

Mr Olopa

D'Banj

It was Friday night, the mood was right
So we going to the club, we wanna party till night
We all dressed up. me in my favorite top and my kick layd stars
All tonight, we drop top. I have been dreaming along until we stopped
by the cops

Excuse me, what have I done wrong, why all the questions and what have I done wrong?
But, I have gat all my papers right here

They begin to slap and abuse me
They begin to scarter my widescreen
They begin to course my mama, dey course my papa
There is nothing I do you o
Mr Olopa! kini mo she fun e o
Mr Olopa! kini mo she fun e o
E fi mi sile kin lo jeje

Pls

Pls

Pls

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Pls

Like that wasn't enough, I was handcuffed
Right about time, straight to the stations
When we got there, I begin fair, taken to cell
The place is like hell
When we reach there, the story don change
Them even say I dey smoke high grade, some say na cigarette, no na ciggy-weed

They charged me for robbery... them even charged Don-Jazzy for accessory
Before I know wetin dey happen, all of dem I know join hands against.
.. I beg

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