

# Ghetto Youth Rise

Vybz Kartel

You no show the ghetto youth no love  
An' a wonder why dem shed the blood

Seems like dem life has been wasted  
Is only blood, sweat and tears they have tasted  
And every day, the youths dem face death  
Inna the garrison dem bo yah, me no see no smiling face yet  
The youths dem frustrated  
So dem a show less love and more hatred  
So now-a-days, the gift of life no sacred  
A peer mislead juvenile me see a run the place red

Ghetto youths rise  
And realize keep your eyes 'pon the prize  
Doh believe none a dem lies  
Ghetto youths rise  
And realize when a ghetto youth dies  
A tear drops (full up me eyes)  
Ghetto youths rise  
And realize keep your eyes 'pon the prize  
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Ghetto youths rise  
And realize when a ghetto youth dies  
A tear drops

The garrison fi link up like coach dem 'pon train  
No fire no more gun fi dem political campaign  
Stop, fight the turf war fi corners and lane  
And tek heed to life teachings and what it contain  
Then fi vanity weh smaller than a sand grain  
Man a cut the baby throat, shot out the old woman brain  
Me nah sell out, no matter how the journey hot  
A when five a we a share, one dumpling inna the pot  
Me stand firm

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No love nah spread, me see peer bloodshed  
And me know that's not the way in which the youth was bread  
"Me no tek no talk" that's what Omar said  
Yesterday me receive a call seh Omar dead  
Him mother bawl, she bawl, she bawl, she hol' her head  
Hug up the body, her blouse become the colour red  
Me nah go tek the breath weh God give on to men  
Me nah go mek because a me him pickney dem no see him again  
Me nah deweet

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