

# 16 Shots

## Stefflon Don

No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother  
16 shot, we go longer than a ladder  
Dem nuh fi talk 'bout the real don dada  
Put body inna pot dem a bun like grabba  
No boy can diss me or my mother  
Round here ain't safe, everybody need armour  
16 shot, we go shotta any bluddah  
Rah-ta, rah-ta  
Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah  
Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh! Yuh coulda be badda than a Kingstonee  
Diss my mother then your skin start bleed  
So don't bother mess with my mommy  
With my mommy, with my mommy  
Baby, tink you bad, say ya badder than she  
If dog a-go bark, long time dem doh eat  
Rap on, pop off, make you move like freak  
They say dem a gangsta, but so is mommy  
They gon' put hands on a chick  
They gon' put hands on her  
Eyes watchin' when I comin' through the door  
What I'ma do, they ain't prepared for  
No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother  
16 shot, we go longer than a ladder  
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Put body inna pot dem a bun like grabba  
No boy can diss me or my mother  
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Rah-ta, rah-ta  
Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah  
Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh!  
(You couldn't be madder)? than Bryant, Kobe  
Diss my mother then your lip won't speak  
So don't bother mess with my mommy  
With my mommy, with my mommy  
Jah really think you bad, say you badder than me  
If things a-go start tonight, you won't sleep  
Pop on, cut off, make ya look like creep  
Dem say dem a bad gyal, but gyal dem nuh be  
They gon' put hands on a chick  
They gon' put hands on her  
Eyes watchin' when I comin' through the door  
What I'ma do, they ain't prepared for  
No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother  
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 Rah-ta, rah-ta  
 Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah  
 Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh! Get 1 shot, if dem tink dem a man  
 Get 2 shot, if dem feel dem a don  
 Get 3 shot, if dem tek mi fi ediat  
 Get 4 shot, this a couple shot, know that  
 Get 5 shot, fi anybody what think dem hard  
 Straight \*boom boom\* head tump, ya must drop  
 If you hit up the Da-Da-Da-Don  
 Bullets gon' hit you wherever you are No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother  
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 16 shot, we go shotta any bluddah  
 Rah-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta  
 Ta-ta, ta-tah-ta  
 Ta-ta-ta-ta-tah No gyal can tell me 'bout my mother  
 16 shot, we go longer than a ladder  
 Dem nuh fi talk 'bout the real don dada  
 Put body inna pot dem a bun like grabba  
 No boy can diss me or my mother  
 Round here ain't safe, everybody need armour  
 16 shot, we go shotta any bluddah  
 Rah-ta, rah-ta  
 Ka-kah, ka-kah, ka-kah  
 Rah-ka-ka-ka-ka-rahh!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>