

Mission

Squash

Messam

Man a real soldier, enuh, fam?

Inna real life

From nothin' to something still, yuh see it? (True)

Tribulation and trials a go forward but we strong

Hold di faith, faith, better days, days

Mek it from di ghetto and we never change

Jah Jah fall heavy rain (Rain), wash weh every pain (Pain)

'Member when mi use to hungry 'til mi belly ache

Deh yah and a meditate how much mi great

Yuh nuh see mi buss eh team, drop food pon every plate (Six)

Neva segregate, [?] mek mi tell yuh straight

A di music mi love suh mi dedicate

Gone pon a mission (Now), nah fail eh mission

Go fi get di riches and di wealth, dat a mi vision

House pon di hill end, mek couple million

'Matic pon mi belly and mi full a ammunition (Yeah-yeah)

Every ghetto yute, we a born star

Mi a dweet from mi heart, mi a dweet fi mi dawg dem

Three fat black Benz 'na eh yard

Mi a dweet fi mi dawg, mi a dweet fi mi family (Yeah)

Every ghetto yute, we a born star

Wi a dweet for wi heart, wi a dweet fi di family

Bay pretty gyal waan fuck wi

Four fi di boss and six mi gi Bobby (Bobby)

Very heavy, mi need a Burberry

Tears deh inna mi eye, mi dawg cemetery

Neva necessary, some a friend enemy

Dat's why mi strap up wid eh 'matic like military (Yeah)

Fada God, listen yuh son

Bible gimme protection but mi nuh lef' mi gun

Cah if mi buck mi enemy, nuh feel mi a go run

Mi a dip an' draw mi 'matic an' sumady skin a bun (Rrr)

Yo, fun time, mi lift di dirt bike

Gyal inna mi house a drink di liquor and a twerk like

Jump inna di Maybach then mi press out pon di turn pipe

Nothin' never stress mi brain, chip chap tell mi seh a bird life (Bird life)

Haha, believe

Jah Jah fall

Hold di faith, faith, better days, days

Mek it from di ghetto and we never change

Jah Jah fall heavy rain (Rain), wash weh every pain (Pain)

'Member when mi use to hungry 'til mi belly ache

Deh yah and a meditate how much mi great

Yuh nuh see mi buss eh team, drop food pon every plate (Six)

Neva segregate, [?] mek mi tell yuh straight

A di music mi love suh mi dedicate

Gone pon a mission (Now), nah fail eh mission

Go fi get di riches and di wealth, dat a mi vision

House pon di hill end, mek couple million

'Matic pon mi belly and mi full a ammunition (Yeah-yeah)

Every ghetto yute, we a born star

Mi a dweet from mi heart, mi a dweet fi mi dawg dem
Three fat black Benz 'na eh yard
Mi a dweet fi mi dawg, mi a dweet fi mi family (Yeah)
Every ghetto yute, we a born star
Wi a dweet for wi heart, wi a dweet fi di family
Bay pretty gyal waan fuck wi
Four fi di boss and six mi gi Bobby (Bobby)

Very heavy, mi need a Burberry
Tears deh inna mi eye, mi dawg cemetery
Neva necessary