

Busta Rhymes, Roboshotta (feat. Burna Boy)

Yeah

We gon' show a nigga how blackout is supposed to feel

I kick a bwoy face off like we playin' soccer
I got that white you can call it Cyndi Lauper
I hope you don't front, duke'll meet your baby mother
I fuck your bitch more than you, yuh a baby father
My passport pregnant, niggas call me globe trotter
Fresh dip, nigga stay in Dolce & Gabbana
See every time mi do it, yes, mi haffi do it proper
And when me in di buidling, bitch, you know it doh matta, matta, matta
Yeah, wid a whole heap a shotta
Wid a whole heap a Glock and di whole a dem a choppa
Bow, bow, bow, shots fly, Waka Flocka
I oversee my bread, my bitches count my every dollar

Yeah, man ah god to a demon, that we can agree on
Pledge your allegiance to better not involve me
Word to every diamond in my Jesus piece
Serious, re-re-real, head banger
You better get back, I be a suicide bummer
Like it's a spell, we ah spend we whole life on that
S'boidy kill fi di flex, S'boidy die fi di banner
Somebody try kill somebody, then somebody gun jam up
Now somebody cyan stand up
Woi
Walk on it
Talk and get done up
Badmind dem backbite and plan up
Wi nuh tek bad up
That mathematics don't add up
Yeah, they call me Burna Boy, but I'm a full grown adult
No sign of weakness

Riding with tree man in a Benz like Spragga
Come fi melt dung yuh whole block wid di lava
Open yuh mouth, yuh flesh coming like piranha
Bullet lick yuh dung and mek yuh drop inna di water
Likkle yute, have manners when you walk up to yuh father
Mi and Burna, come fi kill yuh wid a scorcha
Free Kartel before di man turn into martyr
Wi come fi fuck up everyting, yuh know di order