

Damian Marley **"Jamrock (Remix)"**

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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 it's 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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