

Poor & Humble

Wayne Wade

Wayne Wade - Poor and Humble - Lyrics

I'd rather to be poor and clean and humble
Than to be rich in mansions
And the poor man cries around me, yes
Say he cause my youts to suffer, he cause me deadly pain
No way sir
That ain't me

It's better to be poor and humble
Not to have sin on your head
The poor man's eye water, is seeping down your brain
No way sir

I'd rather to be poor and humble
Or let them dig my grave
I came here to live and not to be a slave
I didn't come here to die
No way sir

The wages are seen as dead
The gift of Jah is eternal life
Why should I die
I bear no answer
No aw-ahn-in-a-Babylon-swer

Oh, oh oh oh, my poor black Momma cries
My black Momma cries
Be poor and humble any way oh Jah Jah

We gonna serve you
For the rest of our day-ays

Cause Jah Jah love the poor and humble
He love the man who walks in a humble way
No more astray

Whaaooooaaooo sing a song unto Jah
We gonna sing a love song to you Jah
Oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh, whaaooo ho

Sing a love song to you Jah Jah

I'd rather to be poor and humble
Or to walk in a simple way
Oh Jah

We gonna serve you
For the rest of our day-ays

Cause Jah Jah love the poor and humble
He love the man who walks in a humble way

Lyrics Submitted by AnonymousHero

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