

Styl-Plus

"Iya Basira"

Visit "[Iya Basira](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dis na one buka wey I dey like to go. The food sweet so tey e go make your mind blow. Day and night Iya Bass! How she do am I no no. Dem tink say na jazz, my brother no be so.

CHORUS: People people make una come e oh, iya basira e don jazz me oh, oh oh oh, everybody helep save me oh, I no dey sabi chop either my mother or my girlfriends food, People people make una come e oh, iya basira e go kill me oh, oh oh oh, everybody helep save me oh, I no dey sabi chop at my mother or my girlfriends food.

VERSE 1 wetin dey be say e get one day, wey I say I go play go see my paddy Sunday; na so I reach there but Sunday he don high on bear, luckily for me in junior brother eye e clear, so e say make we stroll through the area, little did I know I was strolling to my burial right there where Oshodi bus dey load, was a little buka, close to the main road. I laugh when e pass the door, he tell me say the name na "Iya Bas" for short, but I bow when he order "iresi ati ewa, eran umum pure water not even minerals. I come gree say I go manage to chop am, before I realize I dey order second round, third round, fourth round, I never still stop wetin Iya Basira e give me chop.

VERSE 2 you think say na play when I say that the way wey I dey (wetin do am?)e no dey okay, wetin be your own advice, I don dey steal my paddy money to buy Iya Basira rice even on my girlfriends birthday, wey she dey wait make I take am to Ocean View, I no know when I pass di place, the only thing wey dey my mind na Iya Basiras palm oil stew, kilon kilon sele sele, me I never see this kind, juju tele tele, all those people wey go vex pele pele but I hear say iya basira na xxxx xxxx I sure say still I go go their go sit down order my first round move to second round, third round, fourth round I no dey ever stop. Wetin iya

basira don give me chop?

BRIDGE Officer abegi follow me to the place
everybody don telle me I dey craze my girl friends don
leave me, my mother no gree see me, my paddy hmm
iya
basira you don kill me.

Oya people people make una stop officer e don come
(Policeman: where the woman?)

Woman: i dey inside, oga I dey come.

Policeman: Woman wetin you dey give people chop wey
dey cause all this wahala, casala oya make we talk.

Woman: Oga sir true to God nothing wey I dey put for
the food wey I dey cook na God dey make am good. Na
which kind talk be that sey na God dey cook the food
abi you think say I be fool, no be juju you dey put?
In fact I dey suspect say na **** you wash put sotey
people dey queue come dey rush for your stew

Policeman: Well, to confirm am me I no mind make I
chop small give me fufu ninety naira plus dat soup wey
dey draw.. chai correct this food sweet no be small she
una no go vex if I still order for more

Woman: Officer no worry na de food be dis

Policeman: Oya people people make una go case
dismissed

Visit [Styl-Plus](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.