# Freedom

## Los Creepers

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 wheh 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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