

Damian "Junior Gong" Marley "The Master Has Come Back"

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A your youth you know, wew

For the master has come back, gong the originally
Run for the grand finale, mi inna mi Clarky-Wally
For the master has come man, man, I do it regularly
Through every hill and valley, it's normal for me now

For the Master has come back, It's Mr. Warm and easy
She could never leave me, somebody please believe
me
For the master has come back, I'm mad wid it

Boom, we learn from the old school
When strictly thugs used to run it
When one wheel really was the move
Long before Bogle start dance
And still pon deh paper money
Police alock up man fi them shoes

That simply mean the station full up
A bare Clark boot and bally
From England whe' spankin' new
Before man start to mek flex
When then used to mek dally

And speak of the rights and truths
If unno starvin' fi di brain food
Man have it fi feed you like porridge
Weh rich inna dreadnut juice

'Cause nuff a wah dem learn in university and college
It water down and dilute, I tell you street smarts
Wi carry you through life like a cartridge
From a survival point of view and if what you seek is the
truth
And to increase knowledge, now you surely can't lose,
why?

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The return of the dread I when I get back
The entire empire will start to strike back
Well, a bare army green full up mi flight park
Some red eye guy wonder which bank we hijack

And a we the voluptuous girls a smile at
Any bwoy nuh like dat, him gone pon ice box
We can be dangerous like how the night black
We will dip and come up

Select and slide back and seh she loves my culture
Herbs and my locks, silky smooth way I flow
My words and my tracks
She's hoping we can spend a night at

Somewhere thats warm and cozy, why not?
She's been wanting me since my Karl Kani drop
And she needs the substance, not the hype chat
For dark clouds do bring rain, baby
Here comes the sun to shine again

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Boom! I know you're loving the goods that I'm
delivering
Up in your neck of the woods so you can live again
Who is the cock in the coup which part the chicken in
And dem a copy the books that I have written in

And when you hear from the shout, dem no have no
discipline
And dem a run up dem mouth, them never listening
And when the Gong no deh bout, I know you're missing
him
'Cause lyrically no doubt I'm Nitroglycerin

Mi touch down it's carousels of luggages, my flip
phone
My car cell, my messages, my girl bring me parcels

and packages

Marijuana cigar smells in palaces, a few coil must pop
off for di charities 'Cause politition a palave' pon dem
promises

A new face will fulfill the prophecies, it's too late for two
faced apologies

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When fire tun down low we're only simmering
Anyhow we start get cold, dem would be shivering
Not everything is gold because of glittering
Tell dem fi clean dem soul from all di littering

And they don't own di throne dat they be sitting in
And it was just a loan they're only sitting in
And when the king come home well what a bitter thing
Nashing of teeth and moaning upon bickering

Well, mind you catch the flow it can be sickening
Only a few are chosen for the reckoning
It's Rastarfari's that unno living in
And it's a lion's jungly unno visiting

I know you've seen the posters of my images
Upon your streets and close to all your villages
My metaphors unfolding with my similies
Woman can go dance again, boom

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