

Alien

Popcaan

Anything weh happen, happen
When the nikeys a step mi waan the money rattle
Mi seh mi fi rich until mi money rotten
Touching grand, and touch in a big apple

Attack dem like a alien
Mi a pree the pagans through mi clear raybon
A hustle from the day me born
And mi a hustle till the day me gone

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A me that, 6.3 that about 5 feet
Some kinda liquor draw trying to get the D cap
Frying snappers, see best believe that
Piece that, dem a pree that
Brake those bricks
Did no songs wid Kartel
No made up ish
Put Matthews laying on MTV
I made those vics
And there were no past to follow
We lay those bricks
Hennessy, buckle and white rum
A nice frum when the bills dem was a side lum
But I watch Tiger stage show from a child done
Far as I am concern ma Reggae stripes cyaa wipe off
Maaaad

Couple gangsters, couple ladies in the house
Couple babies, couple haters, couple pagons in the house
So how comes everybody love mi like a Raymon in the hose
Hustle for the Manly, Hustle for the Pound
Yow milli wi fi link up
Insta line up the gyal dem in the brinks truck
Wine up pon the tic, toc
Smile up for the insta
Popcaan and KA, that JA