

# Reaching (feat. Burna Boy)

## Chip

I've gotta stop slewing, it's true  
I've got the kind of power that can have you on the news  
I don't want my energy channeled for you  
I burn an MC and then I burn another zoot  
Big batty gyal, she haffi work, work, work  
Say she loves how I give them this work, work, work  
I'll say anybody's name if I have to  
Cuh I'm not a chicken or a jerk, jerk, jerk  
But I'm well-seasoned  
Spice is like when I'm pepper squeezing  
Every other month, a new nigga reaching  
Leave it  
We ain't got a reason, you didn't have a reason  
One time for my nigers that love designers  
Clean Everyday, I know my 419-ers  
Best way out's through, you can't run when it's sticky  
It's bookey everywhere but God still got Chippy, awoh  
Fire in my belly and my heart and my eyes  
Think you're gonna stunt on me? Not tonight  
Tek man for fries until you get fried  
Lyrics on lyrics on lyrics on side  
Boy, I've got the crack, what you saying? Want a sample?  
You are not the shit, no, you are just an asshole  
I be tryna make more songs they can dance to  
Dissing my music but using it for samples  
Cause we know I've got too many flavours  
London to Kingston, Kuwait out to Lagos  
Mr Make It Work, MCs get work  
Couple bottles haffi burst, we've been putting in work  
Please, no more bad vibes this year  
Unless it's somebody bigger than me dissing me, it's air  
Leave them bad-mind niggas over there  
They can see and be sure we've got the wave over here, yeah  
Trust, they gotta 'llow it, man  
Bare vibes inside, drink inside, smoke inside, flows inside  
What we tell them, Burna?  
Y'all niggas need to chill off  
Let niggas off  
Watch how you speak to a boss  
Give me a round of applause follow aysha321 on spotify :)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

