Come to My Kasi (feat. Youngsta)

Priddy Ugly

[Intro:] Come to my Kasi woza Come to My. Come to my Kasi Woza Come to my Woza Come to My Kasi Woza

[Verse 1: Priddy Ugly]

Nah ha

I'm not feeling ya dawgs at all

Undertake the choker, I'll grab your neck

And I'll drop you all

Micheal Jordan with the ball and then I dunk you all

I'm like the Pope with these verses

I give no fucks at all

Ask my ex why there ain't no problem I couldn't solve

Jehovah's witness with the doors nigga I knock em all

Treat these rappers like my sons nigga adopt em all

Teach you a lesson take you to school and then drop you off

Cocky bad chick, You ain't getting no cock at all

In your mouth the only time a nigga will drop the ball

Let the government fall really no though fuck the law

Lemme tell you bout some niggas that you don't want me to call

I know street niggas, discreet niggas that will beat niggas treat niggas like pimples and pop em all

They will bleed niggas end yo life no cops involved Leave no evidence really my nigga the Glocks dissolved

Bang Bang!

Shoot you dead and send your body to your mama as a souvenir

Like it's a game to rappers like truth or dare and it's dare there ain't nothing you can do from there

Accept the dollar that we want it's fuckin dollars that we want Danny Kasi Sneyman make you qwala with the blunt

Cap city got me, I got mapara in a cut

Caracaras in the dust with Mamparas in the front

Ekse salaam with yo cunt

So ba vala nga ma-stunt

Se ba valalela phandle

Le lo qalalela fatshe S

E dit in Afrikaans Poes jy kry nie n kans 'n die naam is gotta be Ugly Kgalemela lenyatso

[Chorus: Priddy Ugly & (Youngsta CPT)]

Come To My Kasi Woza

(The bras got the juice, the bras got the loose)

I said Come To My Kasi Woza (The bras got the roots the Ma's got the fruits) Come To My Kasi Woza (The tannie got the koeks and Ugly got the hoek-hoeks so you can)

Come To My Kasi Woza (Y'all ain't got the root but y'all ain't ghat the crook-crooks so you can)

Come to my Kasi woza Come to My. Come to my Kasi Woza

Come to my. Come to my Woza Come to My Kasi Woza

[Verse 2: Youngsta CPT]

Michelangelo's brushes touches the canvass it comes to life the son of Christ

Every verse I write is with a bloody knife

I'm dynamite

A Dog that bites

Copy cats and prototypes

You a socialite that's the reason you can't control the mic

So fuck a socialite

On the corners is where I chill on

Rappers want beef and I'm hangin em up like Biltong

You juss a fancy man in a pussy with granny Panties

Don't call me fam or family

Keep it clean like Handy Andy

I'm like Sonic the Hedgehog

Quick to give you a headshot

I bust a rhyme with dreadlocks

Kick the door like it's kellogs

We sexing out the wedlock and baby made the bed rock

I have so many bitches you would think I got the petshop

Rappers need to get jobs and stop saying they slept on

Because we heard their songs but it's softer than the Aircon

Your city is being stepped on

It's right to be a step wrong coz I'm a motherfucker

And I juss raped your stepmom

So fuck the next song

Let this ride to the end go tell your friends Julle Naaiers this is Kaapstads revenge Coz I got more bars than Psychiatric infirmaries You'll get murdered internally With no doubt or uncertainty

You was Plastic like Surgery exaggerate like I murder these

Learn from me like a bursary

You'll get burnt like it's Tertiary

Coz fees have to fall (when?)

Immediately Urgently

Verses are ripped perfectly I

Juss killed you with courtesy CPT

[Chorus: Priddy Ugly & (Youngsta CPT)]

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Come to my. Come to my Woza Come to My Kasi Woza

[End:] *Gun shots*

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