

V. S. O. P.

Popcaan

Weed in my brain
Holding a medz

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Feel good, and everything nice
Mi haffi give thanks just because mi have life
Mi granny seh mi fi go baptized
Caw reggae music it a mi choice

God know, big up every youth weh deh a stop light
Gwan hold it out all when some bwoy a move hype
Gwan hold it out till yo blessing come
Mi a beg yo no bow out fi no Nike

We sipping on V.S.O.P... V.S.O.P
Whipping that Hennessy
V.S.O.P... V.S.O.P
Still a hustle fi mi family
V.S.O.P... V.S.O.P

Sipping that Hennessy
V.S.O.P... V.S.O.P
Jah protect my enemies

God, protect Poppy head
Work so hard fi get mi things
Yet still dem waan mi dead
Yea, every night before mi go a mi bed
Fi read mi psalms and block mi reverence that mi mommy said
Yea, then the enemy fled
The mi draw fi mi high grade bag a build up a big head
Big up every real youths weh a hustle fi dem bread
From St. Thomas to Nackozed
Jam2, wi know hungry
Full time pagans low wi
And all when dem a fight mi
Mi still gwan hustle the money

Mi unstoppable
Yeh so much thing in da world yah weh mi haffi do
Mi no waan no more youth in a no coffin to
Nobody that no fi happen to
Ghetto youths be strong
When it rough in a the Gideon
Life sweeter than the one million
Jam2 fi a count off billions