

# Chase Dem

[Stephen Marley](#)

Ey, and they say it's part of it  
So they buying you, sell your soul  
Well, my friend, the thought of it  
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold While they in their companion slaves  
Slaving through the night  
I know I can find my way for there is light Chase dem  
Run them politicians  
When I see dem I get cold And they'll say it's a part of it  
So they buying you, sell your soul  
Well, my friend, the thought of it  
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold While they in their companion slaves  
Slaving through the night  
Now I'll pave my way and I'll pave it right Chase dem  
Run them politicians  
When I see dem I get cold They'll still say it's a part of it  
So they buying you, sell your soul  
Well my friend, the thought of it  
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold And they in their companion slaves  
Slaving through the night  
I know I can find my way for out there is light Chase dem  
Run them politicians  
When I see dem I get cold Chase  
Run, run, run  
Ay, ay, ay Get them out, get them out  
Run them away  
(Chase)

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