

Culture

"Two Sevens Clash"

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Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash

My good old prophet Marcus Garvey prophesize, say
"St. Jago de la Vega and Kingston is gonna read"
And I can see with mine own eyes
It's only a housing scheme that divide

Wat a liiv an bambaie, it dread
When the two sevens clash
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash

Look up a cotton tree out by Ferry police station
How beautiful it used to be
And it has been destroyed by lightning,
Earthquake and thunder, I say, what?

Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash - it dread
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash

I take a ride sometimes
On Penn Overland and Bronx
And sometimes I ride on bus X-82, say what?

Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash

Marcus Garvey was inside of Spanish Town district
Prison
And when they were about to take him out
He prophesied and said
"As I have passed through this gate"

"No other prisoner shall enter and get through"
And so it is until now

The gate has been locked, so what?

Wat a liiv an bambaie

When the two sevens clash, it dread

Wat a liiv an bambaie

When the two sevens clash, it bitter, bitter, bitter

Wat a liiv an bambaie

When the two sevens clash, a man a go feel it

Wat a liiv an bambaie

When the two sevens clash, you better do right

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