

# Kwaku the Traveller

## Young Presh

Life of the trenches made me up my nigga  
You gotta stay strong in this jungle  
If you must survive in it  
Go soft and get sacked obidi pon bidi

Was broke but it never broke my spirit  
Can't wait to say mama i did it  
So I'm out here chasing my digits  
Oh i keep going on

More like a rolling stone  
I no come here to play games with you bro  
I come here with only one console  
Oh i keep going oh oh!

More like a rolling stone  
Like a spoilt tap you no fit stop my flow  
I'm like mtn I'm everywhere you go  
So i go dey run my race

Gotta keep up with the pace  
If i fall i go stand up again and try it again  
Till the skies get used to my name  
Oh yes i did it

Sorry i broke my limits  
They said i couldn't do it that's why i did it  
Fortified in it  
My music is a traveler

Flows too sick needs an a ambulance  
Been on the streets chasing my muller  
Born with the spirit of a hustler  
And I swear on my life

I can't relent from the vibes  
You know I'm the heir to the throne  
The heir to the throne

Lyrics Submitted by Bazzy Francis

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