Freshie

Kardinal Offishall

It's eight o'clock here in kingston, jamaica
The kingston police have issued an apb
Out for wanted criminal rostacious johnson
He has last been seen headed towards
The united states of america or canada
If you have any info please call us right away

[Chorus]
I was a gangsta,
Livin' my life hustlin' on the block, with no food to eat
Rollin' with them prankstas
Settin' the streets on fire with the heat
I had no choice as a gangsta,
Livin' my life hustlin' on the block, with no food to eat
Rollin' with them prankstas
Settin' the streets on fire with the heat

Aiyyo, stepped off the edge of 'maica at the age of ten
Landed at the dot airport, comin' out of may pen
Raised by his grandmama, until his real mama
Could send for the youth, and reunite, aiight
So now he's growin' up exposed to the ghetto limelight
No pops (nope) plus his moms got to work nights
Moonlightin' as a janitor, to make bread for the two
All the while he's growin' up, runnin' with a crew
It started off tryin' to make a little extra creamer
But then it turned to pushin' rocks, savin' for the beamer
Told his moms he got a job workin' in the trade
At a local grease monkey, that's how he's gettin' paid
And that's how he got the deal on the black man wagon
Moms thought it was suspect, but she's still braggin'
To her kin about "how he come home and grow right"
All the while he's wildin' out, money starts pilin' now
The next crew saw the flex and start red eye
Jealous of the way them niggas hustle,
Til he get a little muscle, uh huh, bust a bunch of shots
There my nigga laid, really holdin' down the block
That nigga gangsta

[Chorus]

Hey yo, six weeks in intensive, holdin' on to prayers
On the seventh, he was back on his back in the west wing
His man done came visiting, in his ear whispering
How the block was hot, and there was 'nuff shots whistling
Another week and he was back on his feet
Discharged, ready to get back and hit the street
Moms was still working overtime, clueless to the real
About how his son was livin' in the hood packin' steel
Pushin' coke no joke them cats wanted retaliation
Word got back, about who led the slaughter
One nigga named blaka, real name elroy
Next day (boom) what happened to that boy
For the next three months my man stayed on the low
Told his moms he wasn't workin' cause the garage was slow
But just as he tried to resurface on the strip
Someone on the turf called 222-tips

[Chorus]

Now my man locked up, and had to sweat inside a jail
Cause his man done fled the scene, and moms couldn't afford bail
The trial came and went, his mother cried "discrimination!"
Said the judge didn't know her son
He said he knew him too well, he'd seen him there before
Turned the cheek cryin', now he feels he's on fire
Got burned by the same liquor, quit talkin' fresh
He doesn't know how to act, so now he got to go back
My man got dipped, sent right back to may pen
Grandma didn't want him, now family wouldn't take him
He thought about work, but he said "f that!"
He got a fake passport and just came right back

[Chorus: x2]

It is a sunny day here in Jamaica
Unfortunately we have bad news to report
Rostacious Johnson was apprehended in Canada
And suffered fatal wounds to the back of the head
Rest in peace my brother
Anyways, in tomorrow's news

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