

Alborosie, Global War

Mi neva have much money inna mi pocket,
And mi neva finish school.
But you no need to feel compassionate of mi,
Don't teach I am a fool.
'Cause I've been writing my own stories,
And I've been doing my own trip.
Neva believe inna no institution,
To set my mind free.
'Cause what was left, must come right,
Mi still a win the fight.
'Cause what goes up, must come down,
Here comes my song.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Natty Dreadlocks.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Congo Rastaman.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Natty Dreadlocks.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Congo Rastaman.
So dem neva like my spirituality,
And dem neva like my face.
So dem try wid di enemies necessary,
Just to get mi outta di race.
'Cause mi neva like their cries,
And mi neva accept their cross.
I neva feel fi dem meditation,
My choice was not a last.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Natty Dreadlocks.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Congo Rastaman.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Natty Dreadlocks.
Global war, so mi tell I am,
Forward Congo Rastaman.
(Forward Natty Dreadlocks!)
(Forward Congo Rastaman!)
(Forward Natty Dreadlocks!)
(Forward Congo Rastaman!)
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And mi neva finish school.
But you no need to feel compassionate of mi,
Don't teach I am a fool.
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