

What's the Word

Chubb Rock

Mr. Bush, you better check out your own part in the divine drama
You may find you the Devil Listen, 'cause in 1990
Chubb Rock and the gang is on a banned mission
Hostility will rule like a Jamaican [Incomprehensible]
And ooh filled with dumplings, hopefully no dumpings Like guns will be present while I keep the people jumpin'
Not too much, South Africa isn't free yet
I spoke to the kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck
New Jersey, and they heard me while I cursed the White minority regime, painted an ill scene
Brothers and sisters over there dyin'
Mandela in a cell in Robbin Island
Thank God he's out now, and while I sing I know he has things in a full swing, yeah
This year crumb-snatcher Thatcher, we're gonna catch her
Being a klutz, her husband is a drunk putz
He acts absurd, now what's the word? Johannesburg
Johannesburg
Okay okay, come on
Okay okay, come on Okay okay, come on
Okay okay, come on
Okay okay, come on
Okay okay, come on If he's the President, pullin' out my Ray-Gun Listen, brothers and sisters
It's time for everyone to go fishin'
For your history, open a book and read
Between the lines, don't recline your mind Sometimes I don't know how to make it understood
That a lot of black movies have been tampered by Hollywood
So it's important, take the name and date and step
Research it yourself, 'cause you owe a large debt To yourself, your history is yours to keep
Or you won't reap in the benefits, don't let Mr. Rabinowitz
Sell you something with a zing, to get blissed
Leave the rock to the Nazis, excel in Yahtzee Be a bookworm, not a bookend, 'cause men
Before you have died so you can taste freedom
If we can't beat 'em we'll delete 'em, so now
What's the word? Johannesburg
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Okay okay, come on
If he's the President, pullin' out my Ray-Gun
Throughout history, no physical might has ever crushed
The invincible spirit of a nation
And yes, we are a nation, a different coloration
But that isn't significant, pull a ligament
While you're standin', pumpin' your fist they will miss
And crumble and remain in the cold abyss
And now it's time for action, action is the verb
The pronoun I will say, scream, "What's the word?"
Now come on, what's the word?
Alright, I'm gonna bring in the aspect
Of my man Rob-n-O
The Jamaica aspect, come now I'm a soldier, I'm a soldier
I'm gonna chase up Gaddafi and run down Botha
Botha betta run him betta start [Incomprehensible]
I mash up [Incomprehensible] when he conquer
Your gun gonna fire, come fatter
Say it to the sky like a ball of fire
Jah come foot rule over [Incomprehensible]
Gun gonna fire, I'm a soldier
Alright, time for the American English aspect
From my man Rob Swinga, come now Yo, I wonder why is it that in Africa
The black people are the 2nd and 3rd class citizens?
I mean I thought Africa was black
Isn't that what they told us in our own history books in America?
I mean, yo it's something to think about
They gonna tell me I'm black and I'm from Africa
Yet still somebody's tellin' me
I have no right to say what goes on there
I mean I can't understand that at all!
That's something to really make you
Stop and think and say
"Hmm"

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