

# Naija Man

Loski

(It's the Writers Block)

Karma when we fry at man  
I put money on your head like a Naija man  
Gyal throw K's on the net  
But see us in the flesh and always get shy with man  
I just put a five on my feet  
Everybody looking like, "Ooh, he a pricey man"  
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You know that I'm stepping in fashion  
Designer splashing  
Hashtag I don't slip up  
Pretty one way Too attractive  
I've gotta have it  
I think I got my hands on a winner  
Loose, I turn your main man to a swimmer  
Trapmash nuff and them bands come quicker  
She want a Harlem boy, oi  
'Cause she heard that Harlem's realer  
OMG she pretty pretty  
Always get shy when she see me, see me  
Barbies are throwing up K's  
And they scream, "Free Mizzy Mizzy"  
Me lack where? Are you silly, silly?  
I got bassy on me not a flicky flicky  
Aye, on the other side to go fishing  
Mad man done him what a pity pity

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Money on your head like a Naija  
Give you many tings say you lumbar  
If I was to call, would you answer?  
I wanna see you whine, this your banker  
I just wanna play with it, play with it  
Just wanna say hey to it, hey to it  
Me I no go play with you, play with you  
Me I wanna get with you, get with you  
Turn the O2 to the O3  
Swear to God your gyalfriend she know me  
Me and my niggas never fold, G  
Baby, we can do it on the lowkey  
Nigga, what's the point of gettin' boasy  
You don't want a problem with my OG  
Shout my nigga Loski that is broski  
Gyal I wanna give you all the money

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Yeah, I'm that one that made the barbie say splash  
Hit it from the back and say, "Baby, throw it back"  
Harlem boy with Italian swag  
Got my slim fits falling cah my tool's in my pants  
They don't ever come 'round my side  
Me and SA on a night ride  
Pretty ones ask me what my life's like  
Faded, splash on all of my pagans  
We gon' get rich at the right time

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