

# Buffalo Soldier (feat. Shyne)

## Matisyahu

Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning down the block  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning down the block Don't judge a book by the cover  
Everything will be in this world is your brother  
When I lost the fun [?] uncover  
Ancient words that teach me to love ya!  
So we burn to return to the mother  
And we yearn to unlearn all they told ya about yourself  
Who you are, what you should be,  
I'm gonna be free leave it up to me!  
Shouts through the sky, look out to the night  
Feel alright!  
Stars burn bright, I like the moonlight  
You'll be alright! Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning up the block  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning up the block  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning up the block  
This is the medicine, I'm out like the bedouin  
This knife I'm burying and this life I'm treasuring This is the medicine, I'm out like the bedouin  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a monster  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a monster  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a monster  
I went running away to the cave  
Went in a slave and came out all flames  
I went running away for the hills  
Back to my roots and I'm running still  
But now I'm running to face my dreams  
Found my place and what it means  
Find yourself and no one else  
You have to leave it up to me, leave it up to me! Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning up the block  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning up the block  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning up the block  
This is the medicine, I'm not like the bedouin  
With this knife I'm buryin and this life I'm treasuring  
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta Buffalo soldier, you know I'm not a rasta  
I used to be a mobster burning down the block

I shot the sheriff, the DA, and the deputy  
Sorry al sharpton I don't need you to lecture me  
Maybe I'll stop talking about guns  
When you talk about the funds that they cut for the youth  
Let's cut to the truth, ain't enough for the youth  
So tell me how you judge me til you're stuck in the shoes, man!  
Where the Congressmen, where all the Senators?  
They're thinking about their green, not the color of the President?  
This is just a relevance, survival is the sentiment  
Narcotics is the only way you know that I'm a measure it!  
They say that we are in a post Obama era  
Well exactly what that mean? you needn't make it clearer  
Does it mean that the rich are gonna finally start to share up  
Reproportion the wealth and make things fairer  
Asking God "why do poor people suffer" but now I'm such a hypocrite, the Rolls Royce  
mufflers.

In the gutters nobody never loved us  
I am just the result of pain and hunger!Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta  
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