

## **Snow**

### **"Rivertown"**

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Hold on, oh yeah, hold on

Now back in the days, hangin' out with the boys  
The ghetto youths be willin', pulling out gat's for toys  
Idrin be running wild, Dreadlocks be juggling  
Brothers is getting paid, while mother's still struggling

(Damn, how I like that sound)  
Pump, pump, pump, taste the ghetto round  
A P 9 got found spreadin' the death strong sound

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See the ghetto government loves it, we na like it at all  
And when the youth them try to stride, I meet boy they  
a fall  
For the richer gettin' richer, the poor man get poor  
For anything I ask, I just ask help them, oh Lord

The pain in my heart to the feelin' that I'm feelin' oh, so  
real  
Playing soccer in the glass and using ball made of  
steel  
No shoes pan them feet, burnin' fire as their light, you  
think it's no deal  
Ask a starving sickle youth when he's going to get his  
next meal

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The ghetto is so suppressed, the projects are a mess  
Children don't have a childhood, please Jah, Jah, won't  
you bless  
I can sing about happiness, I can sing about joy  
But the pain is all so real, for my little ghetto boy

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