

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

### **"The Master Has Come Back"**

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A your youth you know! Wew!

For the master has come back, Gong the originally  
Run for the grand finale, mi inna mi Clarky-Wally  
For the master has come man, Man! I do it regulary  
Through every hill and valley, Its normal for me now  
For the Master has come back, It's Mr Warm and Easy  
She could never leave me, somebody please believe  
me  
For the master has come back, I'm mad wid it!

Boom! We learn from the old school, when strictly  
thugs used to run it, when one wheel really was the  
move  
Long before Bogle start dance and still pon deh paper  
money, police alock up man fi them shoes  
That simply mean the station full up a bare Clark boot  
and bally, from England whe' spankin new  
Before man start to mek flex, when then used to mek  
dally, and speak of the rights and truths  
If unno starvin fi di brain food, man have it fi feed you  
like porridge, weh rich inna dreadnut juice  
Cause nuff a wah dem learn in university and colledge,  
it water down and dilute, I tell you street smarts wi  
carry you through life like a carridge  
From a survival point of view, and if what you seek is  
the truth and to increase knowledge, now you surely  
can't loose. . . Why?

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The return of the dread I when I get back, the entire  
empire will start to strike back, well a bare army green  
full up mi flight park

Some red eye guy wonder which bank we hijack, and a  
we the voluptuous girls a smile at, any bwoy nuh like  
dat

Him gone pon ice box, we can be dangerous like how  
the night black, we will dip and come up  
Select and slide back, and seh she loves my culture,  
herbs and my locks, silky smooth way i flow, my words  
and my tracks  
She's hoping we can spend a night at, somewhere  
thats warm and cozy . . . Why not? She's been wanting  
me since my karl kani drop  
And she needs the substance, not the hype chat, for  
dark clouds do bring rain . . . Baby,  
Here comes the sun to shine again

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Boom! I know you're loving the goods that i'm  
delivering, Up in your neck of the woods so you can live  
again  
Who is the cock in the coup which part the chicken in,  
and dem a copy the books that i have written in  
And when you hear from the shout, dem no have no  
discipline, and dem a run up dem mouth, them never  
listening  
And when the Gong no deh bout, I know you're missing  
him, cause lyrically no doubt I'm nitroglycerin  
Mi touch down it's carousels of luggages, my flip  
phone, my car cell, my messages, my girl bring me  
parcels and packages  
Marijuana cigar smells in palaces, a few coil must pop  
off for di charities, cause politition a palave' pon dem  
promises  
A new face will fullfill the prophecies, it's too late for  
two faced apologies

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When fire tun down low we're only simmering, anyhow  
we start get cold , dem would be shivering  
Not everything is gold because of glittering, tell dem fi  
clean dem soul from all di littering, and they dont own  
di thronedat they be sitting in  
And it was just a loan they're only sitting in, and when  
the king come home well what a bitter thing  
Nashing of teeth and moaning upon bickering, well  
mind you catch the flow it can be sickening  
Only a few are chosen for the reckoning, it's  
Rastarfari's that unno living in, and its a lion's jungly  
unno visiting  
I know you've seen the posters of my images, upon  
your streets and close to all your villages, My  
metaphors unfolding with my similies, Woman can go  
dance again. Boom!

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