Burna Boy

Me I don dey tell them I don dey tell them since Omo Life no be rice and beans Big big talk na things and things Me I no dey look up to human beings Port Harcourt no dey carry last High way dey high na him you dey see pass If your whole world dey for where rain dey fall You suppose know say rain boot no be slippers Na so e dey be for the street As you no dey sweet like biscuit and sweet Politician dem dey sugar coat bitter leaf But as for me I go talk am as e be, oh yeah Country wey God don bless Some be for A.C Some go dey sweat How small pikin go get respect Bring the so called elders let's stab them to death