



MUSIC IS A THERAPY

This music project is dedicated to my late father and the entire family he left me with. My family is the best thing that ever happened to me in life...

INTRODUCTION

I decided to release this album on October 21st. Before then, I had worked so hard to record a 20-track album titled Literature in Music as my debut project. This I entitled ***Music is a Therapy*** came first as a shock. I have a way of surprising myself. I planned this particular album in a single day in October, 2022.

While I was still hoping to finish up songs that make up Literature in Music, I was hit by my darkest moment of 2022 at the beginning of October, an emotional imbalance and torture that lasted for three weeks. I made up my mind to recover, I sought happiness but none was forthcoming. I wrote about eight different new songs and read more Philosophy to ease my pain. It worked, but not completely. On the last day of my sadness, October 21st, I began to think of what to do to heal. It was from the bathroom I heard my brain mention "music is a therapy" repeatedly. Then I knew I had to do something immediately. That was how I overturned the decision to release Literature in Music and instead release ***Music is a Therapy***, another project entirely.

The moment I made that decision and started making the tracklisting of the album, I noticed a kind of fulfillment I have never felt before in me. I suddenly became happy. Everything else suddenly ceased to matter, including the people responsible for my dark state of mind. Days later, I spoke to someone about all this and the first thing she said is, "your decision to release an album became all the therapy you needed to heal; truly, music is a therapy". And the coincidence, till forever, still baffles me; how a voice in my head picked an album title for me and the title picked became a truth for me in reality. Shocking!

This album was recorded for a period of 10 months. I recorded one track in February, two in March, three in May and another three in December 2022 respectively.

TRACKLISTING, LYRICS, SPECIAL NOTES & FUN FACTS

Music is a Therapy comprises nine (9) tracks that borrow melodies from four different genres namely Fela's historic Afrobeat, the now globally-impassioned Afrobeats, the thumping Dancehall and the prominent South African Amapiano. Notwithstanding, my sound, as I have always defined, is known as **Afrolit**: a combination of all the properties that make up the Nigerian Afrobeats mixed with my highly Literature-centred lyrics. Below are the lyrics to each track that makes up the album, as well as special notes from me, giving a detailed insight of the tracks:

1. TU T'APPELLE *(produced by Dammo)*

Oya show them

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Woah! Woah! Woah! Woah!

Oya show them

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Ah! Ah! Ah! SGM!

Exceeding speed limit

Mo ti n sare (like Usain bolt o)

I hope this is a hit

I no dey play (I no dey joke o)

Time na bird, e dey fly

This my egg, e must fry

Hope na bread, e don dry

Hold my head, no wan cry

Fast and furious, I go

This is dangerous, I know

This is serious, Oh Oh

Something marvelous, you know

Fast and furious, I go

This is dangerous, I know

This is serious, Oh Oh

Something marvelous, you know

Oya show them

Comment tu t'appelle

SGM, gbagbe bo se je

My music must sell

And get me a mademoiselle

Comment tu t'appelle

SGM, gbagbe bo se je

My music must sell

And get me a mademoiselle

Hello!

Oya show them

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Life is good

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Sweet like food

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Clear like nude

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Sometimes crude

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

See, life is good

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Sweet like food

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Clear like nude

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Sometimes crude

I come with fire

I'm in my prime

E no be crime

I speed like tyre

You can ask Isaiah,

I no dey tire

Na you go cry,

Bro Jeremiah

I dey too fly,

Reaching the sky-er

I'm going higher,

The price of dollar

Fast and furious, I go

This is dangerous, I know

This is serious, Oh Oh

Something marvelous, you know

Oya show them

Comment tu t'appelle

SGM, gbagbe bo se je

My music must sell

And get me a mademoiselle

Comment tu t'appelle

SGM, gbagbe bo se je

My music must sell

And get me a mademoiselle

Hello!

Oya show them

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Life is good

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Sweet like food

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Clear like nude

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Woah! Woah! Woah! Woah! Sometimes crude

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

See, see, see life is good

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hey yay! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Sweet like food

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Ay clear like nude

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Hay lay lay hay lay lay hay lay lay

Woah! Woah! Woah! Woah! Sometimes crude

NOTES: Tu T'appelle, though people may enjoy it more for the Amapiano vibes it gives, is a more serious song for me, personally. I made it the opening track of the album because I realized a lot of people who didn't know me before will discover me as a singer through this album. When they do, the first thing they want to know is, what is the name of the singer? Same question asked in French as "comment tu t'appelle?" This is the exact reason why the song title and its chorus tell listeners my name, SGM. It also gives them hints of my major concern as a singer in his yore; I want to be a successful musician and get just one woman or "mademoiselle" (in French) to love me forever.

Of course, one part of me I have always sought to share with my listeners is my respect for time. This respect was borne out of the fact that, time is one of the most upright things in life; time is not affiliated with anyone and therefore will ever remain just and impartial towards humans and other creations. The same time that ages man, withers plants and dries up water bodies. You get the point I'm stressing? At a point, I always wished I was time. Time had taught me logic over sentiments. Hence, the reason I will always punish offenders, regardless of whether they are the closest people to me or not.

The opening lines of the first verse of Tu T'appelle are the media I used to talk about time, however, in a manner that worries every young African who is toiling tirelessly and sweating it to find their footing on the ground, become very successful at what they do and gather wealth, regardless of how little it is. Sadly, time does not care whether you make it early or not. Your age continues to remind you that you are running out of time. This is why I sang "exceeding speed limit/mo t'n saré (I've started hurrying)".

Those who realize time does not care about their struggles tend to hasten up to beat time, and in the end, some run out of hope i.e "hope na bread, e don dry", others continue to pray i.e "hold my head, no wan cry" while others, though know too well the consequences of their actions, go beyond possible legal means to achieve their aims of wealth and fame, hence "fast and furious, I go/this is dangerous, I know". These lines also foreground the idea that everybody can identify wrongs, your conscience trained by the culture and norms of your society, is there to remind you before engaging in evil, however, you always have the will to ignore your conscience and choose wrongs to satisfy your desperation.

FUN FACTS: This is the fastest song I ever wrote in my life. I wrote it entirely in less than 30 minutes.

2. CAPLESS *(produced by Airmax)*

Ah ah ah

Ah ah ah

This life na turn by turn dem say (raba raba, robo robo)

Time don dey go like railway (raba raba, robo robo)

Sáré gbowó jéká sayé (raba raba, robo robo)

Like Emirate, let's fly away (raba raba, robo robo)

I be sugar, girl em ma surround me

My Essence dey Wizzy

This tune alcoholic

Bloody like e tonic

Je suis content, I'm happy

You don't know it

I no fit fall, I stand fit

Like a palm tree

Je suis content, I'm happy

You don't know it

I no fit fall, I stand fit

(capless)

You like money (capless)

I like money (capless)

We like money (capless)

Everybody like money (capless)

You get enemy (capless)

I get enemy (capless)

Two things no get enemy (capless)

Water and money

Wa a sare, wa a sare, wa a sare, wa a sare

(If you fuck up)

Alele, alele, alele, alele

(If you fuck up)

Wa a sare, wa a sare, wa a sare, wa a sare

(If you fuck up)

Alele, alele, alele, alele

Harry Maguire!

Fast money, e enter eye (say say e enter eye)

If you love me, I love you die (I love you die)

You dey lucky, you say you fly (you say you fly high)

Before you blow, many don try

Look at me, you see greatness (greatness)

Four plus four, is that eightless? (hateless)

Carry me, I'm not weightless (weightless)

Wait on me? Not a waitress (ay ay ay)

Je suis content, I'm happy

You don't know it

I no fit fall, I stand fit

Like a palm tree

Je suis content, I'm happy

You don't know it

I no fit fall, I stand fit

You like money (capless)

I like money (capless)

We like money (capless)

Everybody like money (capless)

You get enemy (capless)

I get enemy (capless)

Two things no get enemy (capless)

Water and money

Wa a sare, wa a sare, wa a sare, wa a sare

(If you fuck up)

Alele, alele, alele, alele

(If you fuck up)

Wa sare, wa a sare, wa a sare, wa a sare

(If you fuck up)

Alele, alele, alele, alele

Raba robo

No sleep!

No thief!

No stiff!

Time don dey go

Like thief

No thief

No thief

Raba robo

No sleep

No stiff

No stiff

Time don dey go

NOTES: Five great ideas form the lyrics of Capless. The first, a continuation of some parts of Tu T'appelle, is how we are all made to believe that individual success or achievement is an experience that will go round at different turns. This idea is closely linked to the human belief that there is time for everything; which is true if one takes time to study everything that makes life and existence up. However, our inability to ascertain the exact time it will be our respective turns makes us worry, especially when it dawns on us that we are running out of time i.e "time don dey go like railway". We are also reminded, as if I am intentionally intensifying our impatience on the song outro, that "time don dey go like thief". Hence, to beat time, which is very unlikely and mostly dangerous, "no sleep" and "no stiff"; just keep moving!

The second is happiness in the face of the reality of time and the unpredictability of life discussed in the preceding lines. In spite of the fact that age and other people's successes constantly remind me that I am running out of time, I am in control such that I do not allow that harsh reality to mar my happiness, maybe something else can make me unhappy, but not the fact that life is unpredictable. So, "I'm happy" sung in French as "je suis content" regardless of whether I am getting it right or not. This is accepting life for what it is just to avoid losing oneself and one's sanity and reasonability.

I am glad to tell you that the third is the part of me that a greater percent of the handful of very close people I am blessed with does not like. This part of me firstly believes in karma even if I haven't witnessed one before. It is strange I believe what I haven't seen before and the logic is simple, I use law to justify my belief. The fact that law tells you what to do and what not to do and when you break any of it, under normal circumstances, you are punished. So, what is this part of me? The attitude of ensuring that you are punished when you commit an offense, not minding whoever you are to me. No emotion I feel for you is big enough to make me not get angry, condemn, correct (or name it) you when you commit what I consider an offense. The postchorus, though you may not hear it clearly, is me shouting "you will run" (in Yoruba as sung; "wàá sáré" x4) "if you fvck up".

The fourth is correctional of certain prides and certain hypocrisy. The second verse is used to address the individuals who will demoralize others because they are in a better position than their victims i.e "you dey lucky, you say you fly/before you blow many don try". The chorus exposes human hypocrisy of condemning others for the exact same character they exhibit. Though jokingly most of the times, it is not unusual to hear a Nigerian say to others, things like "you like money too much" when in actuality, it is capless or factual that every human is working and alive because of money and its importance. So, don't we all love money?

And the fifth is my practice and expectation of reciprocity from every closeness I form with people. This, as an expectation, has been a major cause of my heartbreak and disappointment when people I place at number one fail to return the gesture. I feel unappreciated, ignored, occasionally I feel used too. I learned the hard way anyway. And it's over now, three months after the release of this song in July. I still believe it is human enough and kind you reciprocate love, care or attachment when people you allow into your life share you the same, or you tell them to stop, in the best way you can, if you won't be there for them when they need you. My belief is briefly put as "if you love me, I love you die".

FUN FACTS:

A. The first verse was written on the instrumental of Pheelz's Finesse. I planned to make a cover of Finesse, so I wrote the first verse. I later realized I would be wasting my song if I went on to record the cover. So, I made do of the inspiration to write Capless.

B. I first performed Capless before a 2000 crowd two weeks before its release at the NYSC Orientation Camp, Ikot Itie Udung, Nsit Atai Local Government, in Akwa Ibom, July 2021.

3. ABEGI *(produced by T Blade Beats)*

Ah ay (abegi)

Ay ay ay (abegi)

Ah ay (abegi)

Ay ay ay (abegi)

I no wan work like clock

Before I make am (zazoo)

Cause I wan give dem shock

Make dem say I do charm (juju)

I no ever ever wanna beg

From their hand ay (alabamisa)

I no wan waka with leg

Lorì tìtì ay (Wakanda)

Jé kólá da plenty ay ay

Make my name enter Forbes list ay ay

Kin má dúró gba changy ay ay

Anytime I spend money ay ay

Kólá da plenty ay ay

Make my name enter Forbes list ay ay

Kin má dúró gba changy ay ay

Anytime I spend money

Abegi come my way, blessings

I want to make my pay, quickly

I want to go Malay, safely

Abegi no delay, hee hee hee

Abegi come my way, blessings

I want to make my pay, quickly

I want to go Malay, safely

Abegi no delay, hee hee hee hee

Ire, ire, ire, ire mo fé máa rí

Ire, ire, ire, ire, blessings follow me

Ire, ire, ire, ire mo fé máa rí

Ire, ire, ire, ire, blessings follow me

You stay too long in bed and you wanna make money (17, 18, 19, 20)

Are you a prostitute? Guy, that's really funny (omodé ni é to tí n redi) ah yah

You not making the dough, and you're feeling horny (iye ay zazoo)

Work for the cash before you start loving (oh hoo hoo hoo)

Love is too expensive

And penury is too repressive

And you really gats to be decisive

Love without money is hypertensive

These girls have proven there's no love for the poor man

So you gats to gat money in your command

Poverty is a sin

Most dangerous I have seen (hoo ye ay ay)

Jé kólá da plenty ay ay

Make my name enter Forbes list ay ay

Kin má dúró gba changy ay ay

Anytime I spend money ay ay

Kólá da plenty ay ay

Make my name enter Forbes list ay ay

Kin má dúró gba changy ay ay

Anytime I spend money

Abegi come my way, blessings (open my way)

I want to make my pay, quickly (open my way)

I want to go Malay, safely (open my way)

Abegi no delay, hee hee hee

Abegi come my way, blessings (open my way)

I want to make my pay, quickly (open my way)

I want to go Malay, safely (open my way)

Abegi no delay, hee hee hee hee

Ire, ire, ire, ire mo fé máa rí

Ire, ire, ire, ire, blessings follow me

Ire, ire, ire, ire mo fé máa rí

Ire ay ay, ire, ire, ire, blessings follow me hee hee hee

Ah yah

Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho

Mo fé ma rí i

Mo fé ma rí ah ah ah ah ah

NOTES: This song is so old that I cannot remember what I was thinking while I wrote it in 2018. However, the lyrics is clear enough for me to guess what my thoughts at the time would have been. The world has so changed such that a man is valued, heard, celebrated, cared for, loved, given attention etc, only when he is rich or at least, appears rich. Till he has money, the world continues to ignore and disrespect him. So much value is attached to money that in its absence, a man is valueless. What a society!

The society is so poverty-ridden that the only thing they use to rate a man is how financially rich he is. Poor society berating poor individuals! While we can condemn the society all we want, this does not look like it will change anytime soon. Therefore, rather than lament this sad reality, it should motivate us to work harder to acquire the kind of life we dream of.

The society's hyper-placement of value on money has subconsciously affected the individual. Both the man himself and the woman have normalized this, individually: it is why the first thing a man wants to use to woo a lady is money and all his material possessions while a lady on the other hand, will consider a man with these qualities nine out of every ten times instead of a man who lacks. It's why I say "love is too expensive", "no love for a poor man", "poverty is a sin" etc.

Though I am not in support of this culture that deprives men of basic things like love, care, attention and respect he should enjoy from the society, however, in a world where a greater percent of humans emulates this particular syndrome, I think it is best one takes care of the self and improve, to avoid the negative consequences of having to deal with the devaluation. These are consequences like depression, withdrawal, isolation, disrespect, loneliness, suicide, low self esteem, segregation, stigmatization and continuous lowlife.

FUN FACTS: I felt I wasted and didn't do enough justice to the beat I used for Good Bad Gorl in 2021. So, I tried a song I wrote in 2018 on the beat and surprisingly, it matched Abegi. I then wrote a postchorus to complement it before heading for the studio.

4. THE SHIT SONG *(produced by Dammo)*

Wahala, wahala, wahala, wahala, wahala, wahala, wahala

So, once upon a time, a guy sent a lady to school with the plan that both of them are going to get married. Well, I don't need to continue, you know the rest.

O ni n wa san school fees (gege)

Se èmi wa raye shit

O ni baby you don't mean it (gege)

Se emi wa raye shit

Alaga iduro lori seat (impossicant)

Cast season film ninu skit

"Take me on a date", I record a hit

Kil'omode mo yato si biscuit

Fraud bi i ti báwo, awa legit

O ni n wa san school fees (gege)

Se èmi wa raye shit

O ni baby you don't mean it (gege)

Se emi wa raye shit

O ni n wa san school fees (really?)

Se èmi wa raye shit

O ni baby you don't mean it (gege)

Se emi wa raye shit

Omo ti mo ko date lojo ta meet

O k'ore merin dani fun nice treat (radarada)

They ordered for some pies and roasted meat

I remembered the wisdom I picked from the street

Mo ya fake call, I talked to my feet (men)

O ni n wa san school fees (really?)

Se èmi wa raye shit

O ni baby you don't mean it (gege)

Se emi wa raye shit

O ni n wa san school fees (really?)

Se èmi wa raye shit

O ni baby you don't mean it (gege)

Se emi wa raye shit

O n play hard to get, this is you on the sheet (girl)

You let out a moan when I rubbed your clit (well)

You went to Insta to say God did it

The D did it, you won't admit

See, your success story is such a myth (man)

O ni n wa san school fees (really?)

Se èmi wa raye shit

O ni baby you don't mean it (gege)

Se emi wa raye shit

O ni n wa san school fees (really?)

Se èmi wa raye shit

O ni baby you don't mean it (gege)

Se emi wa raye shit

Hold on SGM, hold on! So, what you are trying to say now is that... you are a misogynist?

Misogynist? What's that? (Scoffs) **Well, what I'm saying is that a lot of women need to start being responsible for themselves. Sé e ti gbó mi, èyin màámí.** (Giggles)

NOTES: This is the track I wrote last on the album. I wrote this in November. A bit of rap on a not-too-busy Amapiano instrumentals; I needed to do something very different from my usual sound and that's why I made this song into three verses of five lines each; something obtainable from Limerick in poetry.

Around August, during my stay on the Obafemi Awolowo University campus, I had a serious argument with a group of young girls in their late teenage years (squarely 18/19). They told me of a man who sponsored a lady throughout her university years, and when she finally graduated, she introduced her fiancé to the man. The man originally intended to marry her and that's the reason he sent her to school. They claimed he didn't mention it to her from the start. My question to those young girls was very simple, though they dodged it in order to avoid the truth: I asked them to imagine me come close to them, buy them gifts on five different days of the same week non-stop, without telling them anything: what would they think? They dodged the question.

The truth is anyone can easily read the possibility of my intentions. Do I need to say it? Yes! Should the woman be blamed if I don't say it but she suspects I have an ulterior motive she will never be interested in and she continues to collect my gifts? Yes! Both of us share the blame. I take most of the blame because I am foolish.

Firstly, giving gifts without naming your intention is you making yourself available for being used. She should be blamed because certain things are not normal, and she's not a kid, so she should know. As much as she could tell an unsafe environment for her in the night, she should be able to tell that anyone is up to something with their act of service or niceness. Perhaps, my father or brothers are the only males that may gift me certain things without expecting something in return, in the world of today. Suspecting he is up to something you cannot give in return, and still collecting his gift, is using him, logically. Tell him to stop or ask him what he is up to, to avoid stories.

Away from that, there are certain women who are not ready to do anything for themselves. Whatever they want in this life, whether expensive or affordable, a man must pay for it. Why would you be an adult, whether male or female, and expect another adult to be responsible for all your acquisitions? Are you handicapped? Why don't you still disturb your parents for money at adulthood? It's simply because you are an adult and by law and logic, should be responsible for yourself. So, The Shit Song is me telling these particular women to be responsible, and men to avoid being used. You can be nice if you don't have any ulterior motives. If you do, **DO NOT BE NICE** if the person (male or female) will not replicate in the way you want.

FUN FACTS: I named it The Shit Song from the perspective of those that will not like it, especially because of its message.

5. JAZZY (feat. Knix) *(produced by Dammo)*

Ah yah

Make you row your boat to the rhythm

SGM nah nah nah nah

Move your soul and body to the rhythm

Yah

If you no get cash, e go be bank alert

When I step in the stage and you feel my rap

You go see am for your Insta, not WhatsApp

When we start to dey spray, dem go start to clap

Oya tell these your guys make dem show ASAP

If I see your girl, I go rock her back

If you go lose guard, you go chop some slap

Guy no dey stress me, cut some slack

I'm the life of the party

Flexing, man I just wanna faaji

When I spray you the cash for your body

You can call me the youngest Alhaji

Ah! Men I swear e go jazzy

I go start to dey spray like dem jazz me

Oya call Abena, Hala, Jasmine

Oya pop pop pop, bills on me

When we start to dey pop, all the girls wanna rush

Come to my side, men I swear no be wash

Pull up in a Rover, pull up in a Porsche

Dem go start to dey scream, dem go shout Oh my gosh!

When we start to dey pop, all the girls wanna rush

Come to my side, men I swear no be wash

Pull up in a Rover, pull up in a Porsche

Dem go start to dey scream, dem go shout Oh my gosh!

See no dulling

When we step in

'Cause e dey jazzy

See no dulling

When we step in

'Cause e dey jazzy

And, if you whine it

It's not a sin

It's not forbidden

See no dulling

When we step in

'Cause e dey jazzy

When we step inna the club

Switch off the bulb

Try to make those bottles pop

Chop life to the top

Show us what you got in stock

Everybody rock

Watch us have all of this fun

Post am to Tik Tok

Make you oil your waist

Make the jam no waste

If you no fit create

Do copy and paste

No sadness for here (no)

I hope say you hear

Make you drop your fears

Make you wipe your tears

See no dulling

When we step in

'Cause e dey jazzy

See no dulling

When we step in

'Cause e dey jazzy

If you whine it

It's not a sin

It's not forbidden

See no dulling

When we step in

'Cause e dey jazzy

Make you row your boat to the rhythm (row row)

Move your soul and body to the rhythm

Anything wey don spoil, we go redeem am

Make you avoid crime, don't be criminal

You only live one life, don't be suicidal

Little money show today, make you invest am

No sadness for here (no no no no no no no)

I hope say you hear (no no no no no no no)

Make you drop your fears (no no no no no no no)

Make you wipe your tears (aye aye aye aye aye aye)

No sadness for here (no no no no no no no)

I hope say you hear (no no no no no no no)

Make you drop your fears (no no no no no no no)

Make you wipe your tears (aye aye aye aye aye aye aye aye aye aye ayayai)

SGM

Ay ay ay

NOTES: I suddenly realized sadness can be deadlier than most common illnesses, from experience, late in 2021; and it spurred me to write Jazzy.

I intended Jazzy for the club and for the victims of depression. From 2017 till presently, I read a lot of youth commit suicide. These are mostly creators. At a point in those moments, I was on the cliff of suicide myself. But I always found a way out of my misery. That's years ago tho.

By chance, this song was recorded the week I lost the biggest opportunity of my life in February, 2022. I returned home sad that day and rather than sit and brood about my loss, I headed for the studio. It was the first time I worked with both Dammo and Airmax respectively.

Knix came on this particular version of Jazzy two months after I released the original version. The very young rapper made a cover of the original version and tagged me on Facebook, I fell in love with his talent and precision and asked him to record the lines on the cover on a remix. And that's all! It was also his first time recording a song.

FUN FACTS: After two different producers in Benue State disappointed Knix, my producer (Airmax) asked him to record his verse with a phone. He did and the song was surprisingly done!

6. JUST LIKE DAVIDO *(produced by Dammo)*

We rise by lifting others

We born by pretty mothers

No time for fucking haters

Fucking haters, fucking haters

Na their baba I be (pada dey)

Flow like the sea, can't keep me away

I am the new money, you want me

What you needing in the morning, your coffee

This is the sound, e gbajó

Huge like the Pound, you should know

Music is a therapy

I'm moving fast, can't you see?

I am just like Davido

I lift others; tornado

You hear me over the seas
Cross borders just like disease

Ey! Wolé (wolé ay)
Kowo wole ey ey ey ey ey
Kólá wolé

Ey! Wolé (wolé ay)
Kola wole ey ey ey ey ey
Ay ay ay ay ay (wolé)

Love can't be forced
You should know by now
If you play Van Damme
Dem go shoot you down
File for divorce
If he punch you down
If she makes you frown
Make you no go drown

E gbajó
Huge like the Pound, you should know
Music is a therapy
I'm moving fast, can't you see?
I am just like Davido
I lift others; tornado
You hear me over the seas
Cross borders just like disease

Ey! Wolé (wolé)

Kowo wole ey ey ey ey ey

(Ay kowó wolé, kólá wolé)

Ey! Wolé

Kola wole ey ey ey ey ey

(Hoolay hoolay lay lay lay lay lay)

Aha aha aha ahaahaha wole, wole ey ey ey

Aha aha aha ahaahaha wole, wole ey ey ey

We rise by lifting others

We born by pretty mothers

No time for fucking haters

Fucking haters, fucking haters

NOTES: I wrote this to appraise Davido's personality. He is someone I hugely value, cherish and respect. I also felt the need to touch the place of wellbeing and protection of the self in marriages and relationships; divorce should be solely considered and actualized the moment your partner becomes a threat to your living, physically, mentally or emotionally; **DO NOT STAY.**

FUN FACTS: I wrote Just Like Davido in a Physics lab at Obafemi Awolowo University in August. Surprisingly, Osun State where I wrote the song is also Davido's state of origin.

7. SADÉ ADÚ *(produced by Dimmy Beats)*

Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo-hoo

Ai yai

Ah yah yah yah

Yah yah yah yah

SGM

Look in my eyes

Show me your thighs

You know you are mine

You know it's no lie

Don't leave me outside

Baby come inside (inside)

We can stand or lie

We can swim and fly

Girl don't play me like pool

This your love belleful

Will you tell me I do?

Baby girl, come be my Adú

Girl don't play me like pool

This your love belleful

Will you tell me I do?

Baby girl, come be my Adú

Hoo hoo hoo

You set me on fire

Gat me singing like choir

All I require

Awóyaya, awóyaya

You set me on fire

Gat me singing like choir

All I require

Tokótaya, tokótaya

All the world is a stage

Girl when I'm with you

Girl you swallow my rage

Lion in the zoo

Baby if I may

Mo fé mú e lólé

(Hoo hoo hoo hoo)

Jéká jo kólé

(Ai ai ai)

Mo fé fé e sílé

(Hoo hoo hoo hoo)

Girl don't play me like pool

This your love belleful

Will you tell me I do?

Baby girl, come be my Adú

You set me on fire

Gat me singing like choir

All I require

Awóyaya, awóyaya

You set me on fire

Gat me singing like choir

All I require

Tokótaya, tokótaya

Look in my eyes

Show me your thighs

(Ai ai ai ai ai)

You know you are mine

You know it's no lie

(Ai ai ai ai ai)

Don't leave me outside

Baby come inside

(Inside inside inside)

We can stand or lie

We can swim and fly

(Oh hoo hoo)

Girl don't play me like pool

This your love belleful

Will you tell me I do?

Baby girl, come be my Adú

Girl don't play me like poo-oo-ool

Baby girl (yeah yeah yeah)

Ah ah

Baby girl

Ah ah

Baby giiiiirl

Sadé Adú, tell me I do

Pamurekeji

Eléyinjú, no one but you

Pamurekeji

Sadé Adú, tell me I do

Pamurekeji

Eléyinjú, no one but you

Pamurekeji

Sadé Adú, tell me I do

Pamurekeji

Eléyinjú, no one but you

Pamurekeji

(Rekeji) yeah yeah

(Rékeji) ah ai

Yah yai

SGM

NOTES: Sadé Adú was written as an ode to the iconic Nigerian/British singer as well as to profess my love for my woman. Sadé Adú is a Nigerian-born British Soul/Jazz singer, born in Ibadan, originally from Ekiti and raised in England.

To those that will fall in love with Sadé Adú — I also wanna tell you that the song has a part 2 fixed for the 2024 sophomore, Literature in Music. Sadé Adú part 2 was written in 2017. The part 1 was written in 2022. You read me right!

FUN FACTS:

A. The first love song I wrote in 2022. I started the year on a very rough note. It was sad, so my inspiration for music didn't come from any woman. When I wrote the song, I carried my MP3 player to work and played the beat loudly and rehearsed on the road every night till I hit the studio.

B. I quoted William Shakespeare on the second verse of Sadé Adú. The line "all the world is a stage" was written by the late English poet in a poem where he described all the world as a stage while "men and women are mere actors" who have their entries (births) and exits (deaths). He is my all-time favorite writer.

8. KNOE *(produced by Controversial Success)*

Ayaya yah yah

Ayaya yah yah

Ayaya yah yah

Ah!

You are a comedy

The only reason I laugh (ayaya)

Don't make this love a tragedy

You are all I have (Oh Oh)

You are the space

You are hard to get to, Olo

Look into my face (bae)

Don't forget Oh Oh Oh

If you leave me

A good part of me is missing

I'm not scoping

Baby I'm not deceiving (yeah yeah)

Don't go baby

Don't go (hoo hoo)

You should know Oh

That I love you so Oh Oh

In the co-old (in the cold)

I will never go Oh Oh (see I'll never go away)

You should know Oh (you should know Oh Oh)

That I love you so Oh (I love you so Oh Oh)

In the co-old (in the cold Oh Oh)

I will never go Oh Oh (I'll never go away)

I understand that you've been badly treated in the pa-ast

You gave him your heart, he blew it up so fast (so fast)

You have to let go Oh

It's hard girl I know Oh

I ain't another badass

Not just running after your ass

You'll not regret

Uh don't forget Oh yo Oh Oh

If you leave me

A good part of me is missing (hoo hoo hoo)

Girl, I'm not scoping

Baby I'm not deceiving yeah ah (hoo hoo hoo)

Don't go baby yeah ah

Don't go hoo hoo hoo

You should know Oh

That I love you so Oh (Oh Oh Oh)

In the co-old

I will never go Oh Oh (I'll never go away)

You should know Oh (yeah yeah)

That I love you so Oh (I love you so)

In the co-old (Oh Oh Oh, Oh Oh Oh)

I will never go Oh Oh (Oh Oh Oh, Oh Oh Oh)

Love na Maguire

E dey scatter my defence

E dey scatter man defence

E dey scatter man defence

(Aposto)

Girl no go tire

Make I hold you in my hands

Make I hold you in my hands

Make I hold you my hands

(Oh you should know)

You should know Oh

That I love you so Oh

In the cold Oh

I will never go Oh

You should know Oh

That I love you so Oh

In the cold Oh (yah yah yah yah yah)

(Mmmm) I will never go Oh

(Yah yah yah yah yah)

You are so dear

I need you here

Girl do you hear?

I really care

Girl do not fear

Don't need to flare

I'm not a mere

Hunter, yeah

NOTES: Knoe is my understanding of the fact that multiple heartbreaks, infidelity, lies and deception experienced in a series of relationships reshape the individual, psychologically. These things have a way of causing the individual to flee from love, distrust their partners (when they eventually find new ones), build defences, become overly hypersensitive, suspicious, insecure and paranoid and even wicked too. For the individual whose heart is already sealed because of the hurts of heartbreak, Knoe was written and sung for conviction.

FUN FACTS: The oldest song on the album. I wrote this in 2017. It was a period a friend was teaching me how to play the guitar. During the first few basics of learning, I struck a chord and it birthed Knoe. I also think it was that easy because I had consistently listened to Runtown's Mad Over You. It's the same chord for both songs!

9. DAUGHTY *(produced by Dammo)*

Ah ah ah

Yaw aw

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah

Daughty! Daughty!

You know daddy loves you,

What a beauty!

E be like say this na juju

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know

You are the best thing

That ever happened to me

Omo! I'm not flattering

My joy, you make me happy

You know, I know

You are a life on your own (on your own)

You flow, I flow

Like water, girl you glow

I am the sky, girly O

You are the stars, baby O

You beautify, girly O

Erase my scars, baby O

I am the sky, girly O

You are the stars, baby O

You beautify, girly O

Erase my scars, baby O Oh

Daughty! Daughty!

You know daddy loves you,

What a beauty!

E be like say this na juju

Daughty! Daughty!

You know daddy loves you

What a beauty! (beauty)

E be like say this na juju

You are the best, you should know

(Girl you know)

You are the best, you should know

(Girl you know)

You are the best, you should know

(Girl you know Oh)

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know

When dem say you too short,

Tell dem say life is a knicker,

When dem say you too small,

Show dem your middle finger

You are the child of your father

You are the child of your mother

Omo oko in the eyes of beholder

Adetomi, you should try to be bolder

Ah! Ah! Try to be bolder

I am the sky, girly O

You are the stars, baby O

You beautify, girly O

Erase my scars, baby O Oh

Daughty! Daughty!

You know daddy loves you,

What a beauty!

E be like say this na juju

You are the best, you should know (you are the best)

You are the best, you should know (you are the best)

You are the best, you should know

You are the best, you should know (girl you know Oh)

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah

NOTES: Growing up as a kid was utmostly depressing for me. This was because of the innumerable moments of bullying and body-shaming I experienced from my peers. It was a fact that I had the biggest head in the whole community of more than 20 kid-ful playmates. What I couldn't stomach even as a child that didn't know anything was my mates weaponizing my visible 'comma' against me. It was very nauseating! I developed isolation as a technique to wade through. Most times, I didn't play with them, for my peace. It worked but not for long. I later learned to stop reacting, and when they realized it stopped getting to me, they had to stop. But Fé couldn't bring herself to ignore the body-shaming sprouted from her height, regardless of how persistent I rang it in her ears.

Fé is one of the young girls I mentored a while ago. She suffered a very serious body-shaming, even from people who met her for the first time. They wouldn't stop smirking at how short she appears and how she doesn't look her young adult age. We were on this for two years. I became the antidote each time it ate deep. I taught and taught and taught before she slowly began to allow herself overlook. She finally learned to accept herself like I accepted my big head as a child. Then, one evening, I needed to celebrate her newfound strength, so I wrote Daugthy. I used to call her daughter. So, the word "Daugthy" is a slang I made from "daughter" for her. I appraised her beauty and told her she needs more confidence to deal with people and life psychologically.

This is a celebration of the girl child and I hope every other person who fosters the girl child, guards the girl child, births the girl child etc, will use Daugthy to celebrate their girl children. This should be widely used to celebrate the World Daughters Day yearly.

FUN FACTS:

A. I'm not sure there will ever be a song of mine I will ever be so emotionally connected to. I wrote it in hope that nature will be graceful enough to grant my wish of birthing a girl child as my first-born.

B. Daugthy is the first Afrobeats song written to celebrate the girl child and the International Daughters Day which takes place every 24th September, yearly.