

Ravin

Popcaan

[Intro]

Yooooooooow
Up inna di club we gone again
Yeah

[Verse 1]

Hair well plat
Gyal dem fat
Gwan bad when the tune dem drop
One just drop and buss her head back
When Street Vybzs buss up inna hear head top

[Hook]

Oh God
Party mad
Gyal dem a say, Gaza party bad
Gyal dash 'way like crab outta bag
Zamunda gone with 41
High grade a crush out inna hand
Me nuh waan see no man 'par with 40 man
Gyal inna di club, we dem a party pon
Dem say the Worl Boss, him a the party Don
Gyal dem
Love how mi pants dem straight so
Dem love how the Clarks dem lace up
And Hotskull nuh take bait up
Hey bwoy, me a tell you this straight up, say...

[Chorus]

Me nuh beg people inna the raving
If a even fi spend off mi savings
Me nuh know when me a go inna the grave in
So right now, me raving
And
Everybody jump, it's a a play ting
Happy like pickney pon weekend
Me nuh know when me a go inna the grave in
So right now, me raving

[Verse 2]

Lord, right now me frass
Me a press gas
A right pon the toll, me all nearly crash
Oh gosh, Street Vybz hash
Tommy Lee's glass just drop and mash
Mi say

[Hook]
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