

# 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  
How much more ghetto youth have fi suffer?  
How much more live without bread and butter?  
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How much more body we a go discover  
Have fi live together every brother

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