

Kalle Baah, Blacka Rasta

Blacka rasta wear no dreadlocks
Walking amid the sawmill road blocks
But they plant a seed of caribbean weed
In the slits of the babylon timeclocks

No sawdust on sawmill road
Just a bus shipping off a heavy load
Of working people bound for the factory
That gobbles their mind and energy

My papa is chained to the machine
Working the night shift till the break of day
My sistren is a slave in the canteen
She can hardly sustain herself on her pay

Blacka rasta i sing of thee
I and i will go fight for our right to be
Unite unite, rebel rebel
Over younder rise the fumes of hell

In a tenement yard on sawmill road
Freedom is contrary to the penalty code
Officers are prying anywhere you go
We've got their number but we won't let it show

Blacka rasta hear my song
Some day and it won't be long
We'll reap what we sowed and right the wrong
We go in cahoots and the weak will be strong

Blacka rasta vibration
Across the heaps of humiliation
Keep your flame of rebellion burning
Babylon is overturning