

How Much More

Magic Slim, Nick Holt & The Teardrops

Now everyday another youth hitch up in a gutter
Now I man talk and I man stutter
Can't understand say you fi try and help
The youth them make them get big, what
Say how much more ghetto youth have fi suffer?
How much more live without bread and butter?
How much more body we a go discover
Have fi live together every brother and we sister
Stop suffer
Me say, Jah pan the land a so we live a, so we die
Can't find the answer to the question why
Me say the sky is the limit, so you try touch the sky
Put your trust in the God now, Jah, Rastafari, Selassie
Hear how me cry and give me a bly
Never trouble you so why you want shoot the eye
Too much wicked man deh 'bout ya oh me oh my
Now feel it inna me heart when a siren a cry
How much more ghetto youth have fi suffer?
How much more live without bread and butter?
How much more body we a go discover
Have fi live together every brother and we sister
Stop suffer
Me say easy no youth, you love fi shoot
Now you deh a prison a suck off, man flute
Mama say you brut, you living like a coot
Jah, Jah never send no life, pan no parachute
Bad company make the I take the wrong route
Now you de behind the bar in a crisp stripe suit
And everyday another man a try pick dey fruit
Now them have you pan them nosel like a brand new recruit
How much more ghetto youth have fi suffer?
How much more live without bread and butter?
How much more body we a go discover
Have fi live together every brother and we sister
Stop suffer
Like a butter ?pon a piece of hot bread
A so your blood run when a shot lick your head
Don't you think it's better living than it is to be dead
And in the Bible it is written and so it should be said

Thou shall not kill, neither blood must shed
And yet still you wouldn't mind full me up the lead
And tell me if your conscience no burn you when you go a bed
And now you can't sleep, you de a think 'bout the dead
So how much more ghetto youth have fi suffer?
How much more live without bread and butter?
How much more body we a go discover
Have fi live together every brother and we sister
Stop suffer
Life it rough inna the ghetto
Everyday me neighborhood a run like Soweto
Over the badness is like you no let go
The other day them shot me bredrin in front of Esso
Take away him wallet with about twenty peso
After them shot him, then dump him over there so
And all me a warn is like me never say so
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How much more live without bread and butter?
How much more body we a go discover
Have fi live together every brother

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