

# Garnett Silk, Complaint

Love Rastafari...

If you do wrong they complain

Even if you call the father's name it's the same

What they want us to do

Don't they know this is nothing new

Why won't they do what they want

And let me do my thing they should be thankful

There's lights of hope are still shining, shining

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Let Jah rise and the heathen scatter

Have to give thanks and praises no matter

Even if the flames is getting hotter & hotter

Every one should know I don't believe in a rumor

Children arise from sleep & slumber

Don't come to bow, come to conquer

Strictly love why you envy your brother

Don't let them re-arrange you in a different manner

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Why should I change to gain acceptance

Can't tell a next man how to wear his pants

Lift up the name of Jah in abundance

Every single thing we do, we are liable

To get a sentence

But we won't be like a flea just like how the more we see

The less you hear we speak

My brother don't you be like a stubborn sheep

Blessed are he when men shall revile you

And persecute you, say all manner of evil

Against you falsely, for Jah sake

Rejoice I say and be exceedingly glad

For great is your reward

For so persecute they the prophets before you and me

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Wrong they complain  
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