

Zinc Fence Jungle

Anthony B

(Chorus)

This one is a village trap/

To those in a zinc fence jungle/

Another gun shot clap/

And everybody just a rush and stumble/(Luciano)

Really and truly, I don't like to see/

The way of the youths, are living today/

They don't read their bibles, they don't even pray/

Oh my God, show them the way/(Anthony B)

Now we ah living in a zinc fence jungle/

Ah where the youth have gun in a bungle/

zinc fence jungle/

some so wicked, them a work for the devil/In a zinc fence jungle/

Anthony B and Luciano beg you humble/

zinc fence jungle/

if you not clean, youth man you gonna crumble/Some rise, some fall/

some never rise up, no not at all/

Some hungry, nah stop from yawn/

Mount corner full of white squan, cha Lawd/They take we, from outta me motherland/

And slave pon dem plantation/

And carry can lift from capture land/

Can't build no continent from no island/(Chorus)

This one is a village trap/

To those in a zinc fence jungle/

Another gun shot clap/

And everybody just a rush and stumble/(Luciano)

Though me tell em fi good/

Put down the drugs and tude/

Though happy and bad/

They turn on the heat instead/Man a lick gun shot/

Shotta fire like rain/

Another youth life gone down the drain/(Chorus)

This one is a village trap/

To those in a zinc fence jungle/

Another gun shot clap/

And everybody just a rush and stumble/(Anthony B)

Now we ah living in a zinc fence jungle/

Ah where the youth have gun in a bungle/

zinc fence jungle/

some so wicked, them a work for the devil/In a zinc fence jungle/
Anthony B and Luciano beg you humble/
zinc fence jungle/
your heart not clean, youth man you gonna crumble/Black man from the wealthiest kingdom/
And they use slavery and bring we down/
And left we as poor man in di slum/
Sufferation, there's nowhere to turn/
Luciano won't you help me explain this one?/(Luciano)
Really and truly, I don't like to see/
The way of the youths, are living today/
They don't read their bibles, they don't even pray/
Oh my God, show them the way/(Anthony B)
Now we ah living in a zinc fence jungle/
Ah where the youth have gun in a bungle/
zinc fence jungle/
some so wicked, them a work for the devil/

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