

Stephen Marley **"Chase Dem"**

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Ey, and they say it's part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well, my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold

While they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
I know I can find my way for there is light

Chase dem
Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold

And they'll say it's a part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well, my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold

While they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
Now I'll pave my way and I'll pave it right

Chase dem
Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold

They'll still say it's a part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold

And they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
I know I can find my way for out there is light

Chase dem
Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold

Chase
Run, run, run
Ay, ay, ay, ay

Get them out, get them out
Run them away
(Chase)

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