

# Sore

Kwesi Arthur

Where my G's, yeah?  
Oi  
Grr, grr  
Yeah (Where my G's?)  
Huh  
Yo'  
I-I-I-I-I love Chris Rich (Yeah)

Y&e sore  
Y&e sore  
Y&e sore  
Y&e sore (Yo)

On the ones and two's my bros  
Young bull coming dealing with goats, yeah  
Wonti asee braa fie  
Getting my packs and building my bones, yeah  
On the road coming yi fa ho baako  
Mmieenu we coming  
Young bull threat, yeah I'm killing your dummies  
Wontumi nfa this dirt ska me  
Yeah I'm on God  
Wishing it great for my dawgs  
Started with more but a few got lost, oh my God  
Yaa na wa sorti me more  
Firi sease this pain got me lost  
Cause a do I'm for the motherland  
Got plans and another lot  
Big stacks, big stacks, so a grind for a better land  
Got wings ago, higher niggas ain't badder than, wow  
African boy with the big drip  
Yeah I grind for the big pic  
Told mom: "Ain't slack I'm a big fish"  
Stay G with the day ones, not this (Rrrah)  
(Grr, spin dat, spin dat)  
Grind for the money not girls, no hoes  
Came as a fool and turned so gold  
Mama I made it see how I'm gold (Ayy)

Yeah, I'm making more, more  
Yeah, I'm making more, more  
Yeah, I'm making more, more  
More, more, yeah I'm making more, more, yeah (Grr)

Y&e sore  
Y&e sore  
Y&e sore  
Y&e sore (Yo')

Big Mike on a remix  
You don't live the life, you just dream it  
Don't mind them boys, they don't mean it  
If I slap your face you're gonna feel it  
Slide in the middle like Grealish  
My next hit's bigger than my previous  
Red light's looking all greenish  
Fake niggas call me blood I get squeamish (Ah)

The boy's just way too bossy  
Double platinum from Vossi  
5 times double platinum get 'em off me (Yeah)  
Yeah, I'm a real foul yout like Jeoffrey  
I am the king nobody can't stop me  
See when I get the job done that's- (A'ight)  
I was cooling, I was resting  
But this year and next year I'm on a next ting  
Mastered my flow and my style to perfection  
I tell the truth and it sounds like I'm flexing  
Big Mike but my fam call me junior  
My bad I should of pulled up sooner  
Look in my eyes see Kwame Nkrumah  
That's a real presidential black man (Boy)  
Real revolution starter (Boy)  
And I ball like the youth in Barça  
Bare chest ting when I walk through Ghana  
And I don't do beef I do Karma  
I swear we're the last ones left  
The mandem love kuff kaff kweff  
And anywhere I see you dons in the flesh  
Just know that I can't let you go like Steff (Grr)

Y&be sore (Woo)  
Y&be sore  
Y&be sore  
Y&be sore (Oi, yeah)

Straight to the top  
Why I go stop, I started with zero (Started from nothing)  
You see say I chock but you still dey flop it might be the ego  
I take off my tee mow obiaa re yi ni biribi  
I think am a hero (Abedi Pele)  
R.I.P. Biggie I am learning from Diddy, you niggas be emo (Brr)  
Bad boy them dey find me like Nemo  
Back case, money play, joo fuck games  
If you get problem just call me up  
Why you dey move like a bad bitch  
I dey Bantama with savages  
Dabr ase campaign  
I'm eyeing the heavens I pass space  
In tough times I dey smile still  
Thug life ten toes  
Nea onim pain nsuro owuo  
Madwene mu pefee nea omo wish me  
I wish it back tenfold  
Me to kyea aa na sye dough  
Mo guy guy mo hys kpo  
I still no dey fuck with the other side  
I still dey ride with my bros  
For all of my niggas

Yeah, I'm making more, more  
Yeah, I'm making more, more  
Yeah, I'm making more, more  
More, more, yeah I'm making more, more, yeah

Y&be sore  
Y&be sore  
Y&be sore  
Y&be sore

[?] on the mix

I-I-I-I-I love Chris Rich