

Ras Trent

The Lonely Island

Jah, Rastafarianism

Yes I, Ras Trent

Who dem? You no want test me champion sound
Oh fire pon Babylon and fire pon a batty boy

Rude boy living in the shanty dorms

My roommate Nick is an ignorant ball head
Now chant down Babylon midterm essays

Then puff from de chalice

I fi make from a Sprite can
Last week I read a book about Selassie I

Then told my bomboclat parents

I was switching religions
Excuse I, oh hot stepper

You do so many dutty crimes

And plus you're fully skylarking all the time

Unnu look ya now
Have you ever noticed how ball heads suck?

Excuse I for my skanking

Give thanks and praise

Me toil part-time at Jah Cold Stone Creamery
In a dub style

Roller skates, a DVD of Cool Runnings

Murder, She Wrote
Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent

Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent
Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent

Please guide me pon your bike path of righteousness
Oh stannaho, stannaho, stannaho, stannahoy Jah

Fussing and fighting and Zion and Roots

Red Stripe, Shabba, Ragamuffin and culture

Me night nurse never want to plant de corn

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