Sen On

Vybz Kartel

First thing me do when mi wake up,
Burn high grade fi mi nerves fuss.
Straight from West pon a Town bus,
Mi haffi smoke a pound first.
Sen sen sen sen sen sen on,
Sen on and never hang on, sen on.
Sen sen sen sen sen sen on,
Sen on and never hang on.

Mi get high like a pedestal,
Heavenly and celestial, extra terrestrial.
When mi smokin' up di cess,
Mi all look it like a sexy gal,
Celebrate it like festival.
Mix it like a cereal,
Sex it like material.
Mi deal wid it like chicken,
Hot and spicy and original.
Or barbeque, because di crew,
A ganja man professoinal.
Lenky get higher,
Dan di martians on Mars.
Milky Way galaxy stars, that's why,
You only get eight bars.

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Mi fross so till,
Mi use di green paper,
Marked ten paper left.
And no joke, yow, mi smoke,
Yow till vapour left.

To how mi high, when mi look down,
Skyscraper left.
And don't try dat at home,
'Cause you might break a neck.
Feds want me and bug di phone,
Two way connect.
Mi change mi number to what?
One eight hundred collect.
So when you si Cellblock, inna di street,
Smokin up di highes and Gucci chain,
Deh round di chest.

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Singa blinga seh: 'Kartel a what time?'
Up to di time, mi hear Singa talk,
But mi no matter time.
'Cause mi have mi weed and,
Mi a look seven dollar coin.
Fi buy di rizzla,
Six fi buy di cigarette,
'What kind? ' Craven 'A'.
But nuh badda smoke it,
Like di last time.
Build you weed and blow,
Like when whistle fi half-time.
Man deh pon di ends, till twenty-seven past nine.
And when mi look up inna di sky,
Mi see sun a shine.

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