

Drill Karte Lyrics

English

Stunnah gammer

Uk wale bole
Bhai tu hai proper
Boys from the naka

Main mera khudka main khud se karoon
Kiya jo bhi khudse main khude pe he hoon
Raaste kharab tab to lit mere shoes
Barbaad mat kar waqt mera tu

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Kiya jo bhi khudse main khude pe he hoon
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Barbaad mat kar waqt mera tu

Chal chal chalte reh tu
Wafadaar hoshiyar khabardaar mera crew
Chal chal chal chalte reh tu
Bar for bar sabse hard misaal mera crew
Chal chal chal chalte reh tu
Lyricsbogie.com
Wafadaar hoshiyar khabardaar mera crew
Chal chal chal chalte reh tu
Bar for bar sabse hard misaal mera crew
Chal chal chal

Wisdom hai bars
Loyalty ya royalty
Buddhimaan buddha bola
Kuch nahi joint pee
Kisika band toh kisika kholta hai woh
Bohot saare peete bas bolta nahi tu
Jo bolta bas bolta chalta nahi tu
Tera kya sunoon mere ghar ka nahi tu
Tere peeche time kaun jal paani tu

Jaanwar toh public hai ban karein zoo

Ha mantar hai gaane thode antaryami
Raat dus ke baad chalu road wale gaane
Road ko chod hum mor ko nachadein
Floor ko nachadein

Police kare hands up aur chor ko nachadein
Door khole kitne jo room mein wo jaante
Jo bahar baithe jalte reh woh bahar baithe jalte reh

Mazdoor wale pair jab tak jaan
Tab tak chalte rahein hum halke re tum
Mazdoor wale pair jab tak jaan
Tab tak chalte rahein hum halke re tum
Mazdoor wale pair jab tak jaan
Tab tak chalte rehein hum halke re tum
Mazdoor wale pair jab tak jaan
Tab tak chalte rehein hum halke re tum
Halke re halke re

Tera dhan tera shun
Kuch pal ka woh halka hai
Buddhimaan shishya bana to
Game poora sir ka hai

Kya jeena banke roshni
Ya jeena banke parchhai

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Keep walking
While all the haters in my comments keep talking
I'm running up a cheque with bro
If it ain't about the doe it can't be important
I'm miles out where the lamb got slaughtered
Big four in my hand be cautious
I'm gonna run a man down in his forces.
Needs be i'm boom the door in
Needs be i'm gonna blow the whole place up
I won't leave no warning
See how they slept on me
Like a mattress on the floor
Bro
But i soon be touring
Yeh you used to be the man back then
Then you got too boring
Yeh i really had a plan back then
I was in a fast lane in a foreign
Kick that thot out the bando she didn't want to show
The mandem love
Break down the doors
My mum knows i'm a hustler
These n*ggas don't want no smoke i'm on a boat to
India
Divine and dutchavelli no they can't get rid of us

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