

Oga

Brymo

She carry him pistol, Smith and Wesson
She be jury, judge, executioner, she been waiting
Her demeanor cold, she calm
The anger, you no fit wait it
Find the perfect position, she perch

Okay okay
Start to talk your mouth
Na wetin life do you
Spread the pain to cast the coup
Okay Okay
You no dey taught you well, Oga ó
Na wetin life do you
Everything na to snatch for you

You dey insist say, say, say, say
Talk on when e things dabaru
Say trauma full your heart boku
Today today the cup, e don full

Throw away the tools, dey in plenty
Ammunition dem pile, the switch days dem plenty
Him heart cold, him soul no fit fury
The pain e still fresh, between her legs

Okay okay
He dey talk mumble jumble, Oga ó
Na wetin life do you
Everything na to snatch for you
You dey insist say, say, say, say
Talk on when e things dabaru
Say my pain dey make you feel boku boku
Ah, e don full

Eh! Un un, no no!
She no shoot am again
She drop the um pistol na
She come comot waka for the place
But as e enter, e dey bleed all over
Him hears dem don leave am
I no know o
Like somebody cut am or maybe bullet slash pass
Dey bleed, him hears don go, Oga kuku dey hear word