

## **Born Jamericans "Gotta Get Mine"**

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Mama she used to say, don't live by your knife  
Mama she used to say, gotta get out the ghetto  
Mama she used to say, morning comes and goes  
Mama she don't know, I gotta get mine whoah, gotta  
get  
Mine

I'm livin in the age of di chronic, 40 ounce & blunts  
The type of dis a women allah know ah stunts  
Now I got to wear Versace just to get a gal to watch me  
An it ain't no sunshine, how can I get mine?  
Why I sell myself for modern day slavery  
Now I'm doin' LP's for 5cent royalties  
Mama can ya save ya son? All these leeches over me  
Feel like gathering my duns, gettin all our guns  
Count it down 3, 2, 1, come down Mad Lion!

(Mad lion)  
Yo yo roll a spliff... what, yeah!  
Di night is young, We all got our guns  
Who's down to go commit a robbery? A robbery...  
I gotcha block on lock soliciting private stocks of  
Trees  
Direct in boat from di West Indies  
Jamaica, experience it just break ya  
Smoke it inna ya blunts, Philly leaves are ya paper  
I tell it, into my sensimilla place, my bodega  
Here I got all type of flavor  
Distribution major, no dealer can match me equal

Niggaz buy my mixes, sell it as dimes to the people

[Hook]  
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When I was six I recieved my nines as a birthday gift  
Pray ya Lord if ya see my nines

It's enough to make any grown man cry...  
Now mama nevah tell me policeman would arrest me  
Even thought I without catch me an den try ti waan me  
?  
Dey give up? swarm me, recruit me to di army guy tell  
Me  
I found out these things by my lonely. Well, well  
X amount of things lead to see ya get dead  
Livin on dem greed ya get shot, knot dem face  
Dem wanna lose dem life an weh say willed argument  
Dey body all up pulpit cement, well well.

? get sense in a fuckin situation  
Everybody know say I man nev' run from provocation  
The way things are run now the yout up inna  
possession  
Fuck around an us? inna point on, black Talon

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