Living In Love

I Wayne

[1st verse]

I love to see my people living in love
I hate to see them fighting & swimming in blood
Nuff neglect the farming, the scorning the mud
Yet they want to be the first to reap the fruit as it bud (OH!)
They fill the earth with prison, church, and whore house
Love the rum bar, yet them hate the pure house
Dem take the microchip and now a wrath a pour out
Less food, more drought and more mouth (oh)

[Chorus]

Rasta tell dem all the while
Stop war and go till the soil
Stop fighting for land and oil
Fi di coil so many go defile
Slave master spit inna dem face dem tek dat wit a smile
Di banks of the nile so mild and so fertile acres more than a zillion mile
People acting vile pick up cannibal style
Wah devour mama, papa, and child, (oh)

[2nd verse]

Sew life seed it and mek it buss
Dem sey dem ting dem tek too long fi grow and start to cuss har
I couldn't trust some of those as how I trust her
Such is life, dem say ah just her
I see Cassia Heights weh dem call di squater land
Some sey fi government, some sey fi Mathalon
Still no wan share although dem got a lot ah land
Dem wan fi turn a gun range and shotta land.

[Chorus]

Rasta tell dem all the while
Stop war and go till the soil
Stop fighting for land and oil
Fi di coil so many go defile
Slave master spit inna dem face dem tek dat wit a smile

The banks of the nile so mild & so fertile acres more than ah zillion mile
The people acting vile pick up cannibal style
Wah devour mama, papa, and child

[3rd verse]

Politician ah talk certain tings dem nah mention
Sey ah drugs and gun people tax money spend pon
Come wit plastic smile & dem wicked intention
Inna ya hand, a where dem put dem evil invention
Turn gun model seeking attention
See it deh now ya dead and it is no redemption
Parents ah wonder where to get the first cent from
To bury the dirt dem not even got pension

[Chorus]

Rasta tell dem all the while
Stop war and go til the soil
Stop fighting for land and oil
Fi di coil so many go defile
Slave master spit inna dem face dem tek dat wit a smile
Di banks of the nile so mild and so fertile acres more than ah zillion mile
The people acting vile pick up cannibal style
Wah devour mama, papa, and child

[Rpt 1st verse]

I love to see my people living in love.
I hate to see them fighting and swimming in blood.
Nuff neglect the farming, scorning the mud.
Yet they want to be the first to pick the fruit as it bud (oh)
They turn the earth inna prison, church, and whore house
Love the rum bar, yet they hate the pure house
Dem take the micro chip and now a wrath a pour out
Less food, more mouth and more drought

[Chorus]

Rasta tell dem all the while
Stop war and go till the soil
Stop fighting for land and oil
Fi the coil so many go defile
Slave master spit inna dem face dem tek dat wit a smile
Da banks of the nile so mild and so fertile measures more than ah zillion mile
People acting vile, dem pick up cannibal style

Wah devour mama, papa, and child

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