

## Jimmy Cliff

### "Shelter From Da Storm"

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[Z-Ro]

Of course I'm thankful for another day, my Lord I can't  
lie

But everytime I wake up, seem like one of my people  
gotta die

Anthrax poisoning, Hussein and them blew up the  
Trade Center

Summer, Fall, Spring, Winter, people in the projects  
getting thinner

Barely enough government cheese, left to feed the  
rats

But we gotta get it how we live, and how we live is  
selling crack

How we live is kicking doors, how we live is pimping  
whores

How we live is what we do, so we don't live like this no  
more

How we live is wrapping em up, sipping on my weight to  
receive

An overloaded Houston Texas, niggaz make they own  
bleed

Every night another murder scene, that could of been  
prevented

But the truth is we most def, and the last soul  
tormented

Every now and then I duck my head, up in the sunday  
service

That's the only place where 5-0, won't burst us bust us  
Nigga they don't love us, they wanna relocate us to the  
Penn

We wanna do right, but all we see is sin

[Hook]

In this land, we need you Jesus

Lord have mercy, we need shelter in the time of storm

Uh-huh, well, well, well

[Z-Ro]

Yeah, Rosta fall right help me, help me

All the young picking them, living in a rush just to get  
wealthy (wealthy)

And in the ghetto, we struggle or we hustle til we  
bubble  
On top, eliminating competition when we buck shot  
Don't press that new, but a new clear shot  
Fire, fire, fire, fire (fire)  
Too many sickness and disease, under attack from  
overseas  
Mighty job me and for God, please come save the day  
If I should die before I wake, me leave a blessing for  
the people today  
Mighty job me and for God upon you, take this pain  
away

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Now I lay me, down to sleep  
I pray the Lord keep my body, as my enemies creep  
Don't wanna be another statistic, living through c.d.'s  
Either the graveyard or max. security, prison you'll see  
G  
Look at the homie's little girl, she ain't nothing but  
sixteen  
Trying to support three kids, so she stay coming out  
her jeans  
Getting pimped, by somebody that still live with they  
mama  
But that's the only way she know, to get away from all  
the drama  
As for books, the mind is a terrible thing to waste  
As for crooks, the line is a terrible thing to taste  
Ask them niggaz that don bit the bullet, but they still  
here  
My nigga we ain't seen God befo', but we still fear  
I asked him for a plexing, and he sent me Eugene  
Now I got two cars, a crib and everyday I dress clean  
But it ain't no love, they wanna put a nigga in the Penn  
I wanna do right, but all I see is sin

[Hook - 2x]

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