

Take Off

Kojo Funds

Just touch down pon a dinner date
I'm sitting with Drake
Heard bitches got mad when the Don came
New money coming through, baby make way
I don't know why these gyally wanna act hard (Nothing dem ah do)
But dem love talk
I'ma show dumb hoes how the ting spark
Shots fresh compressed aiming for your heart
And I'ma pop 'til there's nothing left in the barrel
Gyally gone sing like they singing Christmas carols
Ain't no gyal that be realer than me
Made it out the hood where my niggas killing for p
KKK, Kings Killing Kings for free
Mad ting, my own family
Try turn against me, that's a sad ting
But I won't cry, fuck up, never trust 'em 'til I die
They ah problem but I'm problematic, look but never try
Yo they hate me for helping dem
And it hurts when I think about the ting still
Cah' they move like I ain't come up off the same meal
Like I don't know how bagging up a brick feel
Before I signed this big deal
Swear this shit's real
Stay down 'til you come up
Stay down, yeah I stayed trill
Money in the bank, cash in the till
Properties, I'ma bill pon Jamaica hill

I see dem pussies straight fire ya ya
Make them bloodclaats scream: Eye ya eye
Gimme the place, give me the time
Big up di Killys dem yes by my side
Yeah hee, oh eye, yah yah
Straight shots through the sky eye eye (Oh oh oh)
Badder than dem, look pon my eye
Got the real Killy dem on my side

Don't panic, DOn got the auto to the matic
Bitches want war, bring the devil, let 'em back it
Claiming they ain't shook, why they shaking like my rabbit
Cah' they know I'ma buss like niggas do black magic
Anyhow this bitch slip like Nipples on Ms. Janet
Whole squad gettin' robbed like Kim did in Paris
London back to Brum Brum where mi come from
From Jamaica to Kingston dat ah mi island
Yo ah mi a di King Kong, dem ah sing song
Beat my chest like a drum, watch the whole ah dem ah run
Duppy dem push dem off a bridge like mi push mi pen
Sendin' shots, tell 'em come again, mi nuh 'fraid a dem
Badmind ah kill di pussy dem, fuck di whole ah dem
Cah' mi rather dead fi hunger then walk and beg friend
Bitch, I'm lit hundred milly shit, Dweller on my wrist
I'm a boss, if I ain't eating then none of you niggas shit
How you hate me? It's crazy, I still don't understand
I'm yuh fuckin' little sis, what happened to gang gangw
Yo, it's mad, but I'm focused on a bag, jet lag
At the same damn time I had to bury my dad

Bitch, I'm bad and my heart cold, but far from an arsehole
Walking through the valley in the shadow of death
Vampires tryna suck me from the back of my neck
There ain't no power in your tongue, so you can't block my step

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
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Yah, yah, yah, yah
Rhymes