

# Celebrate My Life

Demarco

Big up every ghetto youth weh a dig road rough  
Rather yo wipe car glass or load bus  
Taxi man meck yo money run robot  
Coil haffi tick up in a mama hand fold up

Life nuh well but wi a meck it work  
Ghetto youth, nuff a mi friend dem mi si gone in a dirt  
No God, mi nuh waan si no more face pon T-Shirt  
God know, and who feels it knows it hurt

And that's why wi glad wi street smart  
Jah know we nuh weak  
Countless nights out a road wi a sleep  
Still a give thanks although mi nuh see it  
Mama hide and bwal nuh waan wi know shi a weep

Tek wi hand turn fashion when hungry a beat  
Chicken back, turn cornmeal a dweet  
Mi love fi si the unity when party a keep  
Ghetto life meck mi know life sweet

Yuh si me  
Mi a gwaan celebrate my life

You si me  
Although nothing naw gwaan  
Mi still alright

Dawg yuh si me, me, me, me, me  
Yuh si me, me, me, me, me  
Yuh si me  
Mi a gwaan celebrate my life

Cause wi have one life to live  
Live it up  
Ghetto youths hold the faith  
Better days a go come  
Suh don't give up

Mi know this suh me can tell you  
This a nuh shop talk mi a sell you  
Ghetto youths fi rich like Carmelo  
Pocket nuh fi soft like marshmallow

[Chorus x2]