

## **Baby Cham**

# **"Rudeboy Pledge"**

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### Intro:

The road to success is not straight, there's a curve  
called failure  
A loop called confusion, speed bumps called friends  
And red light called enemies, caution signs called  
family  
And flat tires called jacks, but if you have a spare  
called determination  
And an engine called perserverance, with insurance  
called faith  
And the drive to make it, you'll reach a place called  
success  
Can you hear me! Dat one yah a fi di ghetto youth dem  
Yo star this a murder! Man a ghetto youth fi life, yo

### Chorus:

I, can-not forget where I come, from  
No 'mount of money can't change, man, still blaze di  
skunk  
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk  
But I, won't, forget my roots cause I, don't, worship  
money  
That's not what counts, kill or be killed  
Somehow I have to buy mama house pon di hill

### Verse 1:

I've been through struggles and wars  
I mon survive it with justa few scars  
Nuff man dead some gone behind bars  
So right now real ghetto yutes don't fear police cars  
Experience stage it's knowledge  
Eye bloody up from di streets and college  
But when di whole a we share one sausage  
Serve a now and then mi haffi send back a package  
Weh Cham seh

### Chorus:

I, can-not forget where I come, from  
No 'mount of money can't change, man, still blaze di  
skunk  
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk  
But I, won't, forget my roots cause I, don't, worship

money  
That's not what counts, killed or be killed  
Somehow I have to buy mama house pon di hill

Verse 2:

Some man mek it and a live betta life  
And don't recall di days when we walk wid knife  
A simple argument bring strife  
Some man a diss dem baby modda fi dem Uptown wife  
Dem a front but he a find out  
See dem inna di club and flash cash all about  
And post like thug when in fact dem a scout  
Nuff a dem neva look back dem rich and sell out, but

Chorus:

I, can-not forget where I come, from  
No 'mount of money can't change, man, still blaze di  
skunk  
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk  
But I, won't, forget my roots cause I, don't, worship  
money  
That's not what counts, killed or be killed  
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Verse 3:

Yo! When I was small and growin up  
If we cook than fall is showin up  
Paul left town since Dennis blown up  
Now him have Benz and nah memba him friend  
But, di odda day him get back on di old block  
Broad daylight like round 12 O'Clock  
And come pon di corna wid dem likkle fake act  
And from dem tun millionaire and neva give nuttin  
back, but

Chorus:

I, can-not forget where I come, from  
No 'mount of money can't change, man, still blaze di  
skunk  
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk  
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