

Hol It

Byron Messia

Yo, Trini baby

Hol it out my dawg, hol it out my Lord
Mek nobody nuh worry yuh at all
And everybody wah deh prison wall
Hol it out my dawg, hol it out my Lord, caz
When everybody gone and nobody deh fi call

Mi put mi faith inna di Bible weh a man written
Caz mi nuh waan fi go no way near prison
If a di white man teach wi bout God
Wah mek black ppl a dead from racism

Is like dem program fi brainwash
Provide di youths dem with bare strap
Same youths a kill one another pon di same block
Same tactics dem use one hundred fifty years back

Dem a mess wid wi mentally, real dumb
Trick we into slavery and tek weh wi freedom
Wah mek yuh think dem stress wi out
Legalize cigarette and know seh wi a guh need rum

Dem send wi school but nuh teach wi di truth
Dem nuh teach us wi roots, religiously rebuke then
Laugh after we inna dem lovely suit
And tell us bout Adam and Eve touch di fruit

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Dem family rich before di 1800s
Wah mek yuh feel dem own over eighteen Hondas
Eighteen businesses, eighteen acres
Don't blame it pon Christopher Columbus

Kill off di youths dem den blame it pon role models
Put us in gold shackles
Nobody nuh perfect, we all walk pon stone gravel
So much a wars around di world, a true wi don't travel

Dem waan fi trick we off
Provide vaccine, a suh dem plan fi sick wi off
If yuh not important, dem doan care if you live at all
So much a promises dem make but we still a call

And granny still a bawl
If a nuh votes, den a nobody visit at all
Bout time we rise up against this caz I'm not an apprentice
And a just suh mi a end this off

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