

Skydiggers

"Who? Me"

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Who? Me, listen..

This time when we splash, trust we're gonna splash.
They're gonna come up runnin' and pun us with their
mash.

Men are gonna stand firm, some are gonna dash.
Some of them boys just ain't ready for the clash.
When you don't see your life pass you by in a flash.
Cuz others wanna hate on the fat Jamaic' cash.
Everything they've tried to achieve has even crashed.
They're left walkin' up and down road lookin' brassed.
Alas, most of them men are fassio's,
Every two weeks they have to sign for dole.
I'm on another level blood, check it, I'm-a roll,
Rippin' down any spark with my famine toll.
You don't know how that go, any way you want it,
Settin' you which way, blood I'm on it, so run it.

Who? Me, listen..

I used to roll deep with a crew of nasty soldiers,
Now I hold heat, carryin' that weight on my shoulders.
The way that I've been raised is too much to get over,
The way the streets have tried to mould us then hold us
to the pavement.

Now we're facin' modern day enslavement,
Gettin' shift, lookin' at the world behind the jail fence.
Twenty three hours locked down is how your day's
spent,
Thinkin' 'bout the way all of my old school braves went.
Cuz I been here puttin' it down for years,
I watch my silence, screams will break the death ears.
Nothings left here but a holy but fuckery,
All over the country road is lookin' ugly, trust me,
From the age of ten years old,
Certain runnings that I've been through remain untold.

Who? Me..

That's why I resurface, cuz everything I hear sounds
worthless.

Man who wanna play your part, they know your

purpose.

I know my heart, my rhyme's stomp full of curses.
Makin' every one around me start actin' nervous.
Call doctors and nurses, emergency services.
Pull it back like cartwheel spin reverses.
Check my verses, the way I'm puttin' 'em down,
The way I'm shuttin' 'em down, I'm not fuckin' around.
I'm cleanin' up town like some old street sweepers,
In broad daylight, I roll with night time creepers.
Whoever want to eat us, beef us or show my peeps
love,
The others can meet their Grim Reapers.
Forget bein' six feet deep dug, it don't matter,
After I've left ya with ya skull bone shattered.
The heads that you see me roll ain't no rappers,
Gun clappers who live like nuttin don't matter.

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