

Chase Dem

Stephen Marley

Ey, and they say it's part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well, my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold
While they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
I know I can find my way for there is light
Chase dem

Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold
And they'll say it's a part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well, my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold
While they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
Now I'll pave my way and I'll pave it right
Chase dem
Run them politicians

When I see dem I get cold
They'll still say it's a part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold
And they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
I know I can find my way for out there is light
Chase dem

Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold
Chase
Run, run, run
Ay, ay, ay, ay
Get them out, get them out
Run them away
(Chase)

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