

# Bounty Killer, They Don't Know

[Intro:]

Kaboom! bang esco, it's poor people's governor  
They call to di rescue yo! huh  
Di system was design to perplex you(warning)  
And stress you, but to di promise land we best go aiyo yo yo  
Ghetto youths don't over dweet go easy in these suites  
Fling a jamaica's feet  
Nuh loose man! nuh loose move! nuh loose meds yow!  
Don't mess up di youths head it's warlord  
We gotta get news spread kaboom! deh deh bout deh deh bout well!

[Verse 1:]

Lease likkle thing di man dem ready fi pop it off  
Grease up di 'tensil let di thing and di shot kick off(blow)  
Youth dem want dem money(now)  
Dem wi done you any(how)  
Mi wi lay down inna bed and head top lick off  
Three pickney mi seh just dead and it hut mi heart  
Three dads mi si seh dem go ketch through crime stop tip off(yow)  
Madness thing unno fi(low)  
This a nuh police and nuh(show)  
When you dead you just a dead you nuh have no part bawling  
You ever hear a likkle baby bawling  
When nuh food nuh reach him belly from morning  
Tell mi what you expect watch him starving to death  
And you go mek di baretta get bawling  
Papa apply fi work and dem nuh call him  
Mama use to sew shirt but now it stalling  
Turn round a look pon her youth, caan find nuh food now fi calm him

[Chorus:]

Through they don't know how ghetto people grow  
They say that they know but they really don't know well!

[Verse 2:]

Mr politician tek da one inna you head  
Everybody have a family dem waan provide di bread  
How you teach di youths dem dread you tell dem country inna di red  
So nuh badda come back out ya come fuck up di youths dem head  
Tell how you feel, when you set you system fi di youths dem haffi steal  
Running down a fantasy and don't know what is real  
Gunning down a mantasy if that can make dem heal  
Teach dem love because a that di youths dem need

[Chorus:]

Through they don't know how ghetto people grow  
They say that they know but they really don't know well!

[Verse 3:]

Bawling you ever hear a likkle baby bawling  
When nuh food nuh reach him belly from morning  
Tell mi what you expect watch him starving to death  
And you go mek di baretta get bawling  
Papa apply fi work and dem nuh call him  
Mama use to sew shirt but now it stalling  
Turn round a look pon her youth, can't find nuh food now fi calm him well!

[Outro:]

Through they don't know how ghetto people grow yo  
They say that they know dead punks that they don't know  
Kaboom! esco it's poor people's governor they call to di rescue