

# Abdel Wright, Quicksand

We're goin' down, down, down, down, down in quicksand  
Our country's law is left in slippery hands  
So many educated yet no solution  
We're goin' down, down, down, down, down in quicksand  
Number one, purge all police station  
And some headquarters fi corruption  
Two, some politicians don't have a clue  
One bag of promise, comfort fi a fool  
Three, Mama can't pay school fee  
Blood out of stone, education no free  
Four, ghetto youth with him gun hardcore  
Plan fi mash a works, prison at him door  
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Number five, prisons rehabilitation  
Inmates fi go out and change the nation  
Six, government and politics  
People a bawl say the road want fix  
Seven, courthouse flex like the Devil  
Pure injustice and the law, it no level  
Eight, blood shed climb, high rate  
A long time ghetto youth a try hold the faith  
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Number nine, rich man alone want climb  
Inner cities need the resources for shine  
Well ten, what about the homeless, them?  
The place them sleep, it worse than hog pen  
Eleven, me know say the world, it no level  
Tables must turn and the scores soon settle  
Twelve, Babylon must get melt  
Good over evil, righteous dwell  
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So many educated yet no solution  
We're goin' down, down, down, down, down in quicksand  
Oh, we goin' down  
(In quicksand)  
Oh, we goin', goin' down  
Yes, we goin' down  
We're goin' down in quicksand  
Oh, we goin' down  
(In quicksand)  
Oh, we goin', goin' down  
Yes, we goin' down  
We're goin' down in quicksand