

# Ras Trent

## The Lonely Island

Jah, Rastafarianism  
Yes I, Ras Trent  
Who dem? You no want test me champion sound  
Oh fire pon Babylon and fire pon a batty boy  
Rude boy living in the shanty dorms  
My roommate Nick is an ignorant ball head  
Now chant down Babylon midterm essays  
Then puff from de chalice  
I fi make from a Sprite can  
Last week I read a book about Selassie I  
Then told my bomboclat parents  
I was switching religions  
Excuse I, oh hot stepper  
You do so many dutty crimes  
And plus you're fully skylarking all the time  
Unnu look ya now  
Have you ever noticed how ball heads suck?  
Excuse I for my skanking  
Give thanks and praise  
Me toil part-time at Jah Cold Stone Creamery  
In a dub style  
Roller skates, a DVD of Cool Runnings  
Murder, She Wrote  
Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent  
Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent  
Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent  
Please guide me pon your bike path of righteousness  
Oh stannaho, stannaho, stannaho, stannahoy Jah  
Fussing and fighting and Zion and Roots  
Red Stripe, Shabba, Ragamuffin and culture  
Me night nurse never want to plant de corn

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>