

UNDA DIRT (feat. Masicka & Tommy Lee)

Popcaan

[Intro: Tommy Lee Sparta, Popcaan & Masicka]

Mhmmmm

Un-unruly

Genahsyde enuh

Unruly

Grung dem

Money nuff, mi nah lie [Chorus: Popcaan, Masicka & Tommy Lee Sparta]

Dem coulda run inna di church (Grung)

Killa wi guh? put? dem under dirt? (Grung)

Di pussy dem fi know mi? gun ah work

And dem gyal dem haffi see mi and? guh

Dem? haffi? see mi and? guh twerk

Dem coulda? run inna di church (Hoi)

Killa wi guh put dem under dirt (Grung, dem under dirt)

Di pussy dem fi know mi gun ah work

And mi bad from di fucking day mi birth (Woi-yoi)

[Verse 1: Masicka]

Wul on

Cah man ah fire first

Wi never yet pose

Face gone dem want ah next nose

Strap up with mi owna tings

Di chrome ah rinse like wet clothes

Gunshot when mi ketch foes

Grave ah dig, dem gyal ah lef' rose

Close range yeah wi get close

From mi ah likkle bit ah bwoy mi a mek [?]

Suh mi ah chill wid ah gyal pon di West coast

An' she ah sing fi di don til she get hoarse

Money an' duppy we mek most

Dem nuh like see wi wrist and wi neck froze

An wi a lock down the world and ah tek shows

Murder when time the 'Tec show

Everybody know seh ah pussy dem deh and if night tun day dem expose (Wul on)

Look inna e gun

Man lay down flat and look inna e sun

Wah gwan

Long time mi tell yuh seh mi tell yuh doh

Mi tell yuh dem just ah carry gun (Wul on deh)

Look inna the gun (Boom)

Shot bruk him foot as him run

Wah gwan

Long time mi tell yuh seh mi tell yuh doh
 Mi tell yuh dem just ah carry gun
 [Chorus: Popcaan]
 Dem coulda run inna di church
 Killa wi guh put dem under dirt
 Di pussy dem fi know mi gun ah work
 And dem gyal dem haffi see mi and guh
 Dem haffi see mi and guh twerk
 Dem coulda run inna di church (Hoi)
 Killa wi guh put dem under dirt
 Di pussy dem fi know mi gun ah work
 And mi bad from di fucking day mi birth (Woi-yoi)
 [Verse 2: Tommy Lee]
 Di dawg dem run inna yuh house like ah inna Narcos
 Pussy affi dead, even if dem rush yuh gah Hope
 Prowl up an mi buss mi gun inna him mouth
 One inna yuh face in front ah the court house (Killa)
 Killin' 'em, killin' 'em, killin' 'em (Killa)
 Killin' 'em, killin' 'em, killin' 'em (Rich)
 Million, billion, trillion
 Dawg wi ah killin' dem fi-di-di shi-lli-ling
 Killin' 'em, killin' 'em, killin' 'em
 Killin' 'em, killin' 'em, killin' 'em
 My frenny dem run yuh dung gun yuh dung
 Middle day willingly killinem
 Rifle lif' up and ah buss
 Rise up di Ca-Calico
 Zoom up dem head pon mi scope
 Buss dem throat like goat
 Mi nuh join lippin, or nuh runnin', or nuh joke
 Boy try run and anuh Bolt
 Boy skin bun and anuh coke
 Him shout out God anuh nuh oath [Chorus: Popcaan]
 Dem coulda run inna di church
 Killa wi guh put dem under dirt
 Di pussy dem fi know mi gun ah work
 And dem gyal dem haffi see mi and guh
 Dem haffi see mi and guh twerk
 Dem coulda run inna di church (Hoi)
 Killa wi guh put dem under dirt
 Di pussy dem fi know mi gun ah work
 And mi bad from di fucking day mi birth (Woi-yoi)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>