

# 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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