(GA)

I be the one that was born to be great Destined to rise to the top of di chain I'm chosen, there's no one in my lane Me and dem bwoy cah correlate Dey guh fear, dey guh run when we deh Di enemy must burn to di grave

They hate that I be the one to prevail, oh
So many enemies, they try but they fail, oh
[?] to hate me, what a shame, oh
I be the problem, that's what they claim, oh
You know I'm hated by dem bwoy there, oh
They want me—, they want me rottin' in jail, oh
But the power go rebuke when I say so
Nobody there can jump in the way, ayy, in the way, ayy
Make way, it's the farda
Nobody else come hot like sauna
Nobody else come harder, oh
Na—na—na—na—na—na
I see no fear, I'm the coroner
I leave dem [?] to rot like piranha
I be in charge, that's farda, oh (Ayy—ahh, yeah—ahh)

They see the power in me
I go hard, so the money increase
All about the paper and the cheese
So the opposition go—
So the opposition decease
The melodies pon fire
Enemies to the fire
Fake friend dem, sheep dem, liar, ahh
I'm the golden one
I'm the chosen one, mama's only son
There's no comparison
They can't match the funds, I'm no average one, oh-ho

(They hate that I be the-)

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