

Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

"Slave Driver"

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VERSE (Stephen Marley)

Every time I hear the crack of a whip
My blood runs cold
I remember on the slave ship
How they brutalized our very soul
Today they say that we are free
Only to be chained in poverty
Good god I think it's illiteracy
Only a machine that makes

CHORUS

Slave driver
Your table has turned
Catch a fire
Your gonna get burned
Slave driver
Your table has turned
Catch a fire
Your gonna get burned

VERSE

Now dem take up the ghetto youths
And gi dem pure magazine
And take up another set
And gi dem pure 16
And play dem dirty games
Of bloody plots and schemes
And watch dem like a show
Ah harbor view big screen
And con mi brother dem
And go buy dem cream
And turn dem inna police
And bring dem in pon dem team
Ah wah dis father
Him drive 10 grand
Worth ah government Lada
And fight against the ones who
Have the same forefather

Him next door neighbor
All weed we charge for
We children slaughter
Ah we dem want murder
Just read di observer
Right now the city can't get no absurder
After 400 years and whole heap ah brown sugar
We ambush we brother
And go on like never
Used to plan slavery revolt
Inna di bush dem together
We change just like di weather

VERSE (Stephen Marley)

CHORUS

Sons of slaves chant down sons of di slave driver
Nah spear slave rider neither
And if dem could dem would tax you pon saliva
How much more must we die for
The ones in the car while we're standing at the
terminus
The government bogus
They don't work for us
Instead dem chain and whip we with domestic fuss
And guns and aids and drugs
Cause most of di youths wid di schooling dem have
Can't get no money from legitimate jobs
Then you wonder why dem grab chain and bags
You influence the youths fi turn gays and fags
Or else dem can?t afford not even torn up rags
But table ah turn as mi turn table spun
Di fire we ah catch up all a blaze and ah bun
Dats why any time you see Rasta you run

VERSE (Stephen Marley)

We nuh want no Babylon government
Weh ah burn down ganja man tent
And den ah come wid dem one bag ah tax argument
When we can't pay light bill and rent
Mi sight dem ah lead ghetto youths
Every which part dem went
And ah pure wrong corner dem bent
So next time, dem pass thru you and your crew
Don't give dem no encouragement
A YO!
Just start run dem out
And start bun dem out
Ah your environment

A YO!
We want know bout ah
Every red cent out ah
Poor people money dem spent
And then
We want know down who
Pay di bills when the prime minister car dent
And then
We want know when dem ah come reposes
All these guns and drugs they've sent

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