

Khaki Suit

Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

Yeah!

Yes mi lion a mi name Jr. Gong
Mi unique DJ, dread
Whatch ya Well a me name Jr. Gong
Me seh look how mi natty tall
Who nuh know me from dem see me
Me a living top-a-nor
See Clarky boot and khaki suit
You think me go a Calabar
Well pitty dem nuh know seh every dreadlocks is a star
Ever quick with the lyrics we never quit when we talk
Fi get hit you haffi fit equipped fi spit a fire ball
City fit inna mi grip and me a squeeze it till it small
Every itty little bitty drip till none nuh left at all
Go tell flipitty lip Philip fi mine how him a talk
No pity like yosemite sam when time when we a war
And dem better know wi' vehicle and dem better mark wi' car
And keep a distance no sa ka man will full y'uh face a scar
You go run fi the uptown man dem but a we and dem a par and
You run fi the ghetto man dem but a we and dem a par
And you run fi the country man dem but a we and dem a par
We a bun' some ganja spliff weh build up bigger then cigar.
Watch ya dread
Flash it, flash it, dreadlocks
Bim! And politican a drive dem car tell dem nuh steer come over here
When dem touch down pon the ends you only hear seh war declare
Man clap inna town and man a clap it inna square
and whole heap a skull a bore and then whole heap a flesh tear
Wait! Some man a run down grammy fi di gunman fi the year
And a weh mek poor people haffi live it inna fear
One shirt deh pon dem back and dem nuh have nothing more fi wear
And man one desert a done and still cannot afford a pair
Cannot find nuh vasoline fi moisturize dem daughter hair
And the bulla price a rise and it nuh dearer than the pear
An' a so mi get fi know seh heads a government nuh care
'Cause the money them a share, a crate a Guinness, crate a beer
Cannot pay your little pickney school fee come to end a year
Tell the youth dem seh fi get them education and prepare
Rastafari nah go give nuh man no more than he can bear
Catch a fire, it a bun' so tell the 'tican dem beware
Lord a mercy! Flash it, Flash it, Flash it, dreadlocks
Flash it, Flash it, Flash it

Bim!Warlord and Jr. Gong, when yuh hear dat tune yah bomb
Haffi send in numba one, yuh can assume dat is di bomb
Fi di gold and fi di yak cau man fi tun hooligan
Like Stephen and Julian, Rasta dem nuh cooleyman
Babylon dem trully wrong, but dem waan fi fool di man
But dem waan fi gi we jumped, and dem war dem trully man
I an I a nuh fool 'cau mi try to school di man
How dem fi try to school di don
Dem seh Bounty is di beast in di eye of di beholder
Compare him to Hitler and iyah told yuh
Seh dem a high roller dem a Babylon stroller
Seh dat there cold, but Jr. Gong colda. cross, angry.Lord a mercy! Lord a mercy!Mi muma mi
muma mi muma mi muma,
Bella bella, bella, bella, bella oy!
Jah know seh she roam in wid house of papa,
Bella bella, bella, bella, bella oy!
Mi only have one big sista and dem kill mi bredda
Hey! Dem seh dat yuh must fight black power
Hey! Dem man deh bwoy deh back bi bowa
Hey! Di bwoy deh a come from Bulava
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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