

Kobby Dope

"My Name Is Dopey"

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Intro:

Dopey ene me din,
But efr3 me Kobby dope a I no go bore
This one na Ribcage Music oâ€™™
Real Music sha
Only Sergio dey do the mixing and scratching and
things

Verse 1 [Kobby Dope]

First name Kobby, last name dopey
I do not need an intro, the game already know me
Cos I am high like soprano, I never swagger low key
These people want to handle, lepers, joking
Cos I dey top like its missionary position
Hotter than the heat like the sun is in the kitchen
Bonjour, I am dopey, mission on deck
When you messing with my dreams then it is your
kidneys on deck
I have been through a lot so I call myself made
But I looked sharp like my eye balls has got blades
The boy has got class like my swagger got grades
I am a house help, your chick is as good as laid
lâ€™™ m not a jacker, lâ€™™ m an inventor,
I donâ€™™ t follow trends, lâ€™™ m a trendsetter,
And then I make them trend
I aint talking about twitter
But your rules can make them bend,
Like they do in La Liga
My ego gets erection, now itâ€™™ s looking bigger
XX cells the boys only gets sicker
I weigh 52 kilos but I am feeling big
lo am a different kind of poker player do you know who
you are dealing with
You donâ€™™ t, I give you the benefit of the doubt, I
mean you probably didnâ€™™ t know what you about
I mean who wants to cross kobby dopeâ€™™ s path, no
one
Who does that unless itâ€™™ s Sinbad or Conan
Cos every time I got to go I go ham
Enti kop3 table bi asehye, you for lay low man
I am fast so I no dey rush say I dey go run

I let them start then overtake, next thing I am so gone
It is easy as ABC, A for always B for bullying C for
children, ABC.
And when I am done rocking the stage, standing
ovation
I have to beg them to take their seats
So who go fit,
mo ye Cinderellaâ€™s sisters
I be the talk of GH ena more twetwa pictures
Mâ€™ asoa nsuo mâ€™ asoansa, afei mâ€™ asoa
dopey
Other rappers no dier se download, big x.
The rap is my genes (jeans) I aint talking about denim
Born great shout out to ken da dude and sedem
You canâ€™t stand up to me, mo b3 gyina he mpo
My style is flawless mo b3gyina he mpo
They claim they got an S on their chest entiomo ye
tough
But omoakoma ye me target cos X marks the spot
You canâ€™t compere (compare) you no be host
Canâ€™t contest, thatâ€™s not fair, oh yes I know
You got to confess, no size on earth, the boys is dope
Run and go ask, go ham on tracks, thatâ€™s all I know
Killing the rhyme, its funeral time eno be joke
So where is the freaking competition, I donâ€™t know
I have got four beads on my neck
More trophies on my desk
I kill it, I kill it, beast on the track
40inch claws donâ€™t gyimi with my stacks

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