

## **Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley**

### **"She Needs My Love"**

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#### INTRO

I Jr.Gong long side Yami Bolo  
Come to tell you a little story about the girl next door  
Certain tings can happen but she will never know  
Unless she come ah di Rasta man stage show  
I Jr.Gong man have the love connection  
Come fi sail like a big boat across the ocean  
So come and get yourself inna di love motion  
You have di Rastaman wid di love potion

#### CHORUS (Yami Bolo)

She needs my love  
She said she needs my love  
She need my love  
She said she need Jah love

#### CHORUS (Yami Bolo)

She is a girlfriend  
She live next door  
I think I've seen her  
That face before  
Her memories can't  
Erase from my mind  
I love ya angel  
One of a kind

#### VERSE

Well den she see me and she ball out  
YO !! Jr.Gong  
Di searching shall end  
Where the searching begun  
She need a bed room bully  
Who's a real rangatan  
She love me like how black yankee  
Love Farrakhan  
Well she's very impressed  
With the youngest veteran

She started realizing  
There's no better man  
Now when time rain a fall  
I become di weather man  
Performing every one of  
Her stage show dem fi long  
I beg ya pardon deh  
Miss kinky walking  
Bright like sunlight  
When me glimpse you dis morning  
Come down to night  
You ah mi moon shine darling  
Mash up mi head  
All when ah you mi eye balling  
Ready fi di hundred  
With out no stalling  
Ince comes the youngest  
Signal and warning  
Big trampoline  
For di bedroom brawling  
Cause she's not just  
Good she's appalling  
Her performances  
Deserve applauding

#### CHORUS

Precious trinket

Tell her fi link it  
Me nah sink it  
To piece and bit  
When it come down to loving  
It's a perfect fit  
Whole heap ah more loving  
And we just nah quit  
She can't tek the vibe  
Of Babylon dem spirit  
Straight up loving  
And ah nah no bull  
Ah Rastafari bless her  
With di ting she have  
She have all right reserve  
Fi she galang bad  
Fresher than a vegetable  
Inna mi market bag  
Any time she come link up me ends  
Me glad  
Well ah she a get di money  
And a spend di wad  
Cuase me know the chumpas

Will not be squandered  
She mek me start sing  
Some Ray Charles ballad  
Cause the style of the loving  
Is not just a fad

VERSE (Yami Bolo)

She need a lover  
To hug and squeeze her tight  
She need a man to  
Come home at night  
But he's always working  
That's what she say  
I had to tell her  
Go home and pray

CHORUS

VERSE (repeat vs. #1)

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