

Chikirubi Remix

Billy Woods

Natty Dreaded to na Zimbabwe
My phone card works all day
Bobs way, black market militia
Eating well in the Meikles Hotel
Copped the passport, no picture
Duty-free liquor, ride slow with UN NGOs
Vampire, born liar, burn fire
The harsher it hits the more higher
High-tension razor wire
That's something to believe in
Come Home With Me, it's Killa Season
They movin' the movement, smash the students
Crush the unions, convert overseas assets to raw bullion
Barclays, safe deposit, bulldoze the slums
Eight ball, corner pocket
Thirty gallons of petrol, I cornered the market
Twisted up, but let Agostinho Neto spark it
Machiavelli, Savimbi, Banda, Nyerere
He Who Dares Wins
Lobengula lounging in a big body black Benz
Bulletproof down to the rims
Rhodesians on that way-back-when
Oh our Africans were so happy then
Looking in the sky for the Luftwaffe
Hand him some blue blockers
Mandela can't walk through here, son
And when the metal fly, the irony is lost on no one
One more thing, don't lose your gun
Whatever you do, Amandla! Awethu!
Barrel of this right here is what power come through
It's the evil that men do
While women make short of ends meet
Make sure the babies eat
A bend in the river, a quiver in the beat
A young Mugabe dreaming of Harare
As he falls asleep in Mozambique

My dreams ring, swim out the deep
The line crackles, pulls me out my sleep
Comrade, what do you remember?
Do you remember me?
Splendor, sunlight, Jackarandas, another life
Mirages on the horizon, Marzipan surprises
We could smell the burning but couldn't see the fire
Now money gets wired
That should suffice for a night's rest
The house is falling apart at best
At worst, selling is all they could suggest
They say we should sell before it's too late
Before night falls, by order of the armed forces
Let Britain broadcast corpses
Like out damn spot, on all your houses a pox
I live in between the tick of the clocks
In the beat drops