

# Protection

## Protoje

A word unto the wise is enough  
You can look but don't touch  
My reparation and such  
Cause out here in this jungle we roar  
Every king has his thrown  
And if you enter my zone  
And going to protect my own  
Protect my own  
I will protect my own  
Protect my own Bread basket from birth to the casket  
I heard they been talkin some words I look past it  
I was brought up and taught of the tactics  
and learned that the Lion no turn when dog barkin'  
Watch who you burn  
Who you stark with  
And you haffi go earn if you want it  
So we nuh concern with who harking  
When dem spit can't catch where we walking  
Enemies in disguise wanna see my demise Dem don't even realize jah no wrong dem  
Cause a see that in life you achieve something nice  
But achieve something twice is a problem  
Then you can imagine what a face  
Two up in hand and another on the way  
Plus I have another in the brain  
And every other one a put the other one to shame A word unto the wise is enough  
You can look but don't touch  
My reparation and such  
Cause out here in this jungle we roar  
Every king has his thrown  
And if you enter my zone  
I have to protect my own  
Protect my own  
I will protect my own  
Protect my own Kick it  
Sharp like the thorn crown pon Christ head  
But you know the flow hard doe like slice bread  
Lyrics melt the butter fi mek a nice spread  
But a nuh margarine a pull the margin eenn  
Get rich dem marching out

And if you marching out  
And you inna a doubt  
You march without me I rather march alone  
Than fi march back home  
Tell me queen say me lost the thrown  
No, this was built on the power of the truth  
discovering the powers and empowering the yutes  
If you give dem a minute dem devouring the fruits  
And within an hour called it sour chappy roots  
Unno see it, nuh skill like Bibi pon me feet  
But drop me pon di riddim, watch the clarity weh speak  
Dem nuh parity between what we have and what we need  
So strength out the wise and protection for the meek A word unto the wise is enough  
You can look but don't touch  
My reparation and such  
Cause out here in this jungle we roar  
Every king has his thrown  
And if you enter my zone  
And going to protect my own  
Protect my own  
I will protect my own  
Protect my own

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