

In His Own Words

Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley & Nas

[Chorus - Jr. Gong]Jah told you in his own words

And I'll see you through

To guide you through this cold world

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To guide you through this cold world

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[Verse 1 - Nas]Two steps away from death, a vest and a holster

I detest detectives arresting us over

Weapons possession, they was checking the Rover

Inspecting the tattoos on my neck and my shoulder

How many times I'm one of six coffin-holders

Or sitting with goons in a visiting room

Flip it, I could've been you

Behind state walls bidding

These are the things that a G pray for, acquit us

A little stash in the safe or a little shorty to wait for

Or a shorty to take the weight for him

What really did I escape from?

Thought I saw God's face on the design on my vintage Claiborne

Swear I see em every day in the bus or the train

Or the billboards out there that hang tall

I still give thanks for him, have faith for him

No matter what his name's called

[Chorus - Jr. Gong][Verse 2 - Jr. Gong]Hey can you think of a colour that you've never seen?

Can you reminisce on places you've never been?

Well is many are called

But them never deemed

Worthy for the cause

Cause them never clean

Help who help themselves

Jah nuh raffle dream

That's why me chummy with Jah Jah

Like a Cherubim

Keep us strong through the winter like an Evergreen

And all of us are more connected than it ever seems

All things are related and creation is a package

Generate together and we increase the wattage
A how them a go manage?
Tell Babylon them can't do Rasta damage
Nor stop we through the passage
Jah did make a promise, God is always honest
Always keep his word, don't care what the plan is
Don't be astonished
Stumbling bocks vanish
One day the meek gonna live inna di palace, Woah!
[Chorus - Jr. Gong][Verse 3 - Nas]Some people ask me if I feel the zionists are real
And in my songs do I plan to expose and reveal
Word to the curb that's under these chrome wheels
My homies is only ones I'm taking care of
But severe reality starts to become more clear
And these know-it-all rappers have become more weird
As if they were superior and fans are inferior
How I balance between the streets and the theories of
Collegiate literature, I hold mirrors up
Give combinations of pain, joy, fear, and love
Through my perspective I can see Jah reflection
In the highest definition getting high with my brethren
Could've asked us why Africans dying from circumcision
They lack proper surgeons, suffer malnutrition
Underestimate the wealth of their own wisdom
It's like it's been exchanged for this penicillin
[Chorus - Jr. Gong]

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