

Laptop

Wiley

It's my life, that machine
All of my thoughts inside that machine
I've got my youts laptops young
So when they get older, money ah go run
Get your IT skills up, and watch how your bank fills up
You want thousands? Then you get your mills up
This lappy can buy you houses
Me and mine go together like real love
I've been a MacBook pro for a while
And you ain't seen me at a show for a while
But I'm back with a couple of bangers for my culture
Couldn't stop me even if you was a vulture
Right now, I've gotta charge up
When I see eight green dots, then I'm charged up
Bigging up Danny, Target, large up
From Roman disc days to start-up

I take pride in what I do, it's why I've got a laptop
I do it every day, I've gotta hit the jackpot
I hit the jackpot when they say the track's hot
Had bare records on the wall, it was looking like
A New Era hat shop, no backdrop
Pray this beat is like a goalie here
Dem man saved couple shots but they couldn't stop that shot
I've got one main tool: my laptop

Let me tell you how man got here
Started off with the cracked software
All them plugins made man
So much money and it didn't stop there
Went on for years of my life
I was in the kitchen making riddims all night
Sound card, mic and a keyboard
And I wasn't looking for a reward
I was doing it, passion: the leader
Since and the fever
Any vision that I had was a real one
I'm a Logic user; a real one
Reach for a draw of the peng and then I build one
Wanted a scene and I built one
My laptop's part of my brain
Since I've had one, I ain't ever been the same

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Oi, it's my tool, that machine
That MacBook Pro
MacBook Pro forever, trust me

Use that, get back, draw for the Mac

Ayy, yo, record, biggerman
Do the video and the artwork too
Yeah, man, all of that jazz
No, I never backtrack, black jeans, black hat
Mac in my backpack like I'm tryna war with a man
Quad core does more
for what, rudeboy on a man
Ready fi get bill up, hard drive fill up
Gotta do works if you wanna be a winner
Anything I gotta do, I'm gonna do it quicker
Only relying on the brudda in the mirror
A me that, life, you can't CMD+Z that
Me done preed that, mad if you can't see that
Send out, I bring up the riddims
No, I can't ever relax

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