

# Freedom

[æf®è<Yé!™ç¹”](#)

Chuh

Babylon yuh betta turn wi loose  
God knows, turn wi loose, now  
Sing along, a little song  
An guh a ting like  
Freedom, for some I am bawling  
Babylon, yuh pull di chain from mi han  
Mi still under yuh Babylon system  
God knows, freedom, for some I am bawling  
Oh Selassie I, Rastafarian calling  
Beenie Man a sing a ting  
From the day mi know myself, man a born of mammal  
Although yuh smart, dem sen yuh guh a Jamal  
Teach yuh how fi spell gun and nuclear weapon  
How fi spell politics and greet politician  
Nowhere in the Bible, where those words come from?  
Dem restore wi name an class us as African  
When con is a short name for condemnation  
I nuh know 'bout di I, I a true Ethiopian  
Christopher Columbus, 'bout him discover island  
Discover what when him come spot the Indian  
An a him tun roun an all enslave black man  
Mussolini an him friend, dem tief the gold and all di diamond  
Who steal wi name, check the queen wheh deh a England?  
A she build the pope and introduce Vatican  
From Constantine, Julius and all Pope John  
Now dem reach Paul I wonder if dem want to expand  
Queen Elizabeth, all she is a next one  
Well, mi naah guh too stress, me just a look a explanation  
This is the word from the black man  
Freedom, for some I am bawling  
Babylon, yuh pull di chain from mi han  
Mi still under yuh Babylon system  
God knows, freedom, for some I am bawling  
Oh Selassie I, Rastafarian calling  
Beenie Man a sing a ting  
I say man a true needle, kill the dragon and eagle  
Murda di Pope wheh a defender of evil  
Long time dem bwoi deh a pressure black people

Have wi like a slave, under chain and shackle  
Now wi buss out inna muscle  
Well, a long time mi deh warn dem fi look to the east  
Warning to the dragon and the mark of the beast  
Mek dem a galong suh like dem caan tun discease  
Call on the Selassie wher a blow all di breeze  
Weeping, wailing, nashing of teeth  
God judgment is only certain man see it  
Pope Constantine, inna him grave an all a grief  
This is no Pelican Brief, my speech  
Freedom, for some I am bawling  
Babylon, yuh pull di chain from mi han  
Mi still under yuh Babylon system  
God knows, freedom, for some I am bawling  
Oh Selassie I, Rastafarian calling  
Beenie Man a sing a ting  
People, well, unnuh clean out yuh ears an listen to mi lyrics  
Yuh nuh hear 'bout di Lieshah di ball head prophet  
Word of Elijah, di man used to spread it  
John di most righteous man yet still wasn't a prophet  
He could not be God, dem haffi tun him inna baptist  
This is the meaning of ma lyrics in these times  
Mandela come an try it  
Well, him never reach far, prison wall di man face it  
Malcolm X try an a coppershot end it  
All try and dem beat it an kill it  
Marcus Garvey try a fi rice dem, sell it  
Only we inna di music business can stop it  
Follow Beenie Man and all live it  
Freedom, for some I am bawling  
Babylon, yuh pull di chain from mi han  
Mi still under yuh Babylon system  
God knows, freedom, for some I am bawling  
Oh Selassie I, Rastafarian calling  
Beenie Man a sing a ting

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