Red Potion

Rema

London
Ooh-yeah, yeah-ah, ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah
Another banger

Gunshot from bum short, iye (Killy me, ahh)
Your low waist put me for headlock, iye (Killy me, ahh)
Me sef I never talk, "What's up", ah
And I don dey see what's up
Gimme yansh make I lie down on top
E be like say you no know me sha

Baby, I need your love
Kirikiti-uh

I tell her make she bring her friends but she bring five minus one
She wanna-, she wanna be the main attraction, she wanna be the only one (I really know she wanna)
She no wan carry create situation, wey e be say me no carry am (Carry her own wahala)
(Shhh) I sabi this your format
My favorite chocolaté na your Kitty-Kat

Baby, I need your love
Uh, krikitiki
Yeah-uh, yeah-uh, yeah-uh, yeah-uh

You not fit talk, abi? You no fit shout, abi?
You no fit, you no fit, you— (E shock you?)
(Na she carry my wahala come her door)
Na she carry my wahala (Wahala)
She want my D, she no fit take am
Tony Montana
She go swallow all the bullet for my kala (Kiriki)

Gunshot from bum short, iye (Killy me, ahh, ayy-le-le)
Your low waist put me for headlock, iye (Killy me, ahh, ayy-le-le, le-le-le-le-le)
Me sef I never talk, "What's up", ah
And I don dey see what's up
Gimme yansh make I lie down on top
E be like say you no know me sha
Gunshot from bum short, iye (Killy me, ahh)
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Baby, I need your love
Uh-uh

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