

The Message (feat. Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley)

Bunji Garlin

There's music in your soul, Minerals in your soil
Children full of beauty worth way much more than oil
While history unfolds, don't let a good thing spoil Oh no, no I apologize, seeing the crime rate rising infinite
Everywhere people around me a Drop like fly yet I live in it
I look to the sky and ask Almighty when will it finish
Is this a sign of the last days, The last few minutes
Cause the land overrun with Knives and guns and murderous gimmicks
Good people around while bad pree murderous limits
I keep my faith and wait cause I know evil can't win it But this is not the time nor the place for the punks and
timid In a world that's suppose to be peaceful, every little youth turn killa.
None a dem have respect for the laws of land dem a real blood spilla
Them forgot when the parents lay dem down in the beds and pilla
Saying son you have to be a Good boy but them get bigger And pull trigger
Every question gunshot is the Answer well go figure
Them don't want to dig deep in Their heart searching for the goodness like.
We a grave digger, well this message from Bunji Garlin and the one Gongzilla
Almighty father is telling you (Repeat) Can I walk the Savannah at least Buy my pholourie in peace Without
being traileed by a full detail of ten bodyguard and police Must sum'n inna island breeze, Mek violence spread
like disease
Cause most juvenile guns out and while with no respect for og's
Can I walk round a Half Way Tree
With nobody else but me With Cash inna pocket and nobody a
Watch it and nobody a target me
Well it must be the deep blue seas tha spread to the bun and the cheese
That make everybody up inna the island waan grab up something and squeeze
Can you imagine how the sword dem sharp
Man a hunt fi the bake and shark
Should a heed advice when the place did nice
That a before the whole thing start
Now every man stop tek talk and every man start think dark
Out in the street blood spray like when Juve a morning cork
Long time Kingston tell we to put down the gun
From Port of Spain to Hellshire
Don't get caught up making people head road round like Michelin tire
From grandmother bawl and grandson a fall your soul going to burn in fire Don't let them get your life and draw
your soul like it's a vampire (Repeat)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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