Esa Loca

Sean Paul

Do you remember Tony from Capicu?
And Carribean chicks be like Papi Chu
All you haters out there can't stop me dude
I got niggas out there dem shotta yu
Y'all not ready for y'all not ready for Sean Paul
Y'all not ready for Tony Toca
Ladies, esa loca
Ay yo good lookin', from DR to Brooklyn
Puerto Rico to Montego do it for da people
Loca A K A Mrs. Suavito
Do what I do like I'm doin' it for me though
Rep for my bredrin that's without question
Pull out the weapon incase they start flexin'
T touch he bust so stop guessin'
I reel up now wheel it up in a session
Rudeboy selecta yeah I'm a get'cha
I'm nice under pressure write a quick lecture
Sean Paul nothin' but love soon as I met ya
So let's do this and show 'em who the rudest
You must be kiddin' me, gettin' rid of me
Guns'll blast like them boys from Tivoli
Or rema and jungle where all the killers be
Even in Italy they still consider me
One of the dopest that's 'cause I lasted
The rest is all hopeless nothin' but asses
I'm so focused yet I'm so blasted
(Dutty yo)
And I'm out son big up all the masses
Tell dem all for races seh nuh guy can try race case
Gwaan stop di progress and a gwaan embrace this
A old rust off magnum mi a got hitch upon mi waist
Tell mi if you nuh love how di teflon taste
Well I don't need a lawyer cause there won't be a case
Forget what you see now your life is at get replaced
I'm di dappa dutty inna di biz
I'm about to show you what respect really is
Punk yah nuh nuttin', yo I know you really think your clever
But you can stop di style dem never
Real push button, start it if yuh ready fi whatever

Yo tell mi if you heard of mi never dem call mi
The dutty loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta man a born herbalist
Oonu listen out esa loca
The dutty loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta man a internationalist
Oonu listen out esa loca
Yo it's the sosa of rap dominicans stand up
Kingston Jamaica put your hands up
San Juan, Puerto Rico I got my man touch
My nigga Sean Paul big up, big up
It's that R dot O B dot B
In Jamaica we smoke kiki kiki
Ladies we get freaky freaky
I dropped out of school teach me teach me
You touch my man Tony, guns'll blow
And after the party the straight to the moe
My nigga Sean Paul still got the flow
You remember just gimme the light and pass the dro
R O B B I got my see through straw may we blend up
Weh all who know see through dat a mi high grade friend up
Man a store quality we all a smoke to di end
Wid mi pal upon mi pen up it a inspire mi head up
But some bwoy waan disturb man med up
Just through di money weh mi spend up dem high go get red up
When dem diss mi fi try get mi fed up
R O B B waan fi rise up di led up
Tony Toca waan fi get dem place bled up
Friends and family dem start get shred up
Just through dem nah hear di words weh mi said up
Better dem fed up or end up a dead weh dem call mi
The dutty loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta man a internationalist
Oonu listen out esa loca
The dutty loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta man a born herbalist
Oonu listen out esa loca
Yeah, easy R O B B straight out of Jersey
Yuh dun know Tony Toca
A dutty yo, esa loca

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