

ROBOSHOTTA

Busta Rhymes

Yeah

We gon' show a nigga how blackout is supposed to feel

I kick a bwoy face off like we playin' soccer

I got that white you can call it Cyndi Lauper

I hope you don't front, duke'll meet your baby mother

I fuck your bitch more than you, yuh a baby father

My passport pregnant, niggas call me globe trotter

Fresh dip, nigga stay in Dolce & Gabbana

See every time mi do it, yes, mi haffi do it proper

And when me in di buidling, bitch, you know it doh matta, matta, matta

Yeah, wid a whole heap a shotta

Wid a whole heap a Glock and di whole a dem a choppa

Bow, bow, bow, shots fly, Waka Flocka

I oversee my bread, my bitches count my every dollar

Yeah, man ah god to a demon, that we can agree on

Pledge your allegiance to better not involve me

Word to every diamond in my Jesus piece

Serious, re-re-real, head banger

You better get back, I be a suicide bomber

Like it's a spell, we ah spend we whole life on that

S'body kill fi di flex, S'bboy die fi di banner

Somebody try kill somebody, then somebody gun jam up

Now somebody cyan stand up

Woi

Walk on it

Talk and get done up

Badmind dem backbite and plan up

Wi nuh tek bad up

That mathematics don't add up

Yeah, they call me Burna Boy, but I'm a full grown adult

No sign of weakness

Riding with tree man in a Benz like Spragga

Come fi melt dung yuh whole block wid di lava

Open yuh mouth, yuh flesh coming like piranha

Bullet lick yuh dung and mek yuh drop inna di water

Likkle yute, have manners when you walk up to yuh father

Mi and Burna, come fi kill yuh wid a scorchia

Free Kartel before di man turn into martyr

Wi come fi fuck up everything, yuh know di order