

# Make You Dab

## Akpororo

Hey ya ya ya you ya ya eh a  
Jesus is His name  
The one that changed my life  
This is your boy Akpororo (ha!)  
You need to dab your way out and give God all the praise because he's the only one  
I just want to share my testimony, no be say I dey pose but na God do am (Hey!)

### Chorus

I tell you, I tell you /x2  
Say na God  
I tell you, I tell you /x2  
Say na God  
I tell you, I tell you /x8 Oh, I tell you  
Say na God  
If you know say God don bless you make you dab, Yeah! /x3  
Oya make you dab, yeah! /x2  
If you know say God don bless you, make you dab /x3  
Make you dab, make you dab  
If you know say God don bless you, make you dab /x3  
Make you dab, make you dab

### Verse 1

This one na my testimony my brother  
God don change my life, he don bless me, he do am o  
Before before when I talk dem say my mouth dey smell  
But now nko, dem wan hear my rhymes  
E be like say I get ATM machine for house  
Recession no dey affect me at all at all  
God don change my life, e don give me everything wey I need  
E don make my life so sweet even poverty no fit win  
Poverty won lo, won lo, won lo, won lo  
Say you don know  
Say, I stand upon the solid rock  
Oh Ooh yeah yeah yeah dooday (Hey!)

### Hey!

If you dey vex for me, my brother you go wound o  
The God wey hin hand dey slap he carry bazooka  
My God dey fight for me even when I find trouble  
He go still beat you because na Him be my God

### Repeat chorus

### Verse 2

Some say why I dey talk like this say who do am?  
Sebi na God dey rewrite my story no be me  
Then my level don change for real  
My brother, you need to believe am make you follow Yahweh

I go sing and praise every day of my life  
Because I no dey suffer any longer  
I go give am all the praise  
Na you turn my life around  
So make the boy dey make, dey give am all the praise, Chai!

Bridge

Poverty won lo  
God's word never change  
God God don make me joy  
I stand upon the solid rock  
I no fit fall again, fall again  
If you dey vex for me, my brother you go wound o  
The God wey hin hand dey slap he carry bazooka  
My God dey fight for me even when I find trouble  
He go still beat you because na Him be my God

Repeat chorus

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