

## **Damian "Junior Gong" Marley "Stand a Chance/And You Be Loved"**

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Where there's, more hungry mouths

Than food to eat

It's where the homeless

Roam the street

Where broken glass

And broken dreams

Are shattered and scattered

Amongst debris

Sufferation wrath

And still they laugh

And dream of a mansion

Above the half

No one to speak

Upon there behalf

Now tell me do they stand a chance?

Where there's, more food

Than mouths to feed

Where you find those who

Claim to lead

Because of all their personal greed

They always want more than they need

They don't help those

Below the half

Instead they stand aside and laugh

As if it's all we'll ever ask

When will they make a change?

CHORUS (Yami Bolo)

Children lift your heads

To the one

Who create the sun

My children

And your light will come shinning again

Show the world

Jah love is okay

When we rise and greet the sun

Lets give him thanks and praise

VERSE

Illegal guns

They roam the night

In hungry hands

Waiting to bite

The first sign of

Any food in sight

Youths in the dark

Searching for light

Hard time they face

Is not a choice

Police curfew

Is no surprise

And with no one  
To be there voice  
Do they stand a chance?  
Where there's, more hungry mouths  
Then food to eat  
Where you find those who  
Claim to lead  
Because of all there personal greed  
They always want more than they need  
They don't help those  
Below the Ave  
Instead they stand aside and laugh  
As if it's all we'll ever ask  
When will they make a change?  
VERSE  
Its like a punk never check  
Or dem did forget  
Say a death  
We nature naughty  
Ah true mi go born uptown  
Tell dem fools don't cross me  
That's only where Cindy brought me  
And that's why they can't impress me  
With no boasty car  
Me know dat ah kill dem softly  
And then they're not  
Really even who they think they are

They're not really moving crafty

Mi get fi understand

Say them plan dem faulty

Well nuff a dem a twenty

And favor forty

Filthy rich big belly

And hearty

Di real Gideon will

Be arriving shortly

Rasta nuh beat Binghi

Drum we claatt it

We live longer

Cause we food nuh salty

We grow stronger

And dem can't assault we

So haile Rastafari love

And exhalt it

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