

Konshens "Crossfire"

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[Intro:]

Yeahhh yeahhhh

Ah

Yo (yo)

[Chorus:]

One more gun sound

One more drop of blood pon di ground

One more ghetto youth gun down

Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)

Inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)

One more drop of tear from mamma eye

One more innocent ghetto youth die

Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire yo yo)

Inna di cross fire

[Verse 1:]

Watch ya then

Nowhere to hide nowhere to run too

Dem think yuh [?] then you life coulda done too

Mi cyan believe seh di likkle juvenile which inna di school

Deh pon di corna swing di ratchet and di gun too

Mamma seh she cyan believe a this di world a gone too

A nowadays it comin like seh betta hunt too

Nowhere no safe, not even pon yuh cornas inna yuh base

Drive by inna yuh place

Another life waste

[Chorus:]

One more gun sound

One more drop of blood pon di ground

One more ghetto youth gun down

Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)

Inna di cross fire

One more drop of tear from mamma eye

One more innocent ghetto youth die

Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire yo yo)

Inna di cross fire

[Verse 2:]

Yo, watch ya then

Police a come siren alarm a signal

[?] of flatta dead pon di corna

Dem nah go run, no dem nuh care bout di laugh and

Buss dem a go buss it mek you know seh dem a war
man

But even cyan tek di war no more

Warn to di juvenile weh dead deh gun down at the
corner stone

No man a pray to di lord no more

When Jah Jah big up pon di floor before gunshot come
kill at the door

[Chorus:]

One more gun sound

One more drop of blood pon di ground

One more ghetto youth gun down

Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire yo yo)

Inna di cross fire

One more drop of tear from mamma eye

One more innocent ghetto youth die

Dead inna di cross fire

Inna di cross fire

[Verse 3:]

Yeahhh

Nowhere to hide, nowhere to run

Everybody have a gun

From di fadda to di daughta to the son

And if you diss before you know yuh life done

Watch ya then

Nowhere to hide, nowhere to run

Everybody have a gun

And from di fadda to di daughta to the son

And if you diss before you know yuh life done, done,
done

[Chorus:]

One more gun sound

One more drop of blood pon di ground

One more ghetto youth gun down

Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)

Inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)

One more drop of tear from mamma eye

One more innocent ghetto youth die

Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire yo yo)

Inna di cross fire

[Chorus: till end]

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