

Xtra Drop (Arca Edit)

Arca

Big up to Wiley and MJ Cole
Hope them brethren feel my flow
Haters don't know
Me, I'm true Jamaican bred
That's why my skin color of coco
We fucking with popos, we pulled them for photos
Ain't doing shit with your life, and I know
Ain't doing shit with your wife so I bone
Ain't doing shit with that knife so why pose?
If you're a hater, see your wack ass later
Stink ass breath, need a few lifesavers
I got the force, you tryna to be like me
I'm your father, where's the lightsaber?
Luke Skywalker, and I hear a few guys talking shit
But I don't see them often
They hide behind blogs and websites
Catch rabies when this canine bite
Catch ladies on a real late night
With an outfit that fit way too tight
Let the crowd get hype, spit way too tight
So I know I'mma be alright, right
When night ravers higher than skyscrapers
Fuck them guys who deny me of my paper
Laugh and cry later, live to die famous
That's not the reason I'm tryna get my weight up
I know a few niggas changed they voices
Even had to change they lingo
But I'mma do me, there is no other choices
Until I win a game like bingo
Pop like Pringles, rock like Ringo Starr
With The Beatles, this'll be the sequel
When I spit quick there is no equal
When I flow slow it's like water for the people, whoo
Let me quench your thirst, then let the God give birth
To I'll rhymes, and in due time
I'mma be the most prolific on Earth
Like the sea breeze I'mma make you feel me
But it's never easy
Cause you never see me coming
Never repeat, so I gotta OD
On every single new beat
Now your MP3's bumping
Unh, let me catch my breath
Then let the God catch rep
Better show respect
All dancers on deck
Put up on de speaka
[?] dagger

Tight spandex with the cheetah [?]
[?] ragga
Muffin, stuffin'
Sorta like a chicken in the oven
I'mma heat it up from the inside
They shoulda never let me in the game
Cause like rough sex I'mma beat it up when I'm inside
You can't stop me

Even if you try to cut me
Or capture me like paparazzi
Can't have a copy can't be too sloppy
I'mma be on point watch me
After this here year, I'm gonna have a nice career
Doing shows in Japan and even Korea
Leave my footprints there, next to the nukes
Mr President here goes your proof, woo
Boom
I'm the bomb
Ring the alarm, one
With de Queen 'pon me arm
It's the God, God