

# Touch Di Metal

## Jahmiel

We never foret the slum, we never, we never.....

For the nation, hey

Why mi fi hype when mi know waa poor feel like?

Thats why mi always wish fi ghetto yute live a better life

Many a times mi coulda get caught up

Its just the way I was brought up

Mek yuh nuh see mi in a handcuff

Wah mi a sey

A true dem nuh have it, a weh mi never get the food fi the basket, yea

So them go touch the metal, yea

Nuff end up in a casket

A try find a way but a the hardest, yea

So them go touch the metal, yea

Yute them tired of the same old thing

Bigger heads with the same old grin

When mi say better life, mi nuh care about bling

A nuh flossing ting with champagne open

Waa bout the mother weh cyaa find the school fee

Ah the system turn the yute in a true G

Cause she was a vender when the cops enter, she and the goods them surrender

Ah true dem nuh have it, a weh mi never get the food fi the basket, yea

So them go touch the metal, yea

Nuff end up in a casket

A try find a way but a the hardest, yea

So them go touch the metal, yea

I coulda be one of those yute's

But instead mi get the rhythm and talk the truth, yea

Cause it aint easy

And too many times we see the same story replay

And nuff waan mek it the clean wayi»¿ but ah....

A true dem nuh have it, a weh mi never get the food fi the basket, yea

So them go touch the metal, yea

Nuff end up in a casket

A try find a way but a the hardest, yea

So them go touch the metal, yea(x2)

Lyrics Submitted by FreshGunzout473

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