

Don Dadda

Konshens

Mi seh a we dem waan fi ram it up
A Konshens pon the riddim and a bomb it up
Beat badmind meck dem choke and vomit up
Jah stop dem plan from before dem plan it up

Man a don dadda
Champion from mi come out a mi mother
Real to the thing wi no fake wi no actors
Cyaa stop ghetto youth weh a climb up the ladder
Go hard in a life mi go ring out yo
Bwoy seh that dem bad, but subconscious badder
Tugs dem seh South we the gyal dem rather
All the fight dem a fight man still a get hotter
When wi set trend likkle bwoy better follow
Kingston 20 weh unuh seh, yea brother
Keep the peace, don't meck the war get hotter
Cons deh pon feat well neat and proper
Six days a the week Sundays fi bank robber
Super cat style this a juck like macka
Jump pon the riddim and a drop like chopper
Any artist no know this never learn proper
Man a real toppa, toppa

Mi no haffi try run dancehall
Dem know man a real champion
In the making a one more icon
Fan base about ten million
Don Dadda, bwoya run race wid the next number one
Not even know Josey Wales and Shabba
No know Ninja Man, Beenie Man, Ground Gaad
So how dem fi waam wake dancehall baddest

Dem cyaa DJ, auto tone grow grammar
Rum out pon stage wrong key, wrong grammar
Run out a breath like dem lungs cyaa bother
Tell dem a Jay disorder
That a dancehall mama
2008 man seh dem a the winner
Nah go yard without mi dawg dem dinner
From that every year man thing a get bigger
And a nuff youth a road man turn a strength giver
Darrio, recruit mi likkle brother
Damarly and Masicka the young genna
Navada, nuff artist a some brother
Meck wi unite together