

Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley "Halfway Tree"

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Okay, rememnr the breif
And one and two and bounce and bounce
And bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce

It's like keeping a stage show and want the place fi
done
Wha you do call my management that walk wid 50 gun,
wha mi do
Nah goin' go pon stage until me get me funds
Wha mi sing, one Jr.Gong what a hefty sum

Youngest veteran intercept di run
Artist a carry feelings and tears a run
Say you know, say a just true, him a Bob Marley son
How him get a Swizz Beats and you nuh get me none

Wha mi sing strictly ex amount of high grade sess mi
bun
Wha mi sing strictly only high grade princess mi bun
Politician well love push up dem chest mi bun
Certain loud rowdy talking interest mi gun

Now mi come fi bun down all material object
Wid a raas claat gold chain 'round me neck
Me bun a fire pon di man weh love bitch and fret
And want every little detail intricate

Well, dem just can't believe or dem won't accept
Jr.Gong and Swizz beat, fassy don't forget
Well, is it just me or is it hot to death
It's the Halfway Tree C.D. and cassette

DJ. race a run on your mark, get set
And watch everybody run to the record outlet
Tell me who C.D. do you think they get
The one closest to the Bob Marley box set

And boom and anyhow you nuh feel me yet
Well, chances are you might soon go def
Me have a clip fully loaded and one select

Fi any bwoy weh nuh want show the Gong respect

All me shirt and shoes and pants me bet
Say a nuff D.J. haffi go starve to death
While dem girl read about me on the Internet
But it's not their fault, don't get upset

Because dem can't touch me intellect
And boom dem can't even bounce a check
Well, you better rest your drinks pon a serviette
And gwon bounce around until you bust a sweat

Bounce
Just bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce
Just bounce, bounce, bounce

Bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce

So return to di venues you used to fill
And return to the ends where you used to chill
I know them putting some punks on over kill
Wid some everyday tune, I refuse to build

Now you've been waiting patiently until boom
A me name Jr.Gong and still, boom
Ridin' a bounce and you can't stand still, boom
See it deh now your drinks a spill

You have some D.J. think dem shoot to kill
'Cause dem spar wid, a couple thug youths weh will
Wait till dem lickle chumpas, dem have draw nil
Ah di same thug, ah climb thru dem windowsill

And, anyhow you no pay di bill
Well, dem could a find you a sligoville
You better mind how you use your talent and skill
Till you hear man a bruk down your burglar grill

Well, it's from baby pram n to Stroller dem
We rock mics anywhere, we get a hold a dem
Wid di Muffin looking over, we shoulder dem
Better read out all mi portfolio dem

Well, it's roots and branches, sticks and stems
A di Halfway Tree and it a murder dem
Ghetto youths, one fam, you never heard a dem
Dangerous nightlife observer dem

So just bounce, bounce, bounce wit' me
Big man big woman and pickney
Feel no pain when di music hit me
Find all a gyal weh fit me

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So just

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Bounce, bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
...

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