

## It Was Written

Capleton

And it was written  
Up in the book of life  
That man shall  
Endure forever more

Well did the pen is stronger than the knife  
They can kill you once but they can't kill you twice  
Did you know destruction of the flesh is not di ending to life  
Fear not of the anti-Christ  
Did you know that I exist before the Earth  
An did you know that my eyes are windows to the world  
Did you know you can't go ah Zion and wear Jerry curls  
Can't tell di boys from di girls  
Your body is just a vehicle transporting you soul  
It's what's inside of people is beauty to behold  
Fear not of evil  
Every day dem flesh it grow old  
Changes of the times take a toll

Fear is in the eye of the beholder  
Love is in the presence of the love maker  
Life is in the words of the comforter  
Endure much longer, live much longer  
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A vester on his chest  
And Rastafari is his name  
A gift of everlasting life for all us to sustain  
Blessing that you all be got  
Lessons taught you all forgot  
Rasta call I shit you not  
Do you remember Elijah and his chariot of flames  
Same blood dat run through my veins

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Careful how you entertain stranger  
Selassie never born in a manger  
And never crucified as a savior  
And likkle himself from all di ruler  
Babylon na function with a failer  
So be careful of them cellular and pager  
'Cause as I see them I see danger  
So dem great but Selassie ah greater, yo

That man shall endure forever more  
And it was written up in the book of life  
That man shall endure forever more

Mi think mi wan lick upon shots upon a blood clot  
And fill the block with bummer as cops  
Cops mi nah talk mi know you watch me walks and  
While black woman is getting raped across New York and  
Before little brothers and chalks and  
Imagine somebody say "That's your son dead" and  
See us  
We do the crime, we do the time  
You get away scott free  
So the police they gon' pop you for they pop me  
'Cause if you get me, you got me, you shot me, no lock me  
Carry shotty's since mom slapped me 'cause mi room sloppy  
The youngest nigga out the camp, it's me  
But nobody pampered me  
So you better don't ran with me, for semi  
Mi a player plenty  
Chicks mi blaze many  
Raise plenty a few dollars  
Storm out mi Prada  
Watch a bum holla  
Watch em run, hit the floor  
Told em come, come  
No  
Throw your guns up pon di air  
Blow!

Watch for sticks and stones  
Stumbling blocks in piles  
Life is one big road  
Miles on top of miles  
So blessed be the soul that always remains a child  
When most people don't even smile  
There's a natural mystic  
Blow through the air  
So keep in realistic and always be aware  
The truth is crying out and it's so loud and so clear  
But most people won't even hear  
Spiritual pollution is in the atmosphere  
And with so much confusion  
Can one be happy here  
The gift of Rastafari is for all man to share  
But some would rather to be so unfair