

Jah Cure

"Like I See It"

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Jah cure:
Jamaica, stand up!

Rick Ross:
Yeah!
To all rude boys in the capital
Cure again

Mavado:
Ye-e-eh

Jah Cure:
Meet me up in Kingston
Put me on your radar
IÂ'd be out there hustlin'
Gettin' to the paper
Come to my neighborhood
Be on your best behavior
You donÂ't wanna test, we put the G in the Gangsta
Original mangler
I can rearrange ya
Giving you ordinarily to the danger
I own the block, bitch
Acting like a stranger
Boy, I'm a major

Shots callin' like I see it (x2)

Rick Ross:
Count a half of million
In the back seat of the Phantom
Burn out all the killers just to see my niggers had them
Stacking up the paper like it's going out of style
No love for the judge
Money longer than the trial
Heart full of anger got a pocket full of honeys
Burnin' onion in the chalice all you suckersÂ're getting
punished
Lick a shot for Dudus if youÂ're real, mother fucker
Blaka! Blaka! Two times if you're real, mother fucker
Big 45 for my old G5

Stacks on deck but it so behind
Never leaving my competition breathing
Jah Cure pushing Lamborghinis (plural) through
Kingston

Shots callin Like I see it (x3)

Mavado:

See me

I was caught up in the fast lane

Hustle till morning

Never stop until the cash came

Really "Mister make it" is my last name

Life is like a poker, but I never played my last game

You see me

Now they wish they coulda be me

Was born in the gully, now I'm big in every city

(Ha ha)

Now I'm gaining every penny

Send me to this world again and I'ma make it pretty

Heathen best agonize when we rise

Smoking cush and have a girl by my side

Peeping Tom with them eye open wide

Nah tan yah suh, I ah slide

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Shots callin' Like I see it (x4)

Jah Cure:

Every ghetto

Every gully

Every lane

We don't need no Visas

To come though your speakers

See me in a video

Cleaner than a preacher

Turn to pay-per-view five nights I'm the feature

You give me respect

In return, I'ma treat ya

Youth, I'ma reach her

Message, I'ma teach her

That we go on, we have no time for the leisure

Music, we be smuggle in a room for the seizure

Pass me a rizzla

Shots callin' Like I see it (x4)

Jah Cure:

Every ghetto

Every gully

Every lane

Don't bring trouble on my way
Unless you wanna pay
Hear the words I say
Coming from the Boss man Almighty

This one for the streets
For the youth them in the rotten city
We ah hustle dis hit to everywhere yes hear me
Cure to the World

Looking for me up in Kingston
Put me on your radar
I'd be out there hustlin'
Gettin' to the paper
Come to my neighborhood
Be on your best behavior
You don't wanna test, we put the G in the Gangsta
Original mangler
I can rearrange ya
Giving you ordinarily to the danger
I own the block, bitch
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Shots callin' Like I see it

Jamaica, Stand up!
Yeah!

Ye-e-eh

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