Hungry

Fantan Mojah

Bless di ghetto yute dem through stress and pain
Nuh matta how it tough and hard out there
My people cry

[Chorus: x2]
Tell dem momma hungry poppa hungry
Bredda hungry sista hungry
Do someting for di poor
Open up di door

Da one ya name
One million miles away hey hey
Babylon have ma people a stray hey hey
Work dem night and day ay
And dont give dem nuh pay ay
So ma people rise
And give wicked man a surprise
And bun dem in front a dem eyes
Caah they treat poor people like flies heyie

[Chorus: x2]

Tell dem seh minimum wage wi naw work off a dat

Poor people waah more food inna dem pot
Inna di ghetto yow mi si a nedda yute drop
A wha tek some solja and cop
Yow mi hear brum brakka brak and mi guh ask a wha dat
Mi hear pon di shout a miss hina son drop
A wha dis fada dem naw hold dem orda
Ghetto yutes fi cross di borda

[Chorus: x2]

Bless di ghetto yute dem through stress and pain
Nuh matta how it tough and hard out there
My people cry

[Chorus: x2]

Dont turn yuh back pon di farma man
Who plant cassava and farm di lan
Treat good di nurse and teacha dem
Why nuh focus and feature dem
Oohiee
Ma people cry

[Chorus]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by OWEN MONCRIEFFE / C. DODD
Lyrics Â© Royalty Network, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/