

## **Chubb Rock**

# **"What's The Word"**

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Mr. Bush, you better check out your own part in the  
divine drama  
You may find you the Devil

Listen, 'cause in 1990  
Chubb Rock and the gang is on a banned mission  
Hostility will rule like a Jamaican [Incomprehensible]  
And ooh filled with dumplings, hopefully no dumpings

Like guns will be present while I keep the people  
jumpin'  
Not too much, South Africa isn't free yet  
I spoke to the kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck  
New Jersey, and they heard me while I cursed the

White minority regime, painted an ill scene  
Brothers and sisters over there dyin'  
Mandela in a cell in Robbin Island  
Thank God he's out now, and while I sing

I know he has things in a full swing, yeah  
This year crumb-snatcher Thatcher, we're gonna catch  
her  
Being a klutz, her husband is a drunk putz  
He acts absurd, now what's the word?

Johannesburg  
Johannesburg  
Okay okay, come on  
Okay okay, come on

Okay okay, come on  
Okay okay, come on  
Okay okay, come on  
Okay okay, come on

If he's the President, pullin' out my Ray-Gun

Listen, brothers and sisters  
It's time for everyone to go fishin'  
For your history, open a book and read  
Between the lines, don't recline your mind

Sometimes I don't know how to make it understood  
That a lot of black movies have been tampered by  
Hollywood

So it's important, take the name and date and step  
Research it yourself, 'cause you owe a large debt

To yourself, your history is yours to keep  
Or you won't reap in the benefits, don't let Mr.  
Rabinowitz  
Sell you something with a zing, to get blissed  
Leave the rock to the Nazis, excel in Yahtzee

Be a bookworm, not a bookend, 'cause men  
Before you have died so you can taste freedom  
If we can't beat 'em we'll delete 'em, so now  
What's the word?

Johannesburg  
Johannesburg  
Okay okay, come on  
Okay okay, come on

Okay okay, come on  
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Okay okay, come on  
Okay okay, come on  
Okay okay, come on  
If he's the President, pullin' out my Ray-Gun

Throughout history, no physical might has ever  
crushed  
The invincible spirit of a nation  
And yes, we are a nation, a different coloration  
But that isn't significant, pull a ligament

While you're standin', pumpin' your fist they will miss  
And crumble and remain in the cold abyss  
And now it's time for action, action is the verb  
The pronoun I will say, scream, "What's the word?"

Now come on, what's the word?  
Alright, I'm gonna bring in the aspect  
Of my man Rob-n-O  
The Jamaica aspect, come now

I'm a soldier, I'm a soldier  
I'm gonna chase up Gaddafi and run down Botha

Botha betta run him betta start [Incomprehensible]  
I mash up [Incomprehensible] when he conquer

Your gun gonna fire, come fatter  
Say it to the sky like a ball of fire  
Jah come foot rule over [Incomprehensible]  
Gun gonna fire, I'm a soldier

Alright, time for the American English aspect  
From my man Rob Swinga, come now

Yo, I wonder why is it that in Africa  
The black people are the 2nd and 3rd class citizens?  
I mean I thought Africa was black  
Isn't that what they told us in our own history books in  
America?

I mean, yo it's something to think about  
They gonna tell me I'm black and I'm from Africa  
Yet still somebody's tellin' me  
I have no right to say what goes on there

I mean I can't understand that at all!  
That's something to really make you  
Stop and think and say  
"Hmm"

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