

Ragga Ragga

Gemini Major

Ragga

Ragga

Badman no waste time

We don't fuck with no wasteman

Snapchat, no FaceTime

Ragga

Bad girl no waste time

We don't fuck with no wasteman

Snapchat, no FaceTime

Ragga

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Badman, roll up the ganja

Rockstar, no de Rasta

Let me continue the saga

Young nigga on the come up

My nigga I'm on the road now

New rims on a Honda, up in the trap and they know

They know I'm coming like karma

Zaga, zaga, zaga, zaga

Came here for the gwalas, no time for no drama

Shabba

Dreadlocks, no barber

Badman, real life shatta

Fuck around and get popped up

She wanna roll with the bad guy

I'm the original Dondon

Swipe-a, swipe-a, no cash

Hennessy, no dash

Blowing money fast, I get paid in advance

Ragga

Family Tree up in this motherfucker

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I just got a key from the plugga
My niggas is Real Madrid, you niggas is more like Malaga
We spilling champagne like its lager
The honey you wanted, I got her
I hit it and don't even call her
She only wanted iWallet
Her name is whatchamacallit
She call you whatchamawho
You talking that "I wanna wife you"
She call that hullabaloo
These bitches is fucking for 10G's
She lucky she got it, I'm stingy
But she remind me of Thembi
I told her she dropping [?]

Ragga

Ragga, ragga, ragga, reezy
Ragga, ragga, ragga, sheezy
Ragga, ragga, ragga, me
Ragga, ragga, ragga, don't tell
Niggas should hang up my coattails
Niggas is snitching, they all tell
I got your girl at the hotel

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I'm a boss, call me Bragga
Rap queen, ain't no badder
I do not listen to chatter
Heavyweight with our paper
Bust a shot in your section
Shoulda known its our era
Poppin' bottles, no meds

Ragga

Family Tree up in this motherfucker
Lotlhe mo le di ntwananyana tsa ka
Rona re magwara-gwara-gwara-gwara

Fresh off the plane from the United States
And I'm smelling like "Dollar, dollar, dollar, dollar"
Never hesitate to pay me my money my nigga
Faka, faka, faka, faka

I know y'all be hating on me undercover
But nobody's ever had a better come up
I'm in the street, hustling until the sun up
Ngudu already got the summer covered
So y'all niggas ain't gotta put out no music
My old shit inspired your new shit

My closet is full of exclusives
You'll never catch me in Carducci
Maybe Gucci, rocking H Lorenzo in the Benz-o
Get the picture nigga, that's the lens-o
Say you balling but you got a landlord
I don't understand, I don't get it
I'm about my business

Every single single is sounding different when they listen
I'm the realest

Shit is always livid when I'm in the building with my fucking niggas

It's Ragga

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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