

# Weapon

Rotimi

Girl, I swear your sex is a weapon  
And, yeah, you are a shooter, body bang-bang  
Yeah, I swear your sex is a weapon  
And, yeah, you are a shooter, body bang-bang  
Shot to my head, blow to my heart  
Left me for dead, then you took off  
Girl, you use your sex like a weapon  
And, yeah, you are a shooter, body bang-bang

Man down, man down, oh, yeah  
Another round, another round in the clip  
One shot, point blank, you don't miss  
Shooter, body bang-bang

Confessions of a killer  
Murder she wrote  
She no come for real love (Shotta)  
But she love taking souls

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So fun mi tin ba korin fun e sho ma dance o  
So fun mi tin ba fowo gbe sho ma bounce o  
So fun mi see the way you move and turn around, oh  
Make a brother man cum unannounced, oh

Shooter, she carry bazooka  
I might get you put out, see the way you do, how  
Body from Kalakuta, face from Sudan  
She a shooter, body bang-bang

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Man down, man down, oh, yeah  
Shooter, body bang-bang  
Man down, man down, oh, yeah  
Shooter, body bang-bang  
Shooter

Man down, man down, oh, yeah  
Shooter, body bang-bang