

# Green Grass

Elisa Waut

Ready now  
Mi ready now  
Mi ready now

Too much white snow  
Give them that hype flow  
Mek the youths dem brain a trackle slow joe  
Give dem that green grass  
Never surpass  
For my future, my present and the past

Give me a pound make me cut it up  
Cut it up  
Pass it around let me load me cup  
Load me cup  
Red gold and green full me Dutchie up  
Dutchie up  
While the army green full me Cutchie up  
Cutchie up  
Archie come in mek we take a sup  
Down pon di scene we chant reggae in Europe  
Wicked hear dem vibes yah dem get furious  
The few them that love us  
Some already curious

Enthusiasm fills my cup  
Makes me want to chant from dawn till dusk  
Too much white snow  
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Mek dem youths a brain a trackle slow joe  
Give dem that green grass  
Never surpass  
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If dem nuh stop cut down all the herb fields  
We burning all the cane fields  
Let they feel how the pain feels  
Seasonal shipments of banana  
Dem naw free up Jah marijuana  
Need at least a pound pon every corner, yeah  
Mi hear dem a plan fi gang Jah  
Hear dem dirty plans Jah  
Lightening an thunder  
Cause the wicket burns a sunder  
Too much white snow  
Rasta say no  
Rasta say no

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Bring out the best in me  
Smoke till mi old it never stress me  
So move with you white snow and you ecstasy  
Rasta no want dem ting beside a mi

Dem come a Curefest, dem bring the best for me  
Give me the more, no less for me  
A me name the Cure straight west for me  
Orange Hill, Orange Hill  
A deh so me chill

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