

# Way Out

Popcaan

You same one all a the guns dem a go turn pon  
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  
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

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 stroke 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