Campyard

Culture

Wooo.. what a trial that a gwan a Rasta yard,
Look at them a come with the machete and them gun.
Them come.. them reap what them no sow
What a gwan in the early morning a Rasta ganja field.

Come into the mountains,
Sight I and I grandfather,
Planting marijuana, naw make no war.
Come with your disrespect,
Take away I chalice, carry gone a campyard.

And when you reach the campyard,
You mash-up I kutchie,
And the whole a Rasta weed gone aboard.
You know why?

If you never sell it,
How come you could a tell I, how much a pound for it?
Hear this!

Early, early morning the man them on parade,
Run Rasta, run them a come.
Hide the barn, hide the kutchie!

Come with your disrespect,
Start boy-up I grandfather,
Haul and pull him all over.

Take away Sister Mary,
From around the fire,
Carry gone a prison ??.

Come into the mountains,
Sight I and I grandfather,
Planting marijuana, naw make no war.

I love the birds them,
The birds love the Rasta,
We reap marijuana together.

Why you come to the mountains,
Trouble I and I grandfather?
Planting marijuana, naw make no war.

We naw run, we naw run!

Adopted from King Solomon,
This marijuana, granted to the hands of black man.

Now and then we smoke it,
Another time we boil it,
Good for all sickness and pain.

Come into the mountains,
Sight I and I grandfather,
Planting marijuana, naw make no war.

Go back a station, I come to save creation,
Free marijuana at large.
Go back a station, trouble some police man,
We planting marijuana, naw make no war.

Come into the mountains,
Sight I and I grandfather.

Leave.. the trouble that na trouble you...

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