

# Glass House

Collie Buddz

While you inna you feelin's  
Mi live pon a High Grade flight and I fly high  
Bands weh mi seh, money fast a come pile high  
Weh ya seh? Cyaa hear nuttin' from up pon mile high - keep runnin' ya mout'  
Now while you inna you feelin's  
Mi live pon another level  
'Ole on, stop chat  
Mout' runnin' like a 12-year-old pon Snapchat  
Roll wit some wicked bredda, nah tek back chat - ye keep runnin' ya mout'  
While you inna you feelin's

Time is runnin' out, di clock tickin'  
Hustle fi mi bone, and fi go buy mi family chicken  
Pon a Sunday, Grandma go cook, di stove kickin'  
No bother though, see 'bout a straight whippin', oh mama  
Level, Bun out di devil  
Who live in a glass house don't fling pebble, I'm on a level, yeh

While you inna you feelin's  
I seh it a great man a smoke up  
Bokkle of di Henny strait, mi seh no cup  
Some people only waan fi hate from dem woke up  
You haffi love your life or get  
You inna you feelin's  
'Ole up I know ya gyal wit ya dutty heart  
Mi see through ya fake smile, that's the funny part  
Mi see through you, ya nah real, notice from the start  
An ax mi "wah gwaan?" chat

Well, I'm on another level  
Yeh, bun out di devil  
Who live in a glass house don't fling pebble  
Yeh, I'm on a level, yeh

Real talk a real talk, you no know di hustle  
Real talk, you no real, dog get di muzzle  
Real talk, no talk shit, I won't say shit, ya bustle  
Real talk, and mi nah know why it's a fucking puzzle - for you

Dem just miserable, waan mi set di table on you  
Mi nah no time fi dem a holdin on, mi seh fi everything that I do  
Dem a overhype, dem happy hold a Vicodin  
I hold a mic, it turns gold  
Come ask fi food off a my plate you a fool  
Eh level

Yeh, Bun out di devil  
Who live in a glass house don't fling pebble  
Yeh, I'm on a level  
Yeh  
Pon another level