

## Tarrus Riley "Love Created I"

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Blessed love.  
Satta Massagana.  
Igziabeher. Negust. Negast.

Kadamawe. Kadamawe. Kadamawe!

Give us the teaching of Marcus Garvey.  
Kebra Negast means Glory of Kings.  
Give I & I Selassie I and keep the guy with the blue  
eyes, for yourself.  
Cause people without a vision perish like suicide.  
You tell me its not about colour, still you refuse to take  
the picture off the wall.  
All you do is trick the brothers, keep them confused.  
They don't know who to call in this iritical war.

And you tell me of a paradise in the sky.  
But that's a lie.  
And you tell me, I was born in sin and shaped in  
inequity.  
When love created I.  
Look how many prophets tried, to open our eyes.  
You can't fool me.

Look how they're treating us, this new millennium  
slavery.  
I see them hiding the chains and still beating us daily.  
And now we mentally poisoned to fight we Black skin.  
And bleaching ah the in thing far out and far in. Sin.  
You tell me its not about colour, still you refuse to take  
the images out your books.  
I know that's not how we look. Kush.  
Don't take offense WHEN WE SHOUT BLACK POWER, it  
carries us through.  
We been abused.  
Put yourself in my shoes.

And no tell me of a paradise in the sky.  
But that's a lie.  
Don't tell me, I was born in sin and shaped in inequity.  
When love created I.

Look how many prophets tried, to open our eyes.  
You can't fool me.  
Kadamawe. Kadamawe. Kadamawe!

Look how they're treating us, this new millennium  
slavery.  
I see them hiding the chains and still beating us daily!  
And now we mentally poisoned to fight we Black skin.  
And a bleaching ah the new thing far out and far in. Sin.  
You tell me its not about colour, still you refuse to take  
the picture off the wall.  
All you do is trick the brothers, keep them confused.  
They don't know who to call in this yah spiritual war.

So no tell me of a paradise in the sky.  
Cause that's a lie.  
And you tell me, I was born in sin and shaped in  
inequity.  
When love created I & I.  
Look how many prophets tried, to open our eyes.  
You can't fool me.  
Kadamawe. Kadamawe. Kadamawe!

So don't tell me of a paradise in the sky.  
Cause that's a lie.  
No come tell me, I was born in sin and shaped in  
inequity.  
When love created I & I & I.  
Look how many prophets tried to open our eyes.  
You can't fool me.  
Kadamawe. Kadamawe. Kadamawe!

You can't fool me.  
NOOOOOOOOO  
You can't fool me.  
Nooooooooooooo. . . .

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