got it  
And it's top-notch, clean Cris, pop scotch  
My behavior's flavor, run and get a stopwatch  
12 gauge, chopped off, 9 mill Glock cocked  
The hell wit' a doorbell, I'm coming in, knock knock  
Kick the door in, broke the middle and the top lock  
Pop ock, told 'em hurry up now, chop-chop  
24 seconds now with 3 on the shotclock  
3, 2, 1, hot shot for you hotshots  
And you not hot, me, I'm New England cold  
Got on a igloo, swingin' on a penguin's pole

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This a new day and a new May fam  
For my shottas alike, the U.K. man  
We stay in name-brand, change twice a day  
Haze down to Rephan dapper, he a made man  
We that same gang, let it aim, bang  
Hit your frame and top, watch your brain hang  
Empty out, reload with the same hand  
Trigger squeezin', it's Killa Season, I ain't Cam  
My life's a movie banned from TV  
If he the flu then fam, I'm T.B.  
May so gutta but fly with this rap ting  
Worldwide shotta, show The Wire how to crack-sling  
Fear what, scared not, we was trappin'  
On their blocks to the socks, we was matchin'  
We'll bring trouble your way  
The U.K.'s N.W.A.  
It's Eurogang

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