

Vybz Kartel "Thank You Jah"

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Psalms 127 Selah,
except di lawd build di house,
dey live in vain dat build it, e
xcept di lawd keep di city,
di watchmen watch it, but in vain.
Thank yuh, its just another day, selah, its just another
day,
thank yuh jah mi wake up dis morning roll out di herbs
before me start yawning
tun round bus a kiss pon mi dawlin tell har seh honey
mi ah touch inna di steet,
in di street mi see poor people bawlin nuff juvenile nuh
even nyam from morning,
weh di black woman future me aks him weh di system a
do fi she?
No. big up di gyal dem weh fight it alone an ah raise
two three pickney pon dem own,
weh di man deh? no man know dey home??,
Babylon have dem inna jail.
Big up di juvenile dem inna di street,
we a seh dem haffi make it an nah touch di chrome,
dem no waan wi fi claim our own,
but Africa nah found nuf hole inna road??,

Ghetto youth we go on and on Babylon waan wi gone,
hungry from morning til night come,
dem waan wi fi live our life so,
dem ah wonder if di youth dem a go stop, no, a wonder
if di ghetto a go drop, no,
dem a wonder if wi catch inna di trap, no, a wonder if
jah tun him back. no,

Thank yuh jah mi wake up dis morning,
got up an smile out when mi see it stormin,
mi vision seh better days coming every day dat mi a
pree,
mi nuh see nuh job nah no free education weh dem did
promise,
none ah dem never give way nothing,
its like ghetto youths lost to di system every day dat mi
a pree,
no, big up di gyal dem weh fight it alone an ah raise

two three pickney pon dem own,
weh di man deh? no man know dey home, Babylon
have dem inna jail.
Big up di juvenile dem inna di street,
we a seh dem haffi make it an nah touch di chrome,
dem no waan wi fi claim our own, but Africa nah found
nuf hole inna road,
ghetto youth we go on and on,
Babylon waan wi gone, hungry from morning til night
come, dem waan wi fi live our life so,
dem ah wonder if di youth dem a go stop,
no, a wonder if di ghetto a go drop,
no, dem a wonder if wi catch inna di trap, no, a wonder
if jah tun him back.no,

Thank yuh jah mi wake up dis morning roll out di herbs
before me start yawning tun round bus a kiss pon mi
dawlin tell har seh honey mi ah touch inna di steet,
in di street mi see poor people bawlin nuff juvenile nuh
even nyam from morning,
weh di black woman future me aks him weh di system a
do fi she?

No. big up di gyal dem weh fight it alone an ah raise
two three pickney pon dem own, weh di man deh?
no man know dey home, Babylon have dem inna jail.
Big up di juvenile dem inna di street, we a seh dem
haffi make it an nah touch di chrome,
dem no waan wi fi claim our own, but Africa nah found
nuf hole inna road,

Ghetto youth we go on and on Babylon waan wi gone,
hungry from morning til night come,
dem waan wi fi live our life so, dem ah wonder if di
youth dem a go stop,
no, a wonder if di ghetto a go drop,
no, dem a wonder if wi catch inna di trap,
no, a wonder if jah tun him back. no

Thank yuh jah mi wake up dis morning, got up an smile
out when mi see it stormin,
mi vision seh better days coming every day dat mi a
pree,
mi nuh see nuh job nah no free education weh dem did
promise,
none ah dem never give way nothing, its likeghetto
youths lost to di system every day dat mi a pree,
big up di gyal dem weh fight it alone an ah raise two
three pickney pon dem own,
weh di man deh? no man know dey home, Babylon
have dem inna jail

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