

# Nah Gwan A Jamaica

## Elephant Man

Intro:

Yep, Davjoa Voo bun dem out  
Fadda God say fi me fi bun down Saddam and Gomara so  
When mi done with dem, dem nah do live fi see tomorrow so  
Fadda God say fi me fi bun down Saddam and Gomara so  
Jamaicans march out, hey!

Chorus:

Certain things wah gwan a foreign, can't gwan a Jamaica  
Nah support no chi chi and we nah support no raper  
Nah support no bwoy, wah bruk we foot and tek we paper  
Dat can't gwan a Jamaica, that can't gwan a Jamaica  
Certain things wah gwan a foreign, can't gwan a Jamaica  
Man a worship Allah, like dem forget di Creator  
How you fi diss we up and you nuh greet di undertaker  
Dat can't gwan a Jamaica, that can't gwan a Jamaica

Verse 1:

(Wah you say) No fuck with no Jamaican, dem will change up like di weather  
You and Saddam a plot together, then we shot off one a yuh feather  
Cut your throat if we find out you and Bin Laden a bredda  
Black you out like di light wey go way inna New York wah day ya  
Wuk and send down di money, we don't intend fi stay ya  
One a wayer we wha fi drive some big car just like di Mayor  
Gal a sayer, Ele dey ya this a fi dem holidayer  
Man a player without no delay ya couldn't be no gay ya  
Ask Faya, di anaconda mek she a say she prayer  
Then she laye when me pop it out cau man a nuh pussy slayer  
No betraya, nah switch from di gal dem all when we old and graya  
Pussy haffi kill me, a dat me say ya

Chorus:

Certain things wah gwan a foreign, can't gwan a Jamaica  
Nah support no chi chi and we nah support no raper  
Nah support no bwoy, wah bruk we foot and tek we paper  
  
Dat can't gwan a Jamaica, dat can't gwan a Jamaica  
Certain things wah gwan a foreign, can't gwan a Jamaica  
Man a worship Allah, like dem forget di Creator  
How you fi diss we up and you nuh greet di undertaker  
Dat can't gwan a Jamaica, dat can't gwan a Jamaica

Verse 2:

(Wah we say) Player hater fi gwey  
Anyway you see we deh, di bereter haffi did dey...Wah you say? (Wah we say)  
Member say we head gone, drop and lick it when we born  
We nuh fuck fi turn it on...Wah you say? (Wah we say)  
Big up every yardman inna Rockers Island  
TG and Drewsland...Wah you say? (Wah we say?)  
Big up every dance crew, we nuh care you a who  
Tek di videolight, cause your clothes new (oonu dance)  
Jamaican island way we love, di land of food and water  
Nah go run way from down ya cause nothing we nuh shorter  
We have we own a cement company and coffee maker  
If you hungry, go down a Treesland go visit up di baker  
Big up di rasta man dem up inna di hills wah w beat di shaker  
Way a reap di high grade dem by di pound and by di acre  
Salute to all di farmer, wah a plant up di potato  
Love me island me nah go be no forsaker, hey  
Repeat Chorus  
Repeat Verse 1  
Repeat Chorus

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