

Vibrations

Popcaan

Woah, woah, yeah
Oh, woah, ye-yeah
Oh, woah, woah, yeah
Woah, woah, yeah

Rasta man we a no weak heart
We a look in a we self and we a pree smart
When it come to Babylon them is a retard
Now time get wicked and real hard
When you look in a yourself and you no see God
And your pants them a drop, and you lean hard
'Bout ten dozen 'matic in a three yard
And you mother still a bawl, granny plea Lord
Never have a cent in a pocket
But a ends, you a lock it
You a send fi a gun, and you a send fi a ratchet
Send fi bible, and me a send fi a prophet
When it come to the truth, beg me a knock it
The pastor bawl out, send me a jacket
When you look in a account, you fi check fi deposit
And the little ghetto youth them a empty the 'matic
MP them a tell me say it tragic

What you do is coming right back to you, I tell you
What you do is coming right back to you
What you do is coming right back to you, I tell you
What you do is coming right back to you

What me'd a do, me no proud
We shubbing bullets around
'Matic a push in a town
Drive-by 'til the car in a one bush in a now
Losing a lot, but dawg, a karma when you looking around
Look what the investment do me yah now
Mommy, me need your prayer
Them stick yah no beat in a Hyatt
Ask Caesar, me nah seize fire
A the truth can't keep me quiet
And my hands them full and still a bring trials
'Nough obstacles and man stay solid like top a the pliers
'Maru deh yah like David, would never too wackaz the giant
Tell everybody 'pon the corner
Say no follow the badness if you frighten fi see karma
A who a burn the rat go turn informer
Stranger in a the war yah
Make me give you the drama
The same gun weh you buy and 'pon your own it go fire
A the dawg with desire
And it hard fi retire
'Cause we in too deep

A the least fi we chop a beast
A no Japanese
In a streets weh the Glock a breeze, man a drop a knees
Yow, please sell the proper trees
Poppy drop a lease
We a breach fi the African Minneapolis

We a sting, something like a bees
Or a grabba leaf
Beat, me see shot a squeeze when me drop a East
Haile Selassie, a no never Socrates

What you do is coming right back to you, I tell you
What you do is coming right back to you
What you do is coming right back to you, I tell you
What you do is coming right back to you

Yeah
Careful a the tree you planting
Watch how you a shoot 'cause you will dead like plantain
Where's the love? Imeru, them asking
Karma make 'nough youth dead a rattid
If you believe in a friend killing, no linger
Don't boast 'bout you put no rifle 'pon no window
'Meru will catch the boy and fire like cyclinder
God no go catch him, him all a scream out like a Linda
A the sense fi people living if them heart don't clean?
Love in the chalice [?]
No better than the ghetto youth because you live 'pon scheme
Me tell [?] Imeru say fi go live that dream
Ask Beres, without no vision them perish
Yeah, ask Beres, without no vision them perish

This no weak heart
Me a look in a me self and me a pree smart
When it come to Babylon them is a weak heart
Now time get wicked and real hard
When you look in a yourself and you no see God
And your pants them a drop, and you lean hard
'Bout ten dozen 'matic in a three yard
And you mother still a bawl, bawl, bawl, yeah

What you do is coming right back to you, I tell you
What you do is coming right back to you
What you do is coming right back to you, I tell you
What you do is coming right back to you