

Damian Marley

"Give Dem Some Way"

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Well den a nuff ghetto youths
Dat got no place to go
Live night and day roaming
In the ghetto
Most ghetto youths
Aint' got a place of their own
Give dem some place
So they can call there home
And then most politician
Telling poor people lies
And can't give no answer
When di poor people cry
We get ignorant
We bingy drum dem go rise
Gimme some space
So I can burn those guys
Well most politicians
Fighting gainst Rasta troops
And making mistake
And a tell poor people oops
See dem a see dem a flex
Like some dapa's and doops
Gimme some space
To burn di nincompoops
Why should ghetto youths
dem have to war over cheese
wid these big machines
That you bring from over seas
It burn up dem skin
Like some unwanted disease
Gimme some space
So I can burn dem please
Big fire stick
weh all a mek certain sound
pure gun shot
me a here a ring thru the town
everybody wanna be
the modern day Al Capone
gimme some space
so I can burn dem down
di youths dem a jump

to every word that you said
when gun shot a bust
fi you pickny nuh dead
dem vex true we hail
King Selassie instead
gimme some space
and mek I burn dem red
nuff gyal a say dem
want fi come a stage show
and spar wid di stars
so dem can jam a front row
well nuff gyal a love man
just fi di doe
gimme some space
and mek I burn those hoes

CHORUS 2x(Dadigon)

Politician used and refused
But we won't take no more
Never let you take advantage of the poor
While di youths dem in the core
Crying out for more
You hide yourself behind your close door
Close door

VERSE

weh the thugs dem
Are ready fi di conquering
Lion of Judah
Is now wondering
How some punks
Stand up one side pondering
How di youths
Find roof to live under in
And shine like a diamond twinkling
when they see me
And di gyal dem mingling
Better watch how you
Group and singling
Better mind who you
Feel and fingling
We don't join
Goose and gandering
We don't join
Chumpas squandering
And the sound of
The album cramping him
Well we don't play game
When dem ramping in

Better watch as my
Timb boots stomping in
Trampling
Di camp dem camping in
And ah burn out the vampire
Vamping in
Wi di, red burning lamp within
After so much sleep
And slumbering
Is now wonder di
Impress dumping him
Youngest veteran
Will be pumping in
Thumping in
The club dem jumping in
So wah
Tell the people your bumpin in
Say wah
All mi colleagues dem chumping in
After sleepless nights of sampling
The results can be life gambling
Now don't stop by nor stumble in
The jungle
Where the royal a rumble in
Someone cookie jar will be crumbling
And we don't mek room fi no fumbling
Well, carefull how your entire in
Certain after dark adventuring
Cuase you might have to be surrendering
Mi sey all those jewels and Benjamin's
Weh di thugs dem weh ready
Fi di wrangling
When the real Gideon
Is untangling
And a drive inna prestige handling
And a practice punk dismantling
And a trod go a Binghi di thanks giving
Fi go hail up di elders skankin in
Fi guidance you thru the world
Weh di punks live in
Burn the church weh di popes
And monks live in
Well judgment fi dem tampering
When dem grudge
Cause a me di gyal pampering
Mr. Bean just find and brind her in
When dem can't find help nor hindering
Cause di man wid
Di old big blunt a role
Deh yah now fi go burn down
Bumbo hole

Wid enough fire power
Fi di winter cold
Weh nuh rise till the revolution unfold

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