Eshamo Eshamo

I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce

Green white green rapping, big dogs clapping I do it so good, your promoters are yapping I lean and I bounce with it, every day status While in the kitchen, trying to cook, we are popping bottles I'm getting cake, okay, k, k, make we celebrate This is the lean song, you can make it a theme song Bounce and wiggle, what we do is clean and simple I can stand straight but I lean to catch the bait So when y'all see me bouncing, just know I have got a mate And that's the swagger that they see that they are going gaga They are busy winking, they got your home boy thinking But I must go home after the fourth glass I'm drinking Oh oh why!

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Bounce, bounce, bounce, eshamo Bounce, bounce, I lean, I bounce Eshamo Bounce, bounce, bounce, eshamo Bounce, bounce, I lean, I bounce Eshamo

Omo o merin, o gbohun erin O mo osa, o jiyan olobe Awa legan, akoja ishinwewe Anywhere we dey burst Pe o fe jo, waa mi ri Cos for Naija, okay Music Oluomo ni mi Olu, Oluomo ni mi Eshamo, eshamo, pe Oluomo ni mi One Soul, Jembe Master Okay I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce I lean, I bounce I lean and I bounce I lean and I bounce

With my own stanza I shut you critics up like cancer I flow so strong like Black Panthers Lyrics never watery, I always do juice it up like Dansa I keep my mic strong like lap dancers Foot soldiers, don't make me run over you cos I'm a Panzer Many questions, I got the answer Industry dudes, all Imma say to you is barawo banza You can't strike me like The Mpenzas

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Now everybody stand up, about to do me a favor This is the first time I'm rhyming on some Southside flavour You can call me rap's saviour, a true boss player I floss for the papers and I toss on haters I was born for this rap shit when I rhyme shit happens Sure to sell a million copies every time I drops hit Now get the champagne bottles and pop it This party ain't stopping, we parking lot pimping and rocking You know the rules, how we do, no love for sticky fools Up in the club sipping rum brewed for a chosen few So much efizzi when I ride, bounce on twenty two's Wheels spinning, grills glittering, rocking plenty jewels I'm in the hood in a Benz with Lamborghini doors Watching them ladies, half naked, in bikinis yo You haters act like u dont know me, you never heard of my shit Well I'm the nigga with the trigger about to murder this beat

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