

Weed & Ting

Protoje

Ain't nothing but I
Me and my queen again
Wheeling in
I'm back on the grind
Man hop out a the streets again
Yah, yah, yah, yah

Ain't nothing but I
Just me and my weed and ting
Wheeling in on time
I'm back on the grind
Man hop out of the streets again
And you feeling him, oh my
Not a thing on my mind
Its just me and my queen again
Wheeling in on time
Put it all on the line just to get back this feeling
This feeling

This a just talk from a youth
Up inna the sky, get high off a truth
Man dem out, Saint Elizabeth too
First of my kind, act like you nuh know
But a me this, born from a coach
Wah that you a burn, is a roach?
Man deya with herb in abundance,
Heard of the substance, mind you approach
When you reach for thrones, keep your feet on ground
And I'm always right back alone like

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Just call mommy and she reach home safe
My girl in a bed sleep sound, not a shake
And I feel life is a gift
So I look the I in the eye, make you realize I never, I never shift
But the boy flow quite clever with
Sharp with a blade, slice sever it
Man deya did a work fi a while
Him start make coil, dem want take a set
When you sit in thrones, keep your feet on ground
And I'm always right back alone like

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