

Way Out

Popcaan

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You judgement you cyaa even run from
Poor people a go rebel when dem cyaa see a way out
And dem don't know weh dem next meal a come form

Babylon, you same one all a the guns dem a go turn pon
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Hold on, clothes cyaa buy
Food cyaa buy
Mama shi a bwal seh the bills dem high
Pockets dem dry, wi lip start fly
Politician dem a tell bare lie

Hey, if you born up town
Tell mi weh you know bout ply
Dada, a nuh riot a go gwaan
When the youths dem cry

The guns dem a you import dem
Through the port dem, fi wi sport dem
When pickney deh a yard hungry a troke dem
Nough application put in and you revoke dem
Gi wi some a the tax office money you meck a the court dem
Politician naw help the youth dem, naw support dem
If you naw prison ghetto youths, you a deport dem
Destroy the youths dem temple wid the court dem
A doctor slope dem, And then you go cut off the people dem

Your business going great
Can afford to close the gate
You got things a waste
Some people nuh got nothing in a plate
Tell dem nuh Colonji the rich boys dem moving spongy
When people a dead fi hungry all over the country
Tell some hustler better you hustle more
Ghetto youth want a try and you shut dem out
Fi the same badmind people wa a