

The war on the herb was a slaughter  
On the oppressor

Roll the cannabis until we bliss  
Take another hit and get a lift  
Aroma of the herb smoke  
Burn the cannabis until we bliss  
Aroma of the herb smoke  
Take another hit and get a lift

It's too fun  
And I don't wanna run  
Yearn to know why I get a high off the sound  
When it comes  
Journey to when I was young  
Subconscious vibes in the corner of my mind lift me up  
Words of the ancient  
Reveal a remnant in the beating drum  
They lift me up  
Words of the ancient  
Reveal a remnant in the song  
So burn wickedness in high and low places  
Shun greed in the richest of the races, they fall  
And want to drag us along  
Their reward is in the depths of the storm  
So burn wickedness in high and low places  
Shun greed in the richest of the races, they fall  
And want to drag us along  
Their reward's not found

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Why oh why oh why  
Do the heathens come  
Just to be cut down in the sight of the lion  
Them haffi run back where they came from  
Lest they be triumphed and conquered for their land  
Them come from afar  
Wielding a gun  
And them dare to wage war  
Against our kingdom  
They've ignited the spark  
For the battle of the throne  
Sound killer let it be known  
Who holds the ark of the covenant? Dread  
Who's I salvation and savior? A dread  
Samson slewed the philistines cuz of his dread  
And took the vow of the Nazarene dread  
Look what them doing now Jah eyes is red  
Can't steal away the holy lineage  
Only thing them ever want from men is to see the blood shed  
Them heads haffi roll

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