

Watch Over Them

Ms. Dynamite

Every day I wake I feel like crying,
Every second I feel like praying,
Every where I turn my people dying,
Brothers and sisters now listen what I'm saying...
I don't really feel like writing,
And i don't really feel like singing,
Coz everywhere I look my people fighting,
And It's out own that we're killing.
The same gunmen that cry 'bout suppression,
Of the white man and he's racist oppression,
Go a church and give God he's confesion,
Gun in his pocket and crack in his possession.
Damn hypocrite don't be disillusioned,
Yeah life is tough but that's not no solution,
You g'wan like ya brave,
That's an illusion,
Brave man wouldn't kill his own,
Would start a revolution.
Gunamn and too much drug man,
What are we showing the youts dem?
We should be protecting,
Instead we're destroying.
Oh father,
Watch over them...

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