

Shabba

Wizkid

Something like shabba
Something like shabba
Something like shabba
Something like shabbaMy niggas, we fuck up some commas
Some of them dirty like shabba
Jamaican and Haitian, no matter, they pull up with choppers
All of my niggas got rounds, I spray a new face on you clowns
I got a bitch in the viddy, I gave her the shrimp and the lobster
I put that girl in Givenchy, Versace, I'm feeling like shabba
How that bitch so Hollywood, but that bitch living in Bompton
But I be training these hoes, fresh out the boat, yeahShe got me blowing trees like shabba
Something like shabba
Bounce to the beat like shabba
Something like shabba
10 gold rings like shabba, yeah
Something like shabba
She got me rolling through like shabba
Something like shabba
Ride in the Benz like shabba
Something like shabba
She got me blowing trees like shabba
Something like shabba
Gwan go fuck up the beat like shabba
Something like shabba
Bounce to the beat like shabba
Something like shabbaShawty ride with a nigga through the west coast
Down south pimp, I done left hoes
My life so good, I done blessed hoes
I might crowd surf for my next show
All of my niggas is trappers
We take the dope on the road
You see the line 'round the corner
We selling dope at the shows
You see the ice on my wrist
You see my neck full of gold
Boy, you at home with your girlfriend
I got a house full of hoes
Homie, I stay on the road
I make a play, then I go

I got a house full of cocaine
They wanna play in the snowBare foreign jaws thought my name was shabba
I ain't a fuckery, I ain't a passer
I got a one peng ting that cooks me pasta
I chuck bands in the Benz, chuck ash in the Astra
Man my gyal wanna gimme goodie good good
But she done told me this hoody too hood
My gyal wan' smoke dope in the hood
I told her hold on baby, go suck on this woodShe got me blowing trees like shabba
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Something like shabba
Bounce to the beat like shabba
Something like shabbaShe wanna shut up
Gyal wanna get with a trapper
Blowing on sess with the grubber
Gold tee like shabba
Trap boy turned rapper
She go down south, then back up
Man can't wife up no slapper
Man bust that ting to my brudda
Sent P's to my mother
Trap in the street for the guala
Man bet' have some manners
Tings yeah, we got lot of
Foreign gyal looking proper
Give her shots like a chopper
Bad joints rolling up the grams
Wanna love a man like I'm shabbaShe seeing gold chains and cocaine
Spend coco dance on the dope
So a nigga aim that so string
I pray a nigga never touch my homie
Man down if you touch my homie
Man down, man down, man down
Lift her up, make her home shake

I got the Gs like I'm OJ
We serving P for the cocaine
It's up to no hoe, oh no way
Told the feds I ain't giving up no names
Amnes' coming in plentily
Amnes' coming in loads, aye
Hand on my friend here put her hand
On my friend, get toastyShe got me blowing trees like shabba
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Bounce to the beat like shabba
Something like shabbaThrough the street with a bracker
No key, getting mon' up
Smoke ki' like my brother
Gold tee like shabba
Ring ring, setting one up
OT selling packer
TU, that's turn up
Walked in, front the run up
Uck face tryna uck us
T like, man shut up
Sea side getting guala
Gyal give a man utter
Daylights so they stutterShe's calling me dada
I told her uh uh
Boom boom in the bedroom
So wet like I broke her bladder
I'm old school like shabba
Rock all gold like shabba
Bad bitches they hol' up
Wanna do man under the covers
Beemer, Bentley or Hummer
Spring, winter or summer
Ring trap, where the runner?

Big strap, need another
Man to hold it up
Big bags, can't fold it
Section, OHB, better noticeShe got me blowing trees like shabba
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Songwriters

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