

## 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 bloodclaat 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 mattic  
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 asshole  
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  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Swear this shit's real  
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Before I signed this big deal  
Yah, yah, yah, yah  
Rhymes