

Sean Paul Feat. Tony Touch & R.O.B.B. "Esa Loca"

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Esa Loca and Caribbean chicks be like papi chu
All you haters out there can't stop me dude
I got niggas out there dem shotta you
Y'all not ready for R R O y'all not ready for Sean Paul
Y'all not ready for Tony Toca
Ladies, Esa Loca

Ay yo good lookin', from D.R. to Brooklyn
Puerto Rico to Montego do it for the people
Toca aka Mr. Suavity
Do what I do like I'm doin' it for me though

Rep for my bredren that's without question
Pull out the weapon in case they start flexin'
T. Touch he bust so stop guessin'
I weed up now wheel it up in a session

Rudebwoy selecta yeah I'm a get cha
I'm nice under pressure write a quick lecture
Sean Paul nothin' but love soon as I met ya
So let's do this and show 'em who the rudest

You must be kiddin' me, gettin' rid of me
Guns will blast like them boys in Tivoli
Or Rema and Jungle where all the killers be
Even in Italy they still consider me

One of the dopest that's cause I lasted
The rest is all hopeless nothin' but asses
I'm so focused yet I'm so blasted
(Dutty yeah)
And I'm out son big up all the masses

Tell dem all for races seh uh guy can try race case
Gwaan stop di progress and a gwaan embrace this
A old rust off magnum mi a got hitch upon mi waist
Tell mi if you uh love how di Teflon taste

Well, I don't need a lawyer 'cause there won't be a case
Forget what you see now your life is get replaced
I'm di dappa Dutty dung in a di biz
I'm about to show you what respect really is

Punk ah uh nuttin', yo I know you really think your clever
But you can stop di style dem never
Real push button, start it if uh ready fi whatever
Yo tell mi if you heard of mi never dem call mi

The Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a born herbalist
Oonu listen out, Esa Loca the Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a internationalist
Oonu listen out, Esa Loca

Yo it's the Sosa of rap Dominicans stand up
Kingston Jamaica put your hands up
San Juan Puerto Rico I got my man
Touch my nigga Sean Paul big up big up

It's that R O B B
(Dot, dot)
In Jamaica we smoke kiki kiki
Ladies we got freaky freaky
I dropped out of school teach me teach me

You touch my man Tony guns will blow
And after the party the straight to the moe
My nigga Sean Paul still got the flow
You remember just gimme the light and pass the dro

R.O.B.B. I got my see through straw may we blend up
We all who know see through dat a mi high grade
friend up
Man a store quality we all a smoke to di end up
Wid mi pal upon mi pen up it a inspire mi head up

But some buoy wan disturb man med up
Just through di money weh mi spend up dem high go
get red up
When dem diss mi fi try get mi fed up
R.O.B.B. wan fi rise up di led up

Tony Toca wan fi get dem place bled up
Friends and family dem start get shred up
Just through dem nah hear di words weh mi said up
Better dem fed up or end up a dead weh dem call mi

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Yeah
Easy R.O.B.B. straight out of Jersey
Uh dun know Tony Toca
A Dutty Yeah, Esa Loca

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