

## Cape Coast to Ja

## Culture

In Jamaica we call it dungee  
But the British man him call it dungeon  
That them sanction.  
If you saw what took place in Cape Coast dungeon (West  
Africa)  
If you saw what took place down in the dungeon  
Man blood clot up thick. Down in this dungeon  
Blackman blood turn up thick. Down in this dungeon  
I can see the sign of torture down in this dungeon (I  
smell blood)  
You can smell the smell of stale blood down in th  
edungeon  
Nowhere to turn, yet so much in there.  
Nowhere to sit down. I must be standing (No chair in  
here)  
Straight after that, the ship was anchor.  
They call to a shock away call "man too fit"  
And nowadays they dress it up a and they no call it  
benefit.  
And nowadays Babylon dress it up a and they no call it  
benefit.  
(And me no want no benefit)  
Give me equal rights and justice  
Me no want no benefit  
For it's the old strategy they use, down in the  
dungeon  
The same dirty old strategy they use down in the  
dungeon  
And as for the woman part of it  
If short like a one foot rule  
Nobody can stand up. All baby born under dat. (Ya a  
hear me man)  
Man, know yourself now  
They refuse to ask me my name upson the slave shp  
Their minds told them to call me nigger and that was  
the end of it (A who name so?)  
There is no dignity. You don't know my name (You can't  
respect I)  
It take more intelligency to find out my real name.  
But if you see what went down, down in the dungeon  
Even in the sea  
If you see what went on, on the slave ship  
Even on the journey  
Man get dead and beaten and them throw him overboard  
Woman skin never get to deliver their nine month  
through  
Children born under the agony of knife  
Father see children and cannot even own their wives  
Equal rights and justice stand for all right in the  
dungeon  
And yet them rub it off and show me another something  
Yet them a polish it from my eyes, show me another  
something  
So Mr. Chin, how him want him titty  
Indian men want him Hindustani  
But them beat our language from you and me  
What a slavery! What happen to he, she, you and me

They beat us in slavery  
And want us to be quiet under captivity (It can't  
gwaan so- You mad?)  
Finish it