

Bodeans

"Amazing"

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[DAN-E-O]

Where does your conscience dwell since the world's
gone to hell?
Can't imagine how the people who were held hostage
felt
Time for those songs you tell to be left on the shelf
Play like a website bwoy: just calm yourself
The twin towers was crumblin', got me steady
wonderin'
What more will it take for you to stop menial rumblin'?
How you gonna answer when the voice of God is
thunderin'?
"What did you do with what I gave you to stop the
sufferin'?"
I mean, what's gettin' high? You could be the next to
die
What's ice when terrorism got the world petrified?
What's having the nicest ride when your nation's
throwin' bombs?
And what's your song when it's part of what's goin'
wrong?
You see what I'm saying is reality is stashed
In the back to allow for the breeding ground for trash
You claim you smokin' niggaz but you nuttin' but the
ash
I hope you're counting includes blessings with your
cash!

[CHORUS]

Give Jah praise, give Jah praises!
Give Jah praise cuz true love is amazing!

[BLESSED]

Love to see the pretty girl dem a jiggle yo
Especially when dem a wine and ah wiggle
Two a dem a mob Bless, me itch up in a di middle yo
Crack a joke and di two a dem a giggle
Dem nah go blow no man like flute nor fiddle yo
Mouth fresh and it nah stink like pickle
Dem a say me big and me nah likkle like a nickel yo
Ah say mi good me nah make dem run a trickle

[LINDO P]

Make di fire blaze, blaze

You know say rasta youth, say we no 'fraid, 'fraid

Go make this fire, make this fire blaze, blaze

You know say rasta youth, say we no 'fraid, 'fraid

Hey yo, everywhere mi go, mi hear man talk 'bout dem
a shotta

Woman wear no clothes, cha, something nah proper

Tell me what's the matter, nastiness ah wha dem catch
ya

Dem ah go feel di rapture put themselves in ah disaster

Righteousness is what I'm after, check out the master
blaster

Hair it never braid up and you know that I'm a rasta

Nah go nyam di pork, and mi bun out all imposter

We could move slow but righteous youth ah move
faster

[CHORUS] - 2X

[SPIDAHMAN]

In the party, kid died in the club

Next week, everybody still throwin' they hands up

Soundbwoy pack the sound up move the dance to the
morgue

Let's see which rudebwoy play the wall like he core

"Blood pon yuh shoulder!" sleeve lookin' wet

Y'all only say it's live when a nigga praising death

Youth man, tell your two friends, "cool bred"

Simmer and keep a cool head, we came to party, not to
see a fool dead

Who said it's easy? Make a nest egg out a goose egg

Even in the spotlight, niggaz act like new bread

Got a choose, step wise, dude take time, when you do
get shine

You never gon' get bligh, messin' with them reptiles

Yes child, this be the lyrical negro spiritual

Off the chain like the slave that got away, here we go

[CHORUS] - 2X

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