

16 Shots

Stefflon Don

No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother
16 shot, we go longer than a ladder
Dem nuh fi talk 'bout the real don dada
Put body inna pot dem a bun like grabba
No boy can diss me or my mother
Round here ain't safe, everybody need armour
16 shot, we go shotta any bluddah
Rah-ta, rah-ta
Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah
Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh! Yuh coulda be badda than a Kingstonee
Diss my mother then your skin start bleed
So don't bother mess with my mommy
With my mommy, with my mommy
Baby, tink you bad, say ya badder than she
If dog a-go bark, long time dem doh eat
Rap on, pop off, make you move like freak
They say dem a gangsta, but so is mommy
They gon' put hands on a chick
They gon' put hands on her
Eyes watchin' when I comin' through the door
What I'ma do, they ain't prepared for
No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother
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Rah-ta, rah-ta
Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah
Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh!
(You couldn't be madder)? than Bryant, Kobe
Diss my mother then your lip won't speak
So don't bother mess with my mommy
With my mommy, with my mommy
Jah really think you bad, say you badder than me
If things a-go start tonight, you won't sleep
Pop on, cut off, make ya look like creep
Dem say dem a bad gyal, but gyal dem nuh be
They gon' put hands on a chick
They gon' put hands on her
Eyes watchin' when I comin' through the door
What I'ma do, they ain't prepared for
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Rah-ta, rah-ta
Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah
Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh! Get 1 shot, if dem tink dem a man
Get 2 shot, if dem feel dem a don
Get 3 shot, if dem tek mi fi ediat
Get 4 shot, this a couple shot, know that
Get 5 shot, fi anybody what think dem hard
Straight *boom boom* head tump, ya must drop
If you hit up the Da-Da-Da-Don
Bullets gon' hit you wherever you are No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother
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Rah-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta
Ta-ta, ta-tah-ta
Ta-ta-ta-ta-tah No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother
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Rah-ta, rah-ta
Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah
Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh!

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

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