

[feat. Yami Bolo & Treach]

Where there's, more hungry mouths  
Than food to eat  
It's where the homeless  
Roam the street  
Where broken glass  
And broken dreams  
Are shattered and scattered  
Amongst debris  
Sufferation wrath  
And still they laugh  
And dream of a mansion  
Above the half  
No one to speak  
Upon there behalf  
Now tell me do they stand a chance?  
Where there's, more food  
Than mouths to feed  
Where you find those who  
Claim to lead  
Because of all their personal greed  
They always want more than they need  
They don't help those  
Below the half  
Instead they stand aside and laugh  
As if it's all we'll ever ask  
When will they make a change?

CHORUS (Yami Bolo)

Children lift your heads  
To the one  
Who create the sun  
My children  
And your light will come shinning again  
Show the world  
Jah love is okay  
When we rise and greet the sun  
Lets give him thanks and praise

VERSE

Illegal guns  
They roam the night  
In hungry hands  
Waiting to bite  
The first sign of  
Any food in sight  
Youths in the dark  
Searching for light  
Hard time they face  
Is not a choice  
Police curfew  
Is no surprise  
And with no one  
To be there voice  
Do they stand a chance?  
Where there's, more hungry mouths  
Then food to eat  
Where you find those who  
Claim to lead  
Because of all there personal greed  
They always want more than they need  
They don't help those  
Below the Ave  
Instead they stand aside and laugh  
As if it's all we'll ever ask  
When will they make a change?

VERSE

Its like a punk never check  
Or dem did forget  
Say a death  
We nature naughty  
Ah true mi go born uptown  
Tell dem fools don't cross me  
That's only where Cindy brought me  
And that's why they can't impress me  
With no boasty car  
Me know dat ah kill dem softly

And then they're not  
Really even who they think they are  
They're not really moving crafty  
Mi get fi understand  
Say them plan dem faulty  
Well nuff a dem a twenty  
And favor forty  
Filthy rich big belly  
And hearty  
Di real Gideon will  
Be arriving shortly  
Rasta nuh beat Binghi  
Drum we claatt it  
We live longer  
Cause we food nuh salty  
We grow stronger  
And dem can't assault we  
So haile Rastafari love  
And exhalt it