

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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