Green Grass

Cibelle

Ready now
Mi ready now
Mi ready now

Too much white snow
Give them that hype flow
Mek the youths dem brain a trackle slow joe
Give dem that green grass
Never surpass
For my future, my present and the past

Give me a pound make me cut it up
Cut it up
Pass it around let me load me cup
Load me cup
Red gold and green full me Dutchie up
Dutchie up
While the army green full me Cutchie up
Cutchie up
Archie come in mek we take a sup
Down pon di scene we chant reggae in Europe
Wicked hear dem vibes yah dem get furious
The few them that love us
Some already curious

Enthusiasm fills my cup
Makes me want to chant from dawn till dusk
Too much white snow
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Mek dem youths a brain a trackle slow joe
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If dem nuh stop cut down all the herb fields
We burning all the cane fields
Let they feel how the pain feels
Seasonal shipments of banana
Dem naw free up Jah marijuana
Need at least a pound pon every corner, yeah
Mi hear dem a plan fi gang Jah
Hear dem dirty plans Jah
Lightening an thunder
Cause the wicket burns a sunder
Too much white snow
Rasta say no
Rasta say no

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Bring out the best in me
Smoke till mi old it never stress me
So move with you white snow and you ecstasy
Rasta no want dem ting beside a mi

Dem come a Curefest, dem bring the best for me
Give me the more, no less for me
A me name the Cure straight west for me
Orange Hill, Orange Hill
A deh so me chill

Too much white snow
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Too much white snow

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