Break Free

Concerto Moon

Holy Emmanuel I Selassie I
Well a lot to be said
Age be protected
The sick to be cared for
The hungry must be fed
Well, tiers of Government men like spawns
And Babylon me holla out
What? Show you deh plans

Break free from the slave
Every prisoner's a come
Ethiopia's last judgment
Babylon turn ashes when me done
Tell them sey a greater fun
Them lift it up on Babylon again
Break free from the slave
Every black woman a come
Ethiopia's last judgment
Babylon turn ashes when me done
Tell them sey a greater fun
Bigger judgment

Them keep on grabbing
How they've been stabbing
Now the ghetto fire caan cool
Well then, them keep on plotting
Black progress you've been stopping
So me take the ghetto youths them out a you school
Babylon you keep on rushing to where I see nothing
When you know sey you a fi me foot stool
Babylon you're always mocking
This a Zion high trodding
Stop take the ghetto youths them fi fool
See them deh eh
Bout see slave they stop chill
Pon Babylon plantation a you a go get kill
Me sey gwaan a Africa
Cause mount Zion haffe build
Every tribal man come utilise your skill

Give I strength, give I the power
Unnuh fi give me all your will
Give I the plough and the mashett
Mek me go clean up the earth
Food haffi plant, but Jack belly nah go fill
Them fight gainst the youths
Him and him breathren name Jill
Well judgement

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Well you're always in pain, more and more
Tell me what's your name on your slave master door
Today you complain
Tomorrow you no sure
And then you run go wipe up blacker master floor
I see you in the morning, rushing out and through your door
Nuh Babylon bus unnuh deh hussle and board
Just know the human rights
So make your youths them secure
Black people so sweet
Nuh make Babylon plaster unnuh like sore

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Where do you go from here your response
And if you give me no joy, you better hold your distance
Me tell the ghetto youth the best thing is self-reliance
Live for yourself, that is significant
Well Babylon, me nuh fool fi make you run come conquer
Yes you know, these ghetto youths them well you could not pamper
Tell them the donkey haffi Christ a mule you fi hamper
What a brain solver yah pon Nebuchadnezzar
Babylon take the mass of the land, giving the people them butter
Sey them a top class and a brand us as the nigger
Sey them a high society and we a small settler
Well thunder, lightning pon crevice and corner
Well judgement

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