

Like I See It

Jah Cure

Jamaica, stand up!

Yeah!

To all rude boys in the capital
Cure again

Ye-e-eh

Jah Cure:

Meet me up in Kingston
Put me on your radar
I'd be out there hustlin'
Gettin' to the paper
Come to my neighborhood
Be on your best behavior
You don't wanna test, we put the G in the Gangsta
Original mangler
I can rearrange ya
Giving you ordinarily to the danger
I own the block, bitch
Acting like a stranger
Boy, I'm a major

Shots callin' like I see it (2x)

Count a half of million
In the back sit of the Phantom
burn out all the killers just to see my niggers had them
Stacking up the paper like it's going out of style
No love for the judge
Money longer than the trail
Heart full of anger got a pocket full of honeys
Burnin' onion in the chalice all you suckers getting punished
Lick a shot for Dudus if you're real, mother fucker
Blaka! Blaka! Two times if you're real, mother fucker
Big 45 for my old G5
stacks on deck but it so behind
Never leaving my competition breathing
Jah Cure pushing Lamborghinis through Kingston

Shots callin' like I see it
See me
I was caught up in the fast lane
Hustle till morning
Never stop until the cash came
Really "Mister Make It" is my last name
Life is like a poker, but I never played my last game
You see me
Now they wish they coulda be me
Was born in the gully, now I'm big in every city
(ha ha)
Now I'm gaining every penny
Send me to this world again and I'ma make it pretty
Heathen best agonize when we rise
Smoking cush and have a girl by my side
Peeping Tom with them eye open wide
Nah tell you something, I ah snide

Shots callin' like I see it (4x)

Every ghetto
Every gully
Every lane

We don't need no visas
To come through your speakers
See me in a video
Cleaner than a preacher
Turn to pay-per-view five nights and me feature
You give me respect
In return, I'ma treat ya
Youth, I'ma reach her
Message, I'ma teach her
That we go on, we have no time for the leisure
Music, we be smuggle in a room for the seizure
Pass me a reason

Shots callin' like I see it (4x)

Every ghetto
Every gully
Every lane

Don't bring trouble on my way
Unless you wanna pay
Hear the words I say
Coming from the Bossman Almighty

This one for the streets
For the youth in them in the hot of tha city
We ah huslte dis hit to everywhere yes hear me
Cure to the World

Looking for me up in Kingston
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