

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