

## Damian Marley "Jamrock"

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Out in the street, they call it murder  
(Fuck D-Block)

Verse 1

Tony Yayo:

PUT YO HANDS UP  
Gimme dat CHAIN and dat Jacob  
One false move you get spread out  
I'm in dat Range truck  
Timmy got me fuckin' blinged up  
Last year I was broke now my wings up  
I put dat work in  
Nigga you not my bredren  
44 Mac when I'm lurkin'  
Homie its murder  
Yayo is a clip inserta  
I sneak in ya crib like a burglar  
Homie I'm gangsta  
Fat Joe the boy is a wanksta  
I come through the Bronx and I spank ya  
I smoke dat ganja  
Rollin' shotgun with Baja  
3-5-7 revolver  
(Bo-Bo)  
G-Unit's da place we ride for the cause  
We gettin' money bredren get y'all  
We play yo' ass homeboy you better think  
We the ones dat took the Murder out the Inc.

Out in the streets, they call it murder

Verse 2

Jr. Gong:

Welcome to jamrock  
Camp where di thugs dem camp at  
Two pounds a weed inna van back  
It inna yuh handbag  
Yuh knapsack it inna yuh backpack  
The smell a give yuh girlfriend contact  
Some boy nuh notice  
Dem only come around like tourist  
On the beach wit' a few club sodas

Bedtime stories

And pose like they name Chuck Norris  
And don't know da real hardcore cuz sandals a now  
back too  
Di thugs dem weh do what they got do  
And won't think twice to shot you  
Don't make dem spot you  
Unless you carry guns a lot too  
A pure tuff tings come at you  
When Trenchtown man stop laugh and block off traffic  
Den dem reel and pop off and dem start clap it  
When di pin file dung and it a beat drop it  
Police come inna jeep and dem can't stop it  
Some seh dem a play boy or Playboy rabbit  
Funnyman a get drop like a bad habit  
Some nah bodda pose off if yuh don't have it  
Rastafari stands alone

Hook:

Welcome to jamrock  
Welcome to jamrock  
Out in the street, they call it murder

Verse 2:

Welcome to jamdown  
Poor people a dead at random  
Political violence can done  
Bare ghost and phantom  
Di youth dem get blind by stardom  
Now di King of Kings a call  
Ol' man to pickney  
So wave unnu hand if you with me  
To see the sufferation sick me  
Dem suit no fit me  
To win election dem trick we  
Den dem don't do nutting at all  
Come on let's face it  
A ghetto education's basic  
And most of di youth dem waste it  
And when dem waste it  
Dat's when dem take the guns replace it  
And dem don't stand a chance at all  
And dat's why enough likkle youth have up some fat  
'matic  
With di extra magazine inna dem back pocket  
And a flee to nighttime inna some black jacket  
All who nah lock glocks seh dem a lock rocket  
Den will fill you up with current like a short circuit  
Dem a run a court block which part the cops block it  
And from noon 'til a mornin' no stop clock it  
If dem run outta rounds a brought back ratchet

Chorus:

Welcome to jamrock (Southside Northside)  
Welcome to jamrock (Eastcoast Westcoast)  
Welcome to jamrock (Conwell, Middlesex, hey)  
Welcome to jamrock  
Out in the streets they call it murder

Jamaica Jamaica  
Jamaica Jamaica, now  
Jamaica Jamaica, yo  
Jamaica Jamaica

Welcome to jamrock

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