

Buju Banton, 'Til I'm Laid to Rest

'Til I'm laid to rest, yes
Always be depressed
There's no life in the West
I know the East is the best
All the propaganda they spread
Tongues will have to confess
I'm in bondage living is a mess
I've got to rise up alleviate the stress
No longer will I expose my weakness
He who seeks knowledge begins with humbleness
Work 7 to 7 but I'm still penniless
All the food upon my table Massa God bless
Holler for the needy and shelter less
Ethiopia awaits all prince and princess
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Propaganda they spread
Tongues will have to confess
What coube so bad about the East, everybody wants a piece
Africa for Africans, Marcus Mosiah speak
Unification outnumbered defeat
What a day when we walk down Redemption Street
Banner on heads Bible inna we hands
One and all lets trod the promised land
Buju go down a Congo stopped in Shashamane Land
The city of Harare where Selassie come from
In Addis Ababa then Batswana
Left Kenya end up in Ghana
Oh, what a beauty my eyesight behold
Only Ethiopia protect me from the cold
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Organize and centralize come as one
Our seeds shall be so many more than sand
Some new and replenish pure and clean heart
For too long we've been under this band
Some a save a bag a riches, yet they die empty hand
Go on saying I'm stupid and laugh all you can
Easier for a camel to go through a needle eye
Than a rich man to enter a Zion
Take it from I man
So
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