

Glass House

Collie Buddz

While you inna you feelin's
Mi live pon a High Grade flight and I fly high
Bands weh mi seh, money fast a come pile high
Weh ya seh? Cyaa hear nuttin' from up pon mile high - keep runnin' ya mout'
Now while you inna you feelin's
Mi live pon another level
'Ole on, stop chat
Mout' runnin' like a 12-year-old pon Snapchat
Roll wit some wicked bredda, nah tek back chat - ye keep runnin' ya mout'
While you inna you feelin's

Time is runnin' out, di clock tickin'
Hustle fi mi bone, and fi go buy mi family chicken
Pon a Sunday, Grandma go cook, di stove kickin'
No bother though, see 'bout a straight whippin', oh mama
Level, Bun out di devil
Who live in a glass house don't fling pebble, I'm on a level, yeh

While you inna you feelin's
I seh it a great man a smoke up
Bokkle of di Henny strait, mi seh no cup
Some people only waan fi hate from dem woke up
You haffi love your life or get
You inna you feelin's
'Ole up I know ya gyal wit ya dutty heart
Mi see through ya fake smile, that's the funny part
Mi see through you, ya nah real, notice from the start
An ax mi "wah gwaan?" chat

Well, I'm on another level
Yeh, bun out di devil
Who live in a glass house don't fling pebble
Yeh, I'm on a level, yeh

Real talk a real talk, you no know di hustle
Real talk, you no real, dog get di muzzle
Real talk, no talk shit, I won't say shit, ya bustle
Real talk, and mi nah know why it's a fucking puzzle - for you

Dem just miserable, waan mi set di table on you
Mi nah no time fi dem a holdin on, mi seh fi everything that I do
Dem a overhype, dem happy hold a Vicodin
I hold a mic, it turns gold
Come ask fi food off a my plate you a fool
Eh level

Yeh, Bun out di devil
Who live in a glass house don't fling pebble
Yeh, I'm on a level
Yeh
Pon another level