

Guide Over Us

Sizzla

Tell you about Black Man supremacy. Ises Rastafari!
Woi yoi Salassie I will tek I home.
Hotter fire, hotter fire. (Aye hay hay!)
These are the Trumpets of the living man making the sound.

Hey, watch over us, Emperor Salassie I Dem ya road rugged and steep,
I know it is a must, for us to make it home, even through dem yah nashing of teeth,
Hey guide over us, Holy Emanuel I, Sizzla Knees could a never get weak.
I know it is a must, for us to make it home, through dem yah nashing of teeth.
Unno sey it.

There are those who constantly they have been placing
The rocks on the tracks leaving devil snairs laying.
And them wish fi all who dem hate to be falling
Yet inna dem face they witness thy uprising.
Feeling Irie making it into my way
No apology, fire bun dem everyday-ay-ay-ay.
Conspiracy leads the game you play
Now they fall on their knees without my say

Dem fi know I climb mountain and the valleys, (ohhoe)
Jah tell mi so I run both river banks.
Within life you've got follies (yeah yeah!)
Here is the rasta yout whilst giving thanks
Hey Jah Jah, give I-man health and strength
Working for you makes no sense
You Could Never put a dime in my pocket
King Salassie- I-run the frontline so watch this.

Dem high statistics and Economics have dem going-so Kinky
Mi draw fi mi rastamon song mi, binghi drum, mi calabash chalice
Babylon sey mi crazy!
Giving praises, Niyabinghi Ises, our business
Mi nuh join dem slavery
Jah Jah dem burn dem bridge spiting mi big.
When yuh dun (done) know I swim across through my victory.