

Sizzla

"Ripe Leaf"

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Intro:

Yah Blessed

Yah man black people

African people just one love and one joy you know

Blessed

Them is the black man and black woman kingdom you know

Check it

So we go

Chorus:

A lot of people don't got no good in a them and me see it

The wicked a go drop off like ripe leaf

Nuff a them no got no love in a them, how you do it ?

That mean you wouldn't give the ghetto youths food fi eat

Nuff a them no got no love in a them and me see it

The heathen a go drop off like ripe leaf

Nuff a them no got no love in a them, how you do it ?

Verse 1:

That mean you would a scorn the ghetto youths well

Well a who got the matches ?

Who got the gasoline ?

Youths clear the passage

Cause a fire me deh dash

Like a macca marijuana

Tell them me ask

Nuff a them a it me find out

Nuff a them a happen

Nuff boy turn your friend just through cash

Laugh and a pretend then a stab you in the back

Well me humble, a wait,

Meekly a watch into the fire

Way deh blaze nuff a them a keep back

You run gone go dig you pit and set up them trap

A bear wolf a go under the lock

So King Emmanuel put on me turban wrap

So them yah time Babylon you must get lash

Like a tomato you must get splash

Them a chant bout me poor through me clothes full a

patch
And through them pull a door and got a key to them
lock
Well Babylon Jesse Christ him blackk

Chorus

Verse 2:

Find out the devil send them fi me hang them
Well Babylon you lose cause I nah pretend
Well a who go bend them fi me come straight them
Caan follow I, nor the Lion in a the den
Tell me now a who go friend them fi me go shame
them
With Selassie I free Emmanuel anthem
Well then a who go strenght them
To misled Jah children
Babylon this never yet no problem
Yow, a some skunk them
Come we go dump them
The wicked man tell me who do you praise ?
The Alien
In them yah time yah
Me sey a them they got to bless
Fire got to bless

Chorus:

Verse 3:

Well then I live for Jah all my days
And if a no King Selassie you deh praise well the
heathen a go rage
Fire me deh blaze
So me tell them sey
Them a the real hypocrite
Them caan take me fire them a walk and a spit
Through no wicked I no subject did nah commit
Them only rob the poor then go bow to the rich
Me find out a hatred nuff a practice
Mister Scrapehead just come fi you justice
Cause everyday you devise some mischief
Now rude boy you ready cos things done slev

Chorus / Repeat Verse 1

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