

Ripe Leaf

Sizzla

Yeah Blessed
Yeah man black people
African people just one love and one joy you know
Blessed
Them is the black man and black woman kingdom you know
Check it
So we go

A lot of people don't got no good in a them and me see it
The wicked a go drop off like ripe leaf
Nuff a them no got no love in a them, how you do it?
That mean you wouldn't give the ghetto youths food fi eat
Nuff a them no got no love in a them and me see it
The heathen a go drop off like ripe leaf
Nuff a them no got no love in a them, how you do it?

That mean you would a scorn the ghetto youths well
Well a who got the matches?
Who got the gasoline?
Youths clear the passage
Cause a fire me deh dash
Like a macca marijuana
Tell them me ask
Nuff a them a it me find out
Nuff a them a happen
Nuff boy turn your friend just through cash
Laugh and a pretend then a stab you in the back
Well me humble, a wait,
Meekly a watch into the fire
Way deh blaze nuff a them a keep back
You run gone go dig you pit and set up them trap
A bear wolf a go under the lock
So King Emmanuel put on me turban wrap
So them yah time Babylon you must get lash
Like a tomato you must get splash
Them a chant bout me poor through me clothes full a patch
And through them pull a door and got a key to them lock
Well Babylon Jesse Christ him black

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Find out the devil send them fi me hang them
Well Babylon you lose cause I nah pretend
Well a who go bend them fi me come straight them
Caan follow I, nor the Lion in a the den
Tell me now a who go friend them fi me go shame them
With Selassie I free Emmanuel anthem
Well then a who go strength them
To misled Jah children
Babylon this never yet no problem
Yow, a some skunk them
Come we go dump them
The wicked man tell me who do you praise?
The Alien
In them yah time yah
Me sey a them they got to bless
Fire got to bless

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Well then I live for Jah all my days
And if a no King Selassie you deh praise well the heathen a go rage
Fire me deh blaze
So me tell them sey
Them a the real hypocrite
Them caan take me fire them a walk and a spit
Through no wicked I no subject did nah commit
Them only rob the poor then go bow to the rich
Me find out a hatred nuff a practice
Mister Scrapehead just come fi you justice
Cause everyday you devise some mischief

Now rude boy you ready 'cause things done sleve

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