Yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah

Hey I wanna see fine keles, come jam for me
Not the ones, wey dey from Instagram for me
Say God damn you no go fit, handle me
God go punish, whoever no gbadun me
Because I know that I'm the bigger man
Its why I came looking fresher than a peppermint (Uh)
'Til today I dey the same because I can't change
I be naughty by nature, I be gang-gang

Now you girl she say she like, the way my chain bling I be king, so me and you no be the same thing
No be me, na God, do am no dey blame me
As you see, I jejely dey for my lane men
Remember when I used to hope and pray for change, men, yeah
As in any little petty cash change men (Ooh)
Just to get a ride back to the main land, yeah
Now when they see the double R, Im like "Amen"
Come make I give you tori
When nobody know me
When I dey run from police
'Cause if dem catch my kpoli
Den dem go barb me goris
Give me quit notice
Carry me go, oh

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See me I no be politician, me no like no politics
Hmm, ha, like no politics
Go ahead, ask anybody my beginnings
Hmm, ha, beginnings
Dem go t-t-t-t-tell you say my style di wickedest
Hmm, ha, style wickedest
Wheather, monday, tuesday, wednesday, anytime of the week
Hmm, ha, anytime of the week

Come on, come on
Have a ball, if you act maturely
Aye yo who wanna get invited to a Burna party?
I got a hunnid and eighteen, homies who's naughty
So baby don't you bring your friends, if those chicks are corny
We gets it on 'til the dawn, 'til they say this is ridiculous
Ladies they love the way we come through in the clutch
Fellas who can't keep up, might as well hit the dust
And haters bump what they sayn they don't mean shhh
Yo, I give three words when I try to scoop her
Then after that, ain't got no time for no party pooper

I keep to moving, 'cause we zone out and own our own damn lane Thirty years up in this same game, still doing our damn thang

Heard I'm a earner, had to earn a burner
Trigga nigga, Naughty Nation, marshal arsenal
Never had to use Burna's burners
I'm a changed man, still the gun range
Singing karaoke, wife wearing Dolce
Black fist, pick still stuck in my Goat tee
Been winning, befriending woman, from the beginning with a dripping driver
African emblems on the engine, engine, engine
A number runner, every summer, what's hopping with ya option?
Keep it gutter witcha brother

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Some people think it's a game, like connect four 'Til I, rise the ting and dem collect four I come extort Give me both, mine and yours Silent war 'Cause anyone could be next door I was born, Naughty by Nature Now I make more But still me wicked as they come Your eyes get sore Why you watch my pockets for? Watch it (Hmm) Spaceship Rocket Boys Runner by nature Know that shawty bang-bang New Jerusalem Africa the same game Boom bap, boom baye, I'm on the same, slang No protection, no peace, they know the chain game Bang, bang