

Reaching (feat. Burna Boy)

Chip

I've gotta stop slewing, it's true
I've got the kind of power that can have you on the news
I don't want my energy channeled for you
I burn an MC and then I burn another zoot
Big batty gyal, she haffi work, work, work
Say she loves how I give them this work, work, work
I'll say anybody's name if I have to
Cuh I'm not a chicken or a jerk, jerk, jerk
But I'm well-seasoned
Spice is like when I'm pepper squeezing
Every other month, a new nigga reaching
Leave it
We ain't got a reason, you didn't have a reason
One time for my nigers that love designers
Clean Everyday, I know my 419-ers
Best way out's through, you can't run when it's sticky
It's bookey everywhere but God still got Chippy, awoh
Fire in my belly and my heart and my eyes
Think you're gonna stunt on me? Not tonight
Tek man for fries until you get fried
Lyrics on lyrics on lyrics on side
Boy, I've got the crack, what you saying? Want a sample?
You are not the shit, no, you are just an arsehole
I be tryna make more songs they can dance to
Dissing my music but using it for samples
Cause we know I've got too many flavours
London to Kingston, Kuwait out to Lagos
Mr Make It Work, MCs get work
Couple bottles haffi burst, we've been putting in work
Please, no more bad vibes this year
Unless it's somebody bigger than me dissing me, it's air
Leave them bad-mind niggas over there
They can see and be sure we've got the wave over here, yeah
Trust, they gotta 'llow it, man
Bare vibes inside, drink inside, smoke inside, flows inside
What we tell them, Burna?
Y'all niggas need to chill off
Let niggas off
Watch how you speak to a boss

Give me a round of applausefollow aysha321 on spotify :)
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